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THE NEW YORKER

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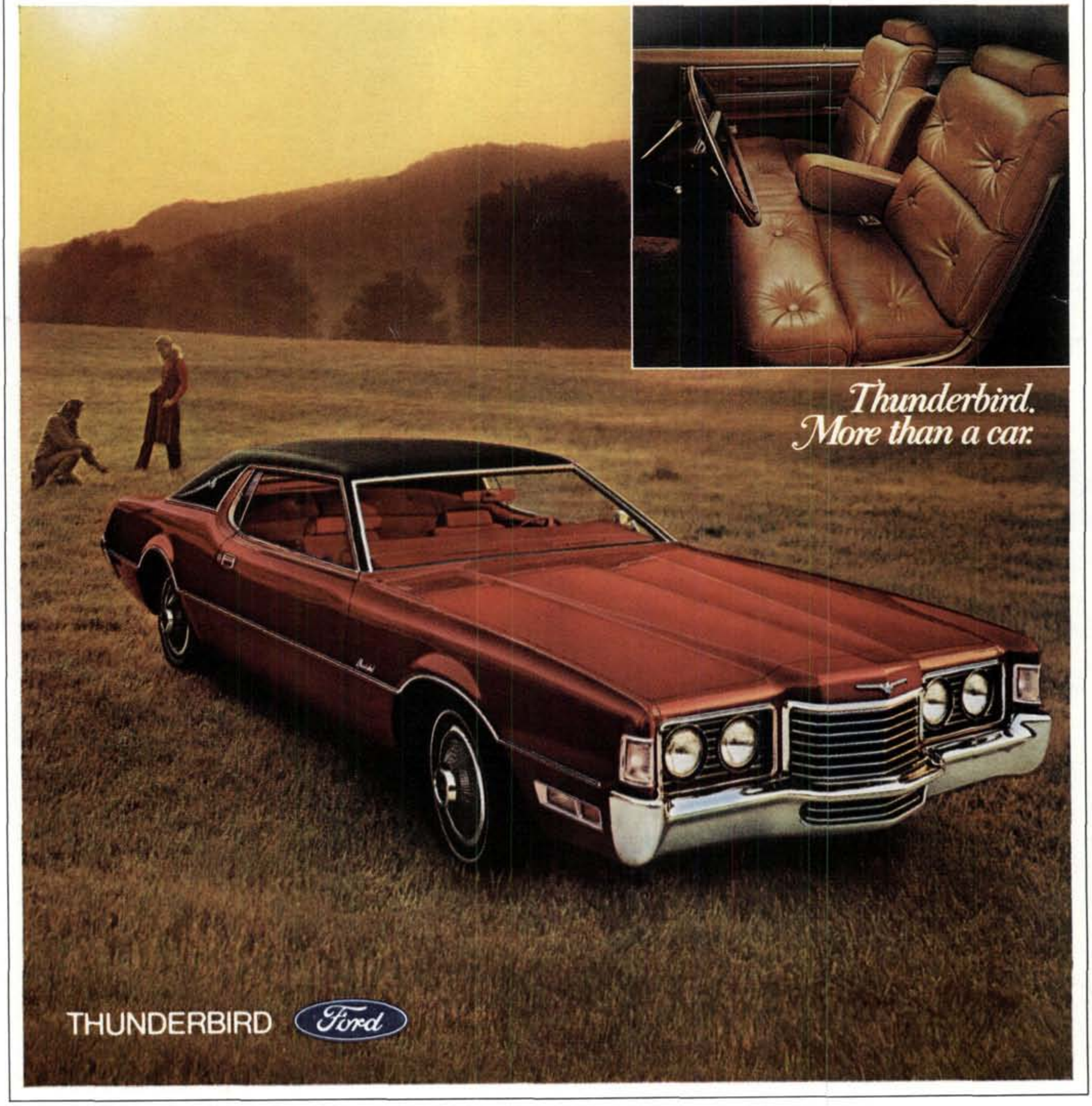

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

Black Nativity—A revival of Langston Hughes' gospel-song play, directed and narrated by Vinnette Carroll, with Professor Alex Bradford and his Bradford Singers. A stirring and joyful evening. (Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 924-7820.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fingernails Blue as Flowers and Lake of the Woods—These two plays, the first by Ronald Ribman (with Albert Paulsen) and the second by Steven Tesich (with Hal Holbrook), make up the opening bill in the American Place Theatre's new theatre. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 8.)

Fun City—No fun. Poor city! With Joan Rivers and Gabriel Dell. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Hajj Malik—A series of scenes that illustrate, in a non-literal way, the life and death of Malcolm X. They are performed with spirit and skill by the Afro-American Studio, a group of black singers and dancers, under the direction of Ernie McClintock. Many of the words are Malcolm's own. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Inner City—Tom O'Horgan has directed this so-called street cantata in a comparatively mild mood. A talented and energetic cast pretends not to notice how thin the material is. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 9.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Murderous Angels—Jean-Pierre Aumont and Lou Gossett impersonating Dag Hammarskjöld and Patrice Lumumba in a "documentary" play by Conor Cruise O'Brien that is short on both documentation and drama. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—A lovely, riddling play by the master riddler, Harold Pinter. With Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Place Without Mornings—Leora Dana and Staats Cotsworth in a play by Robert Koesis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Psychic Pretenders—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Edward Bond's **NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH**, will be the second production in this season's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Rosebloom—A play by Harvey Perr. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 5. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

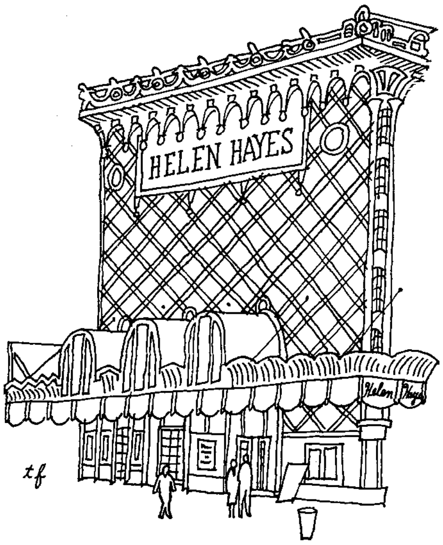
The Sty of the Blind Pig—The Negro Ensemble Company offers us its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

There's One in Every Marriage—The Stratford National Theatre of Canada's production of the Georges Feydeau comedy, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead. Peter Donat, Jack Creley, Tony Van Bridge, and Roberta Maxwell head the cast. Directed by Jean Gascon. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

To Live Another Summer—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Moves on Monday, Jan. 10, to the Plymouth, 45th St., W., 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. *John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro,* who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,645 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,863 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,044 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** 1,549 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 5-7, at 6; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 9, at 1 and 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Bugaku" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Serenade," "Octandre," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Chopiniana" (première), "Printemps" (première), and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Bugaku," "Donizetti Variations," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "Serenade," "Who Cares?," and "PAMTGG.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Printemps" and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, Jan. 5: "Theme and Variations," "Rodeo," and "The River.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 6: "Paquita," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Theatre" (company première), and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 7: "Brahms Quintet," "A Soldier's Tale" (première), and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 8, and Sunday matinée, Jan. 9: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 9: "Theme and Variations," "At Midnight," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 11: "A Soldier's Tale," "The Moor's Pavane," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Brahms Quintet," "A Soldier's Tale," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Gaîeté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Pulcinella Variations," and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Theatre" and "La Fille Mal Gardée.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Les Sylphides," "Theatre," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Theme and Variations," "A Soldier's Tale," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Gaîeté Parisienne." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tim Wood, Linda Carbonetto, Tommy Litz, and Anna Galmarini. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 11, and will run through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, Jan. 23. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Closed until Tuesday, Jan. 11, when singer Bill Withers arrives. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 6-9, the Kenny Barron trio will be up, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 11-12, the Cedar Walton duo will perform. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Sunday, Jan. 9, Michael Abene will be on piano and Lyn Christie on bass. Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 11-15, Ralph Towner will alternate between piano and guitar while Glen Moore will wield a bass. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the above musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Warmth, conviviality, and Marian McPartland, who plays with sensitivity, precision, power, and evident pleasure. She is at the piano from eight until one, assisted by bassist Rick Petrone. On Sundays, Cyril Haynes takes over the keyboard. Dinner.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. The current occupants are Harry Leahy and bassist Ron Nespo. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose tenor sax can be as warm as it is cool, leads a quartet that has steady Roy Haynes on drums. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Mondays belong to Clark Terry's seventeen-man band. Some Italian dishes.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson looks happy as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays and with a bassist Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The popcorn pops before your eyes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 7-9, a trio will be on the stand. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 14-16, the Eddie Jordan quartet—which involves three guitars and a set of drums—will be on it. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 6-9, baritone saxophonist Charles Davis leads a quintet that includes Hank Mobley on tenor. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 13-16, bassist Juni Booth will head a combo.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Trumpeter Thad Jones and drummer Mel Lewis are in charge of sax man Pepper Adams, bassist Richard Davis, and pianist Roland Hanna in a fivesome that could be described modestly as five-star. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, Larry Coryell, whose guitar has excited the imagination of many, comes in with a quintet. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Junior Mance, a pianist with verve and funk, leads a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 9. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, Ahmad Jamal brings in a trio. These people play every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp can attune itself to Bach or to Bacharach, alternates with the regulars. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6. But take heart, for on Friday, Jan. 7, Dizzy Gillespie brings in a quintet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Jan. 9, Johnny Windhurst will sit in on trumpet. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Homage to Dionysus. They've taken the old Yellowfingers and done it up with purple grape-lamps and added a festive board. Same good sound system, same big drinks as before. Open from three on Sundays and from five other days. Closed Mondays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only snacks are served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Beginning to pull itself together after an initial identity crisis. Live groups alternate with sounds impressed on vinyl. Supper. Eight-thirty to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at

56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by some entertainers known as Bourbon 'n Spice. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off; Roberto Ledesma, a Latin-American firebrand, supplies a solo tenor and operatic gestures. On Thursday, Jan. 13, Louisa Maria Guel, a Cuban chirruper, will succeed Señor Ledesma. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out on a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 5, is the final night for the Golddiggers, the choral sector of the evening, and Rick Daniels, the tenor sector. On Thursday, Jan. 6, rhythm-and-blues singer Phil Flowers and comedian Lee Allen check in. No nights off for anyone. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **café**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Roger Williams, who shows up in the **persian room** at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays for a piano recital, leaves no tune unturned. On Monday, Jan. 10, Parisian singer Régine will take over. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **plaza 9** (PL 9-3933), the revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **green tulip**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—João Gilberto communicates, with voice and guitar, in a way that makes Portuguese a universal tongue; his background is the foursome of Stan Getz, whose group also plays on its own. Sundays are dead ducks.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In **la boite**, whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this

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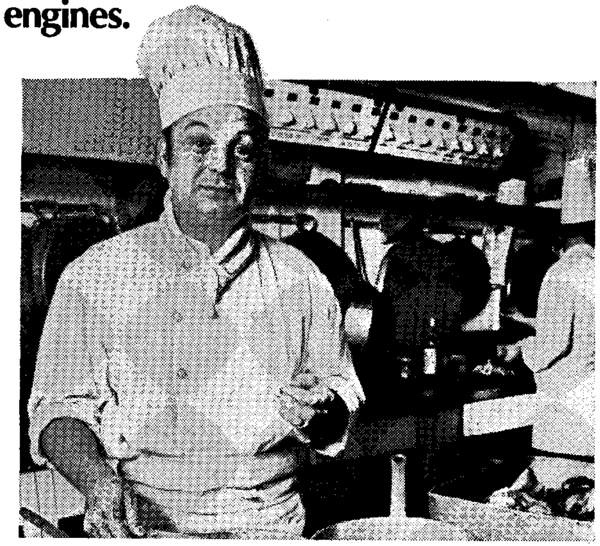

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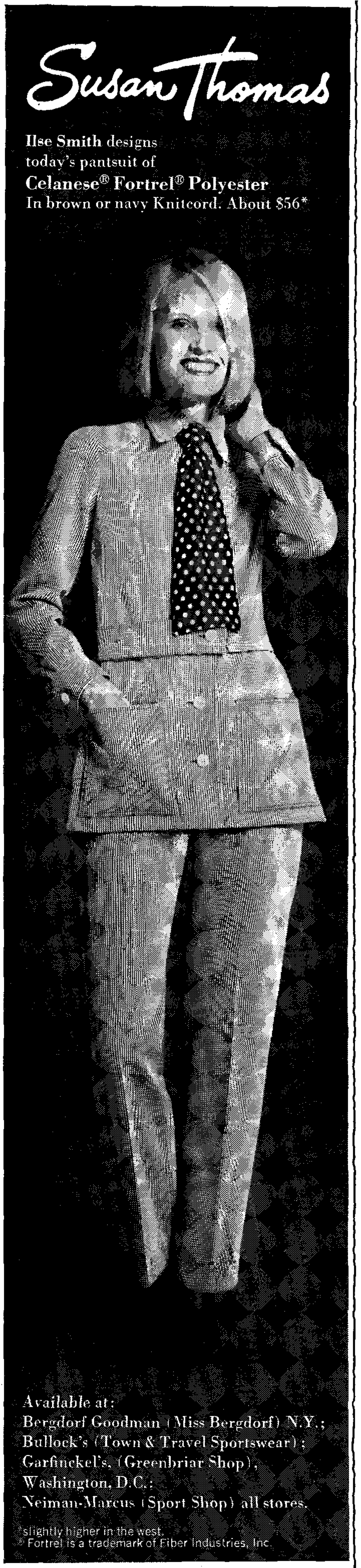
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes *nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.*

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It's a big, wide, wonderful world that Bobby Short sings about—charming, gay, heedless, even headless and headlong at times, and it does sound great while it lasts. Mr. S. is, naturally, on piano; Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his faithful running mates. On Tuesday, Jan. 11, Los Valldemosa, an instrumental and vocal fivesome from Majorca, will replace Mr. Short. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 5-6. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays, Mondays and Wednesday, Jan. 5. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in *the court of a Moroccan nobleman.* Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160); An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Reopens on Monday, Jan. 10, with Mort Sahl, who is anti most everything, and singer Kelly Garrett. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The spirit of Merry Charisma and of Old Nick, too, abounds as Bette Midler, who must have spent a whole week ascending from infant prodigy to infinite prodigy, begins her song recital. Never before around ten, and Saturday, Jan. 8, is her final night. . . . **IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268): A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their *betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto* ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? No Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary tradi*tions. The food of love is supplied by the* voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to *one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor* Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard undergraduate Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear *more of. Six to one, for him, every evening* but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country houseparty. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the stint. No music Wednesday

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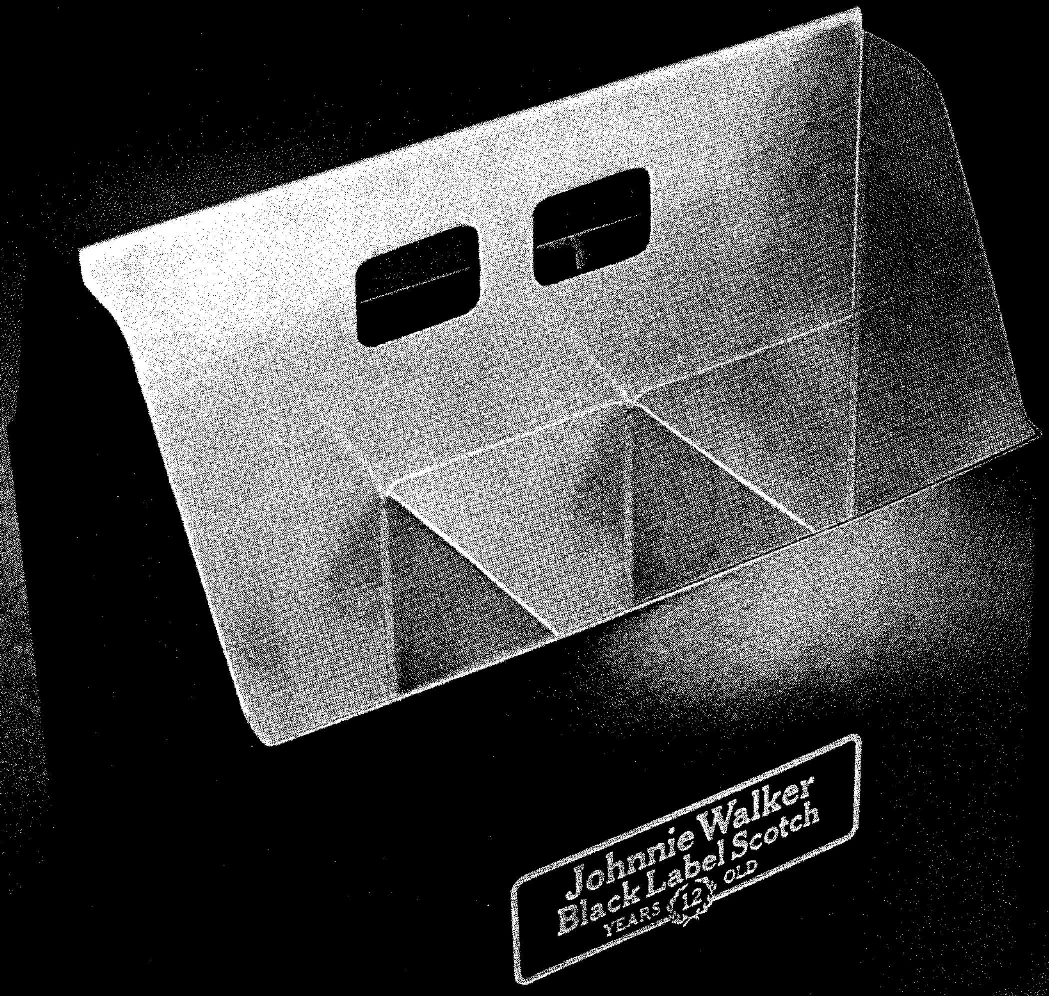
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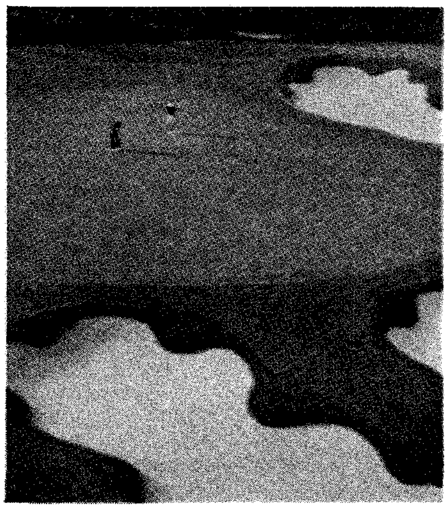

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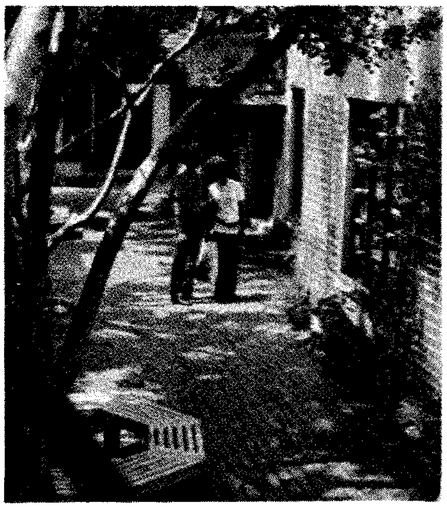

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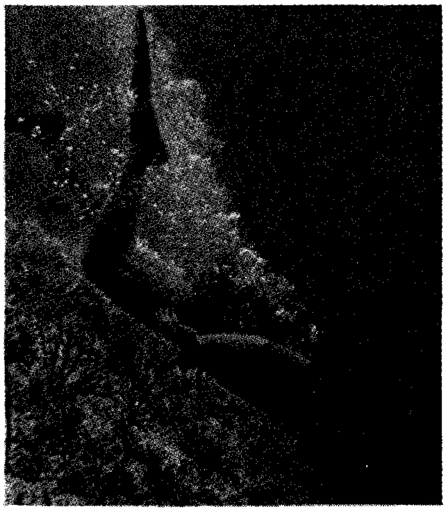

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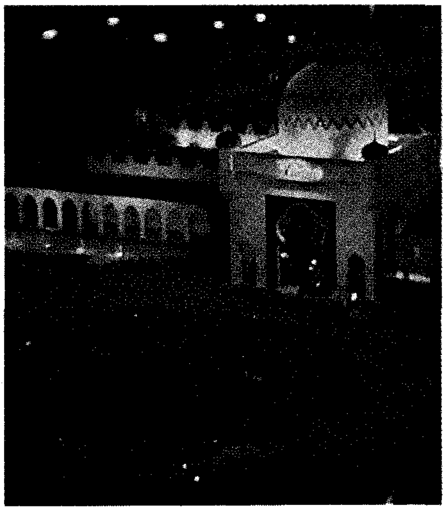

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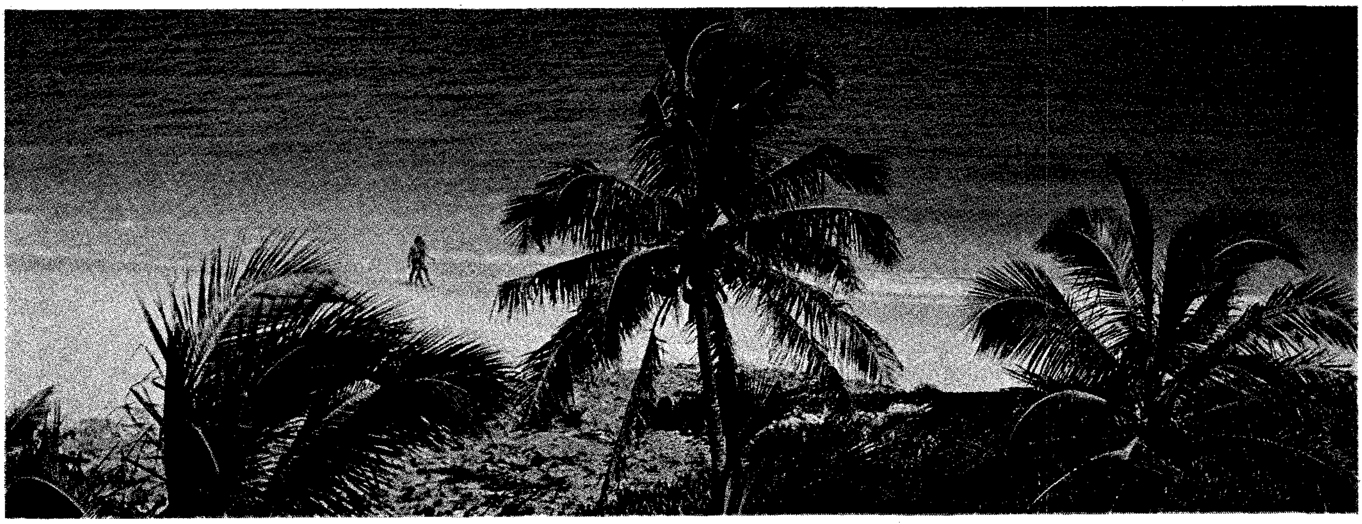

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Friday, Jan. 5-7. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DOMINGO ALVAREZ—Illuminated glass and mirrored forms, architectural in scale; through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Drawings, some related to this artist's realistic paintings of street scenes and interiors; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JENNIFER BARTLETT AND TERRY FOX—Dots on enamelled-steel plates, singly or in groups, by the former, and photos and drawings dealing with hospitals and operations by the latter, who, as you might suspect, is in the hospital; through Jan. 29. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RONALD BLADEN—One large work by a well-known Minimalist; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings suggestive of sea and sky; starting Thursday, Jan. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Paintings of nature with overtones of fantasy; through Jan. 22. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY CASH—Small abstract glass sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

REX CLAWSON—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

PIERRE DAQUIN—Expressive abstractions in tapestry; through Jan. 21. (Arras, 979 Third Ave., at 59th St. Closed Saturdays.)

DON EDDY—Photo-realistic paintings of automobiles in parking lots, wrecking lots, or on isolated streets; first one-man show here by this California artist. Through Jan. 20. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NOBU FUKUI—Emblematic paintings consisting of semi-geometric forms; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM GELBER—Realistic paintings of Maine orchards; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

CLEVE GRAY—Abstract paintings with Hawaiian themes, plus cast-bronze sculptures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

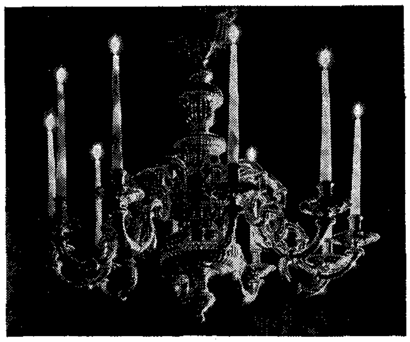
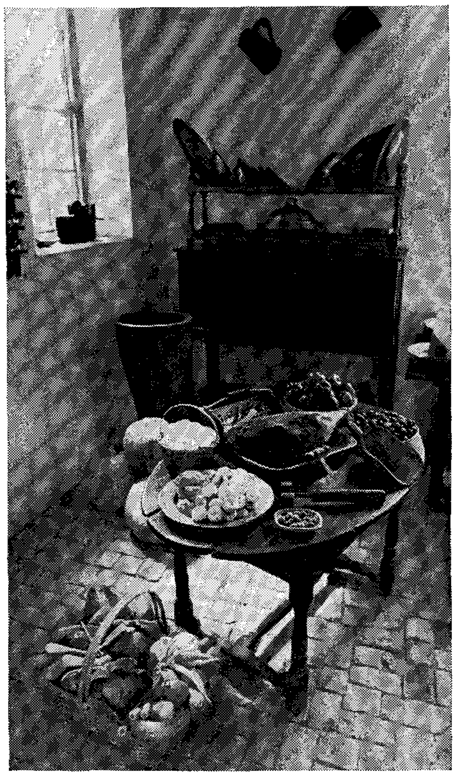
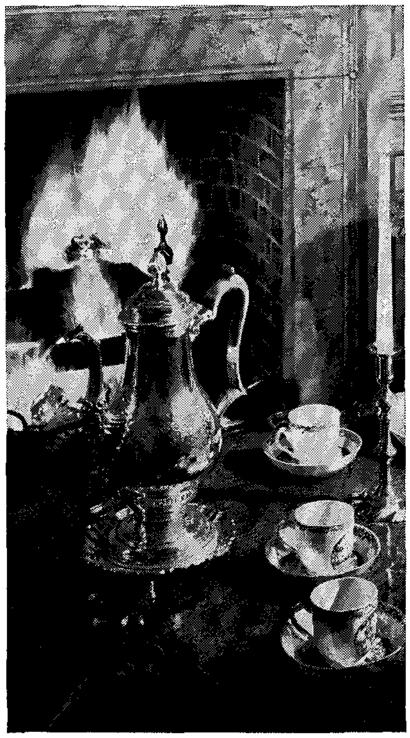
MARTIN JOHNSON HEADE (1819-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Jan. 29. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

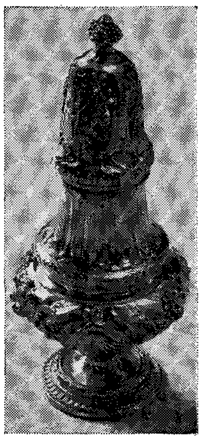
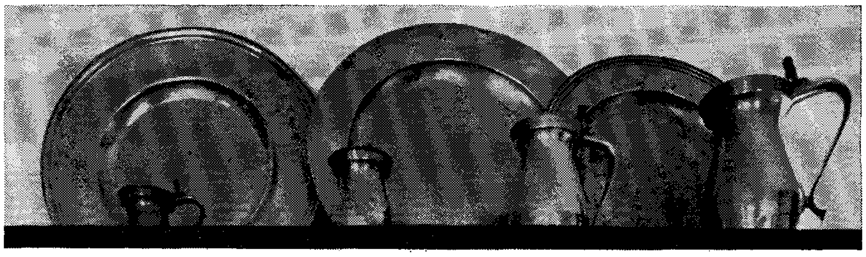
HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Eight or ten oil paintings of the late period; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MASHIKO KIMURA—Sculptures in wood, alabaster, and marble; her first one-man show in New York. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

NICHOLAS KRUSHENICK AND LARRY BELL—New paintings and collages by the former and Plexiglas boxes by the latter; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH KURHAJEC—Sculptures of scaly or hair-covered birdlike creatures, also collages, drawings, and prints; starting Saturday, Jan.

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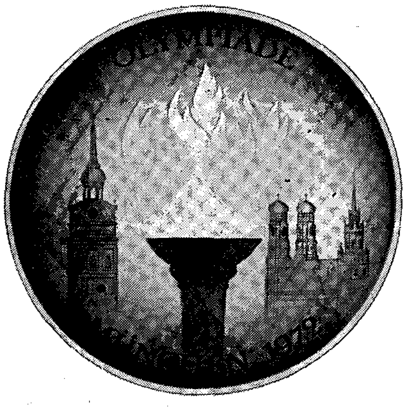

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; through Jan. 22. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Manship (1885-1966)—Works in marble, bronze, and plaster from all periods in the career of this academic realist; through Jan. 27. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Mary Miss—Two constructions in wood and one in chicken wire; through Friday, Jan. 7. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

George Mittendorf—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; through Saturday, Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—Small paintings, drawings, and etchings by a German artist of the late nineteenth century; through Jan. 22. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Parker—A selection covering three years of painting by this abstract colorist; through Jan. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; starting Tuesday, Jan. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ludwig Sander—Recent compositions by this meticulous hard-edge painter; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Schlinski—Papier-mâché sculptures with a social message; through Jan. 29. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Snelson—New structures of wood, bamboo, metal, and rope by an artist known for his steel-tension sculptures; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dianne Nelson Tullis—Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits in collage; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—*At the* **COOPER**, *100 Prince St.*: Watercolors by Joseph P. White and objects and correspondence by Luis Camnitzer, plus a work apiece by Forakis, Quaytman, Kuehn, and others; through Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; through Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **GORDON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit dealing with various aspects of printmaking, using examples going back to the fifteenth century; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by the late Bob Thompson, objects and assemblages by Antoni Tàpies, and lithographs and plexigrams by the composer John Cage; through Jan. 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Recent developments in realistic painting and sculpture by Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, Robert Graham, and Duane Hanson, to name several; starting Thursday, Jan. 6.... **KUHLIK**, 23 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists; through Jan. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, photo-realist paintings by Robert Bechtle, enamel paintings on glass by Richard Roth, and cartoon drawings by John Fawcett; through Saturday, Jan. 8.... **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Mike Bakaty, Michael Goldberg, and Jim Starrett; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and constructions by two women, Fritzie Abadi and Jo Warner, and one man, Kazimiras Zoromskis; through Jan. 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Wednesday, Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Nine one-man shows; starting Saturday, Jan. 8. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Tuesday, Jan. 11.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1905-70), including his much-discussed series, "The Stations of the Cross;" through Monday, Jan. 10.... ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Jan. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Sunday, Jan. 9.... ¶ Figurative paintings of fantasy by Susan Hall; starting Thursday, Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Jan. 23.... ¶ A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters.... ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. ... ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Seventy-five pieces of stained glass ranging in size from small panels to windows more than sixteen feet high, from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text; through Jan. 22.... ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Jan. 22.... ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Jan. 22.... ¶ Medieval jewelled bindings and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Thirty Currier & Ives prints of farm and country life and sporting scenes, plus a sleighing tableau of the late eighteen-sixties; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Frederica von Stade, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Shirley Love, James King, Theo Adam, Ezio Flagello, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Frederica von Stade, Jean Kraft, Paul Franke, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Lilian Sukis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Sandra Warfield, James McCracken, William Walker, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Shirley Love, James King, Theo Adam, Ezio Flagello, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Lilian Sukis, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Karel Ancerl conducting on Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 7, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Halina Lukomska, soprano); and on Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, a concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano). . . . ¶ Bruno Maderna conducting on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2; Satur-

If we didn't believe there were enough people to appreciate the difference then we wouldn't have covered the walls of our El Padrino Room* with suede.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 17, at 7:30 (all with Helga Dernesch, soprano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting an all-Brahms program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (*Philharmonic Hall*. Wednesday, Jan. 12, and Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting a varied program; no soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Gary Bertini conducting. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

EARTH SYMPHONY—Joseph Eger conducting and acting as horn soloist in a benefit concert, with Nancy Chase, soprano, and Gordon Parks, narrator. Also, Yoko Ono will conduct two of her own works. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Beveridge Webster, piano, and Michael Webster, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Nicolas Flagello conducting, with Renay Landsman, piano, and Diane Addison, soprano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 7:30.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing a program of baroque music, with a chamber orchestra. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

HILDE SOMER—Piano, in an all-Scriabin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

MICHAEL STEINBERG—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 26. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Jan. 6, at 8:15.)

FESTIVAL WINDS—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH AND VASSO DEVITZI—Cello and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Richard Goode, piano; and the Juilliard String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 8, at 9.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

CRAIG SHEPPARD—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

SYLVIA MARLOWE—Harpsichord, with Kenneth Cooper, also harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

FERNANDO VALENTI—Harpsichord, in a recital postponed from Oct. 16. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, a varied program.)

BAROQUE MUSIC—A benefit recital performed by Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Charles Bressler, tenor; Fortunato Arico, cello; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Friday, Jan. 14, at 9. For information about tickets, call 799-2200, Ext. 203.)

SAMUEL LIPMAN—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ROBERT CASADESUS AND ZINO FRANCESCATTI—A recital of French sonatas for piano and violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

EDDIE BONNEMÈRE, JOE NEWMAN, AND BILL LEE—In a benefit concert, with the New York Bass Violin Choir. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7:30.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case E. Y. Harburg) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Jan. 5, at 7:35. Rangers vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Jan. 9, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Amateur game: United States vs. Russia, Thursday, Jan. 6, at 7:35.

RACING—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 15.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8-9, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Jan. 15, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator, and Dimitri Toufexis, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

CLANN GAEL—Twenty singers, dancers, and musicians, in a program reflecting the common Celtic heritage of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2:15.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Jan. 15. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS**: "Absolutely Time." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 9, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NICOLO MARIONETTES**: "Aladdin." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0830.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.) . . . **YOUNG WORLD FOUNDATION**: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show in the Sky

Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.). . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.)

POETRY READINGS—Diane Wakoski and Carolyn Kizer reading from their own works. (South Lobby, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Jan. 7, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the readings.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Jan. 8, at 2: French, Italian, and Continental furniture and decorations; from the estate of Marjorie Wilson and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture, decorations, and carpets; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 8.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Night of Counting the Years" (1971), in Arabic, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2: "The Late Matthew Pascal" (1926), directed by Marcel l'Herbier. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 5:30: "Yvette" (1927), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, Danish titles only. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "La Petite Lili" (1927) and "Rien que les Heures" (1926), both by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Die Windrose" (1956), in German and French, an omnibus production supervised by Alberto Cavalcanti; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at noon: "Triumph of the Will" (1936), in German, directed by Leni Riefenstahl; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 3: "Yvette" (1927). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "La Petite Lili" (1927) and "Rien que les Heures" (1926). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2: Five short films by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 5:30: "The Late Matthew Pascal" (1926). . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 1: Five short films by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6 and Jan. 11 at 2: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George K. Arthur and Georgia Hall. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30: Films by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2: Seven short films by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30 and Jan. 13 at 2: "48 Hours" (1942), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30: Seven short films by Alberto Cavalcanti. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 8: "For Them That Trespass" (1948), directed by Alberto Cavalcanti, with Richard Todd. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, in the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Markopoulos, Keaton, Jordan, Mekas, Landow, Menken, Melies, Nelson, Ozu, Smith, Renoir, Ruttmann, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays, and no 10 o'clock show on Jan. 6. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Go-Between."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 8: "The Harvey Girls" and "Give a Girl a Break."
Jan. 9-11: "The Great Waltz" and "The Merry Widow."
From Jan. 12: "Thousands Cheer" and "Sunny."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 7: "Taking Off" and "Two-Lane Blacktop."
Jan. 8-12: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "Z".
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"King of Hearts" and "Shame."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 11: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Jan. 12: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dynamite Chicken."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The French Connection."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 11: "Murmur of the Heart."
From Jan. 12: "Together."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 8: "The Trojan Women."
From Jan. 9: "Eagle in a Cage."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Such Good Friends."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 11: "Harold and Maude."
From Jan. 12: "El Topo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"$."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 11: "The Go-Between."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

Juliet 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 11: "Kotch."
From Jan. 12: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Dirty Harry."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"Kidnapped."

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Jan. 5: "L'Atalante."
Jan. 6: "Bizarre, Bizarre."
Jan. 7: "The Battle of Algiers."
Jan. 8: "A Man and a Woman."
Jan. 9: "Belle de Jour."
Jan. 10: "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
Jan. 11: "Diary of a Country Priest."
Jan. 12: "Casque d'Or."
Jan. 13: "La Guerre Est Finie."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 11: "Derby" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"
From Jan. 12: "Klute" and "THX 1138."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 11: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."
From Jan. 12: "Long Ago, Tomorrow."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 6: "The 400 Blows," "Stolen Kisses," and "Bed and Board."
Jan. 7-9: "Jules and Jim" and "The Bride Wore Black."
Jan. 10-11: "The Soft Skin" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Jan. 12-13: "The Wild Child."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Jan. 7: "The Seven Samurai."
From Jan. 8: "Vampire Doll" and "The Tattooed Swordswoman."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Jan. 13: "El Topo."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Jan. 12: "Bedknobs and Broomsticks."
From Jan. 13: "The Cowboys."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Star Spangled Girl."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Decameron."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Eva."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 11: "Kotch" and "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Jan. 12: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 11: "Gone with the Wind."
From Jan. 12: "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 5: "Before the Revolution" and "The Conformist."
Jan. 6-12: "Rio Lobo" and "Rio Bravo."
From Jan. 13: "Utamaro and His Five Women" and "Teorema."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 11: "Carnal Knowledge."
From Jan. 12: "Together."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 6: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
Jan. 7-9: "Romeo and Juliet" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Jan. 10-11: "The Young and the Damned" and "This Strange Passion."
Jan. 12-13: "The World of Apu" and "The Immortal Story."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 11: "The Butterfly" and "Her and She and Him."
From Jan. 12: "Long Ago, Tomorrow" and "Something for Everyone."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 13: "Buster Keaton Festival."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Thalia; through Jan. 6.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Garrick; Jan. 7.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 6.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Music Hall; through Jan. 12.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker; Jan. 5.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 9.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 6.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—With Twiggy and Christopher Gable, directed by Ken Russell. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 7-9.)

The Butterfly—With Anna Kristina, directed by Alexis Neve. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Jan. 11.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CIRQUE cinema
Hall

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Symphony; through Jan. 11.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of lowlife worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 12.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 12.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (New Yorker; Jan. 5.)

The Cowboys—With John Wayne, directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall; starting Jan. 13.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

Derby—Slow-pulsed documentary about a young Midwesterner who dreams of making the Roller Derby a way of life. O.K., but pretty sentimental about a puny form of athleticism. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 11.)

Diamonds Are Forever—With Sean Connery as 007, directed by Guy Hamilton. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 11.)

Dirty Harry—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Guild.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Tower East and Loew's Ciné.)

Dynamite Chicken—A film by Ernie Pintoff, with the Ace Trucking Company, Richard Pryor, and others. (Kips Bay.)

Eagle in a Cage—With John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson, directed by Fielder Cook. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 9.)

Eva (1962)—Jeanne Moreau as an elegant, heartless slut, and Stanley Baker as a born victim. Joseph Losey's film, set in Venice and Rome, was meddled with by the producers; what's left has flair and style (maybe too much of each), but the intentions aren't altogether clear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 6.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Murray Hill, Juliet 1, and Juliet 2.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Give a Girl a Break (1953)—An unusual M-G-M musical in that it is modest, but it is so modest that it has no particular flavor or distinction. Stanley Donen directed, and the cast includes Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds, Bob Fosse, and Kurt Kasznar. On the flat side. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 8.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Art. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse; through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 12.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 11.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus as the other woman are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 9-11.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 13.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr's, adaptation of his attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play. (Columbia II.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; through Jan. 11.)

The Harvey Girls (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God knows what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. John Hodiak was a bizarrely ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland, but the first-rate cast includes Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 8.)

Her and She and Him (1970)—With Astrid Frank, directed by Max Pecas. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Jan. 11.)

The Hospital—With George C. Scott and Diana

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Rigg, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Sutton.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Thalia; Jan. 12-13.)

A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; Jan. 7-9.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 7-9.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features, each accompanied by two shorts. Jan. 5: "Go West." Jan. 6-7: "Sherlock, Jr." Jan. 8-9: "The General." Jan. 10-11: "College." Jan. 12-13: "Seven Chances." (Olympia.)

Kidnapped—Jack Pulman has drawn a trim, craftsmanlike screenplay from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and its sequel, "David Balfour." The director, Delbert Mann, keeps everything comprehensible, though he doesn't seem to know how to make the narrative stirring. Fortunately, Michael Caine, who gets better all the time, acts Alan Breck with a mixture of swagger and intelligence that keeps the movie alive. Caine is assisted by Trevor Howard as the Lord Advocate, Lawrence Douglas as David, and Donald Pleasence as old Ebenezer, a Scrooge if ever there was one. Not as exciting as the best swashbuckling adventure movies, but the feeling behind the whole production is so decent and affectionate that viewers may forgive the deficiencies. The exteriors were shot in Scotland. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Village.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 12.)

Kotch—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Regency; through Jan. 11.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; starting Jan. 12.)

Lovers and Other Strangers (1970)—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Regency; through Jan. 11.)

Macbeth—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

Made for Each Other—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film a depth and conviction that make it the most satisfying comedy of 1971. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman and Paramount.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Garrick; Jan. 8.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehar music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 9-11.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—With Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East; through Jan. 11.)

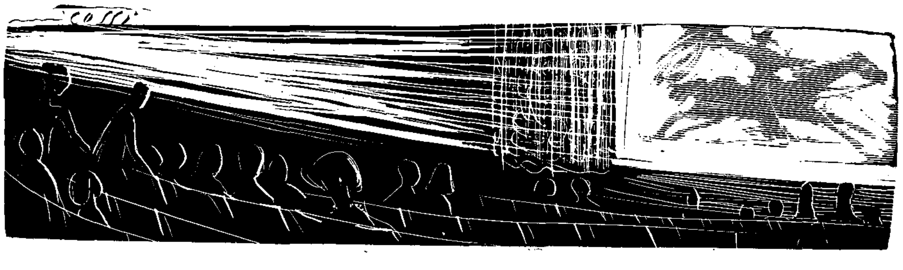
Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Garrick; Jan. 10.)

Rio Bravo (1959)—Howard Hawks directed this semi-satiric Western pastiche (mainly of old Hawks movies), with John Wayne as John T. Chance, Dean Martin as a drunk called Dude, Ricky Nelson as Colorado, Walter Brennan as Stumpy, and Angie Dickinson as Feathers. Jules Furthman and Leigh Brackett provided the script, Dimitri Tiomkin the score. Silly, but with zest; there are some fine action sequences, and the performers seem to be enjoying their roles. (New Yorker; Jan. 6-12.)

Rio Lobo—John Wayne in a late and tired Howard Hawks Western that is derivative of other late, tired Hawks Westerns. (New Yorker; Jan. 6-12.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the



WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

JANUARY

Happy New Year! Belated though this wish may be, rest assured that we of Madison Square Garden will do all possible to make it a reality for you and yours all year long, as witness the ensuing opening items.

A notable event in Garden history occurs on Thursday the 6th, just about as this issue hits the newsstands, when a national team representing the U.S.S.R. and our U.S.A. Olympic hopefuls clash in an international ice-hockey set-to.

And speaking of ice, what has been hailed as the greatest ice-experience of them all—the all-new, all-delightful, all-spectacular edition of Ice Capades—will unfold its colorful star-strewn wonders for 19 performances beginning this Tuesday the 11th and continuing through Sunday the 23rd. Bring the whole family to see the H. R. Pufn-Stuf TV characters come to life, a marvelous troupe of performing bears, a galaxy of ice-champions, and more!

Another splendid spectacle show comes to the Felt Forum on January 22nd and 23rd when the Scots Guards bring their skirling bagpipes and brilliant kilts, plaids, bands and formations all the way from their native Highland banks and braes for your enjoyment.

Other events well worth noting: Roller Derby fireworks on Sunday the 9th when our Chiefs tangle with the Bay Bombers...the roaring return of the Yamaha Silver Cup Racing Classic with thrills for motorcycle fans on Monday the 24th...the famous Wanamaker Millrose Games with a full complement of track and field record-breakers on Friday the 28th...the Camper and Trailer Show in our Exposition Rotunda from the 22nd through the 30th...and college basketball on the 27th (Fordham vs. South Carolina) and the 29th (Manhattan vs. Navy plus Army vs. Duquesne).

That doesn't leave too much time for New York's favorites, the Knicks and Rangers. Herewith their remaining January at-home encounters:

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1/25 Boston	1/9 Los Angeles
1/29 Seattle	1/26 Buffalo
	1/30 Minnesota

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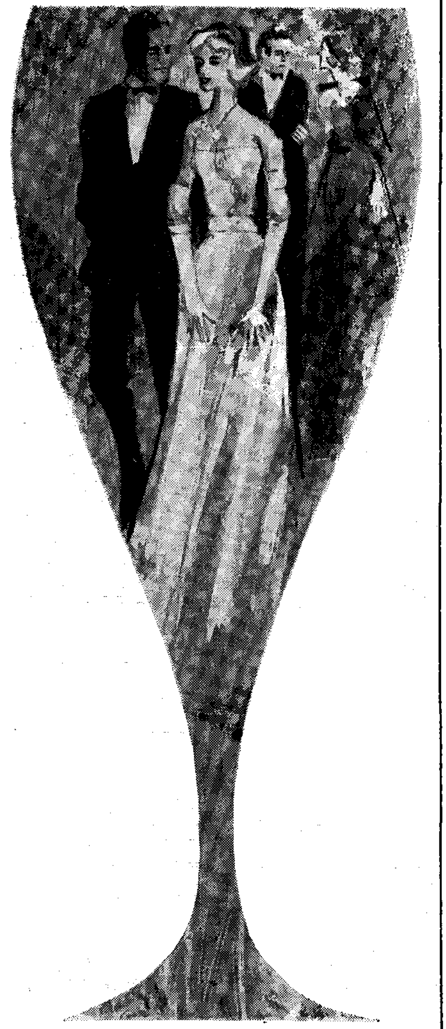

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Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Thalia; Jan. 7-9.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Cinema Village.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 10-11.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Midtown; starting Jan. 12.)

Star Spangled Girl—Sandy Duncan's comic talent shines through—she has a troll-like spark of genius in her timing—and Tony Roberts' and Todd Susman's talents almost shine through, too, but the material is atrocious Neil Simon. The situations are so contrived that the wisecracks aren't funny even when they're funny. But when they're sour they're certainly sour. Directed at breakneck speed by Jerry Paris, but the picture can't go by fast enough. (Ziegfeld.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 6.)

Such Good Friends—With Dyan Cannon and James Coco, directed by Otto Preminger. (Baronet.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Trans-Lux East and Little Carnegie.)

Sunny (1930)—Marilyn Miller in an adaptation of her 1925 Broadway musical success; the movie retains some of the original songs by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Jerome Kern. She plays an English circus performer who becomes a stowaway on a ship going to America. Miss Miller's fabled adorableness escapes the camera, and the picture is mainly of historical interest. With Lawrence Gray as the man she loves, and O. P. Heggie as her father; directed by William A. Seiter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 12.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

The Tattooed Swordswoman—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Jan. 8.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 13.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 8-12.)

This Strange Passion ("El;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Thalia; Jan. 10-11.)

Thousands Cheer (1943)—Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star M-G-M musical, and Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom (i.e., mediocrity) on the venture when he condescended to play boogie-woogie; his boogie-woogie is surely the worst ever recorded. With Judy Garland, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 12.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 12.)

Together—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East and Symphony; starting Jan. 12.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum; through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting Jan. 12.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 8.)

Two-Lane Blacktop—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

Utamaro and His Five Women (1946)—A Japanese film, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 13.)

Vampire Doll—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Jan. 8.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 12-13.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Thalia; Jan. 12-13.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Thalia; Jan. 10-11.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 8-12.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; through Jan. 6.)

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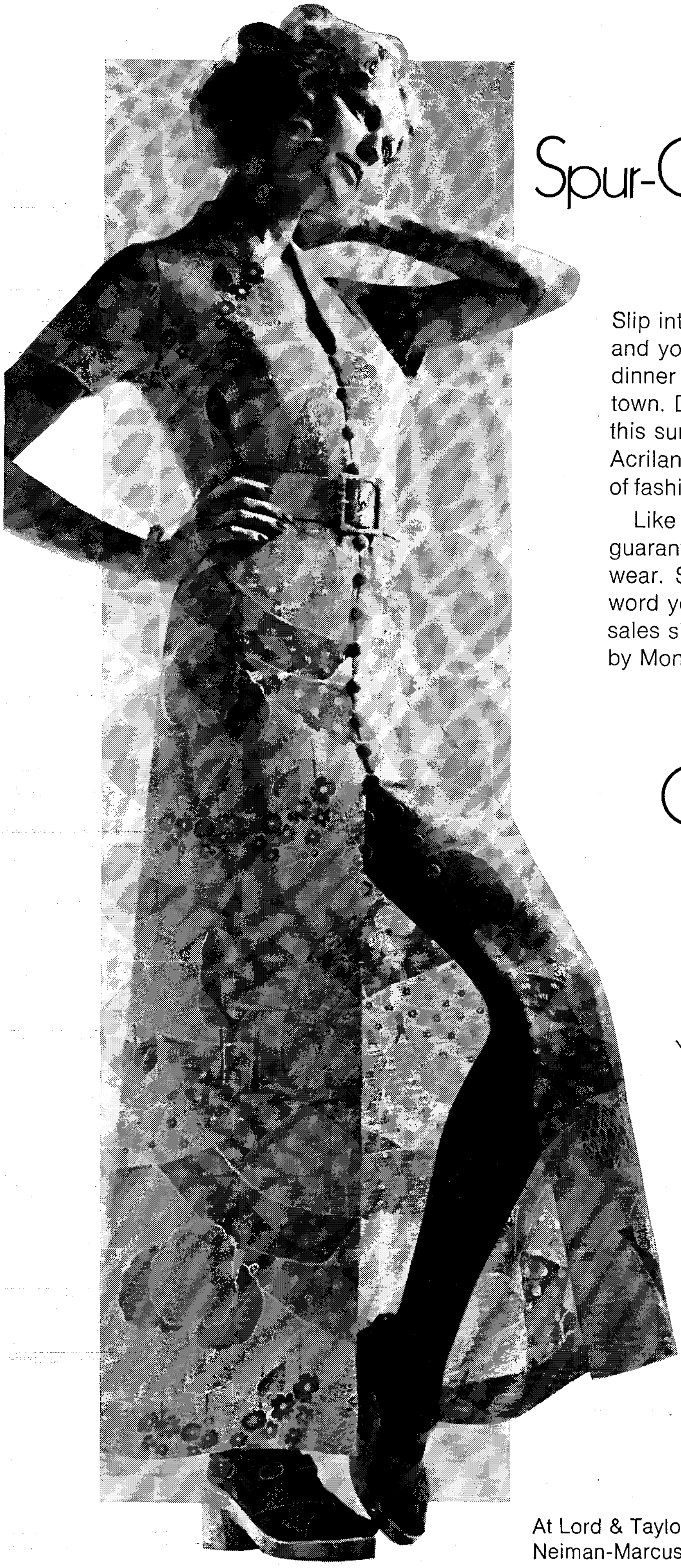

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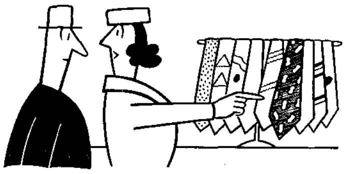
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

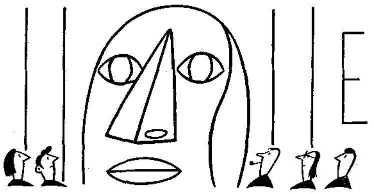
TOOTIE POINDEXTER. Do you know Tootie Poindexter, the fun Australian designer who made such a hit on Seventh Avenue last fall with his new line of hand-blocked Paisley earmuffs? No matter. Nice fellow. We saw him a few hours ago while we were out crashing our way about Fifth Avenue. He was wearing his new boarhide hunting jacket and what seemed to be a pair of canvas trousers. "Canvas?" we asked. "Yes, of course," he said. "Afrikaner Stalking Trousers. Try Bloomingdale's." Later, we ran into Lamar Tremblay, the novelist, wearing a pink safari suit; Francis Farraday, the poet, in his General Franco Tank Commander's coat and Wrangler jeans; and Treadway Billings, the car-rental executive, in a new pigskin whaling ensemble. And we glimpsed in the distance what certainly *seemed* to be Ambrose Mound, the verse dramatist, wafting down Fifty-seventh Street in a mixture of Panzer General breeches, Gaucho tassels, and one of the new Italian velour lumberjackets. Clearly, we are into a trend here; we are well into a trend. Do you remember, just a scant two or three years ago, when women were telling their husbands, "Go ahead. Be a sport. *Buy* that necktie with the purple ravioli design on the electric-blue background"? Do you remember when people said, "Isn't it wonderful about Fred and his disgusting new shirts—I mean, the way he's discovered *color*?" Do you remember when people spoke about the "revolution" in men's clothes? Doubtless they still do. We are here to report that the revolution is with us, has passed over, is consolidating—and takes the form of Tootie Poindexter in his boarhide hunting jacket and Afrikaner Stalking Trousers, and of everybody else in his Ingmar Bergman Weekend with a Gloomy Architect leather jacket and cowpuncher jeans and How I Built Hoover Dam work clothes and God knows what else. In fact, on most afternoons in New York about the only people who *aren't* striding around in inconspicuous Viking leather outfits are the F.B.I. people, in their evidently just purchased (probably from some Panamanian wholesaler) Ivy League suits—trailing the new Red Chinese air attachés, in *their* just purchased (probably from the same wholesaler) white button-down shirts and Tattersall vests. So be it, we say. A country that invented the pork-pie hat, the two-trouser suit, and the Can I Kiss You in the Dark Baby necktie surely needs a little time to relax before embarking on yet another course of native creativity.

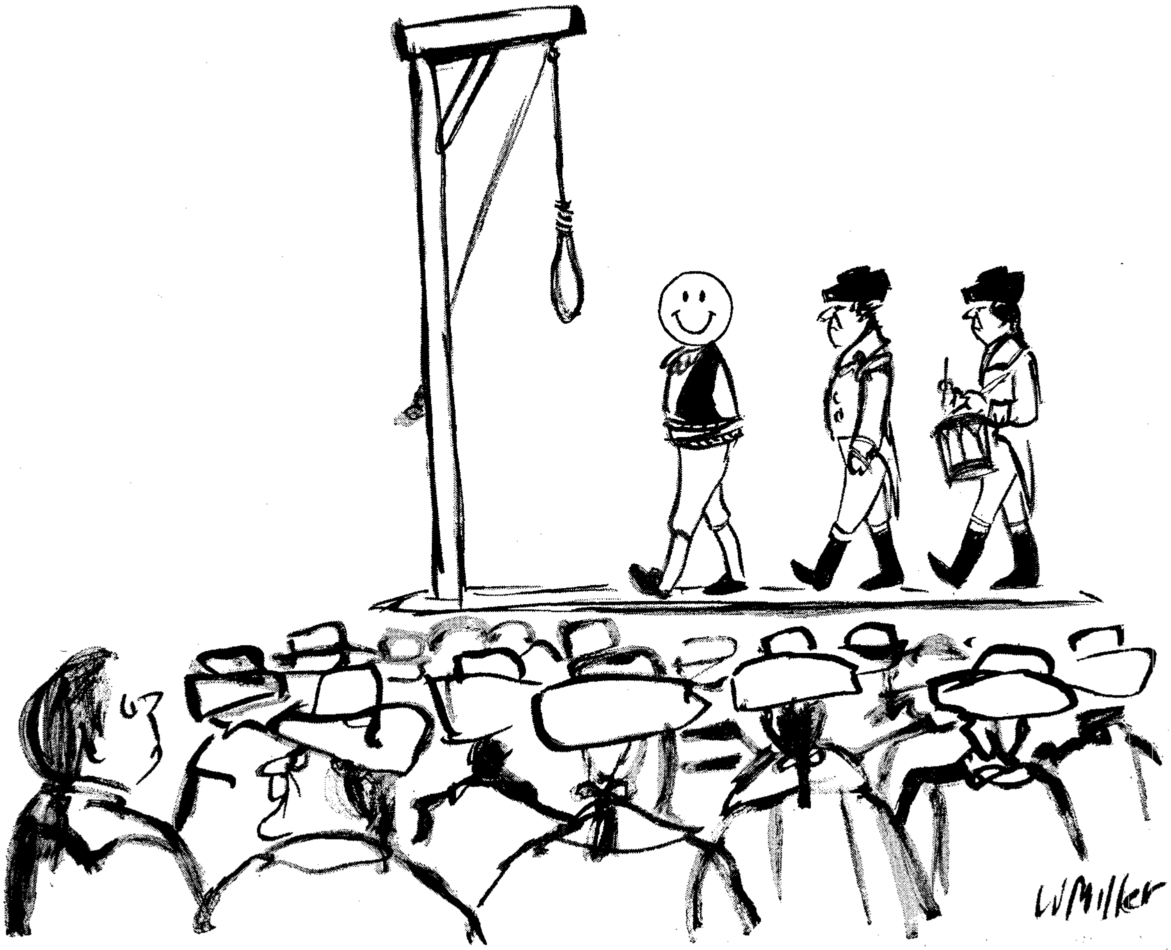


Only the other day, we saw a big ad in *Life* for some new Swedish Army officers' coats—at least, we assumed they were new. "With all the authentic features!" the ad said. "The style is really now. . . . $29.95." We have been scanning our old jacket more and more frequently in the hallway mirror—a casual, *manly* scanning, mind you. None of that fussing around. None of that tugging at things, or making faces in the mirror. In many ways, it is a quite splendid jacket. A bit on the worn side, perhaps. A bit loose. Comfortable is what we prefer to call it. On the other hand, that Swedish Army officer's jacket doesn't look so bad. All the authentic features, too. Ghostly white shapes gliding silently out from the tree line. Skis. Automatic weapons. Unmoving blue eyes. The Mannerheim Line. No, that was Finland. The defense of Malmö. Ingmar Bergman country. Ingmar Bergman and his leather jackets against the Swedish Army officers' coats. Caesar Augustus. Max von Sydow. The line extends, white shapes invisible against the snow. The officer raises his sword, his ski, his flag, his tow ticket. Across the frozen chasm, only one man remains—Tootie Poindexter. "*Avanti!*" the officer calls—a trainee from the south. A hail of grapeshot and ski wax fills the air. Poindexter tries to rise, to turn, to flee, but is held down by his Afrikaner Stalking Trousers. Enough. We will take the advertisement home. We will study it. $29.95. Not bad. Still, it doesn't pay to rush into this sort of thing.

Totem

IN a wooded corner of the Princeton campus, standing in the embrace of two brownstone wings of the university's art museum but surrendering not a jot of its exuberant identity to them, is a huge concrete statue of a woman's head. It is recognizable at once as a Picasso, and, indeed, it is called, like so many of Picasso's works, "Tête de Femme." In its original version, it is of brightly painted sheet metal, twelve and a half inches in height and weighing perhaps ten or twelve pounds; in the present version, completed a few days after Picasso's ninetieth birthday, it is sixteen feet high and twelve feet wide and weighs a good ten or twelve tons. The sculptor who, with Picasso's ardent encouragement, has performed the feat of turning a pretty toy into a giant totem is Carl Nesjar, a fifty-year-old Norwegian, who is also a painter, a documentary moviemaker, a scene designer, and a still photographer. Mr. Nesjar carves in concrete according to a technique known as Naturbetong, which was developed by an Oslo friend of his, the architect Erling Viksjö. The technique consists of packing a wooden form full of crushed stone—in this case, specially ground-up pebbles of Norwe-





"Aye now, laddie, there be pluck!"

gian red quartzite and black granite—and then forcing liquid concrete among the pebbles under high pressure. Once the concrete has bonded the stone, the form is removed and the sculptor carves the concrete by sandblasting its "skin," thereby exposing the aggregate underneath. The head at Princeton is a polychrome of red, black, and creamy white; new as it is, it looks as if it had stood there for a thousand years, shedding benign magic over all passersby.

The day we visited the "Tête," Mr. Nesjar, dressed in an astronaut-style outfit of rubber gloves, jacket, and mask, was up on a scaffold putting the final touches on the statue with a jet of sand. (The jet issues from a hose at a pressure of a hundred pounds, and if it is misdirected its force is sufficient to slice through a man's arm; sculptors who carve in concrete must have strong physiques and steady nerves.) Catching sight of us, Mr. Nesjar turned the hose over to his helper, a fellow-Norwegian named Sigurd Frager, and invited us to sit with him outside a little portable aluminum workshed while he described his long and fortunate collaboration with Picasso. They met in 1956, in the South of France, and when Nesjar showed Picasso some photographs of experiments he had been making with the Naturbetong technique, the old man bounded up out of the depths of a chair and rushed into the kitchen to explain the technique to the cook, then outdoors to explain it to the gardener. "As always, he immediately saw the possibilities in a new method of creating art," Mr. Nesjar said. "He gave me three designs, unsigned, for me to transform into three concrete murals for the Government Building in Oslo. Later, when he saw photographs of the finished work, he took back the designs, signed them, and handed them to me. That was both his official imprimatur and his way of thanking me. Since then, I've executed about fifteen Picasso works, either from originals in other forms or from his designs and maquettes. In '63, I did an engraved mural eighty feet long for the Château de Castille, at Gard, in France, and in '65 I did a group of four sculptures called 'The Picnic on the Grass' for the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm. Three years ago, I did the thirty-eight-foot-high statue 'Sylvette' for the plaza of the N.Y.U. apartment buildings south of Washington Square. Picasso takes a close interest in my work and makes very useful suggestions." Mr. Nesjar showed us a photograph of a scale model he had made of "Tête de Femme." On the model were scratched some zigzag lines. "Picasso's squiggles," he said. "He evidently wanted to add a little life to the surfaces."

"Tête de Femme" was commissioned as part of the Putnam Sculpture Collection at Princeton—a group of outdoor works by leading contemporary sculptors, including Henry Moore, Louise Nevelson, Alexander Calder, and David Smith. The collection is financed by an anonymous gift of roughly a million dollars and is named in memory of Lieutenant John B. Putnam, Jr., Princeton '45, who died in the Second World War. The university having officially accepted the "Tête," Mr. Nesjar now intends to devote his time to the design and construction of something he calls "ice fountains." "In my home country, ordinary fountains have to be shut down much of the year because of the cold, and this is true even in New York," he said. "I'm working on a way to keep fountains flowing all year round and to let the ice that forms on them become a series of constantly changing shapes and patterns, lighted in such a way that one never sees the same fountain twice. I call my designs a blending of light, ice, and water, and I'm eager to get Picasso's opinion of them. Ice fountains make no sense in the South of France, but Picasso's imagination reaches from Pole to Pole, and he's sure to see something in them that I haven't seen."

Festival

A REPORT from a young man who attended the Eighth Annual New York Avant-Garde Festival:

"It is important to have a grasp of the geography of the thing. The basic geography was simple: Manhattan;

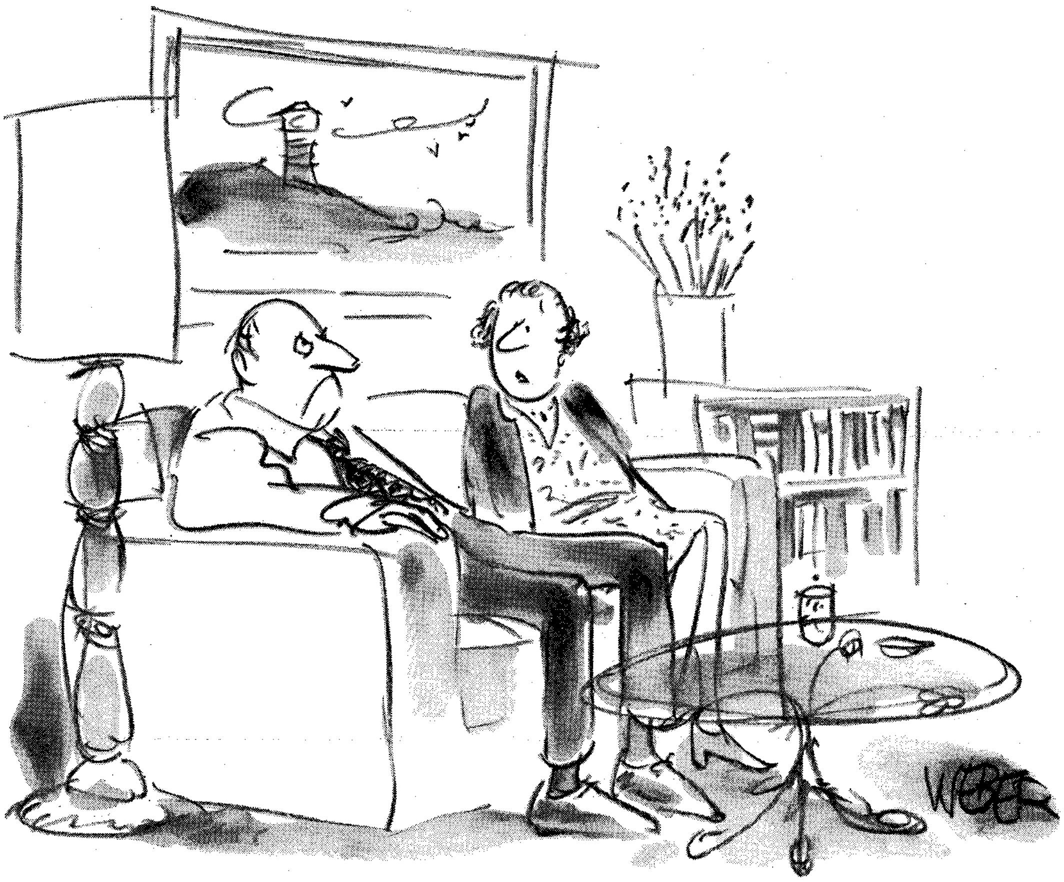
Lexington Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street; the old 69th Regiment Armory. The interior geography was more complex. A diagram would help, but I can't draw. You might make one of your own from these simple instructions: Draw a large rectangle to represent the interior of the Armory. At one end, indicate a door. At the other, draw a clock and underneath it put the legend 'Next Home Game.' The clock and the legend 'Next Home Game' belong to the Armory people; everything else I describe belongs to the Avant-Garde Festival people. To the right of the clock, draw a Ferris wheel—a big Ferris wheel. To the left of the Ferris wheel (and a bit toward the door end of the rectangle), write 'Nixon Ensemble,' and a bit to the left of that draw a mound of dirt, a young man in a tailcoat, and a few white mice. Moving toward the door end of things, render three or four giant inflatable polyps, and to the left of the polyps draw a few score cardboard sculptures of Batman. Your diagram ought now to be complete except for the areas flanking the door. To the right, indicate the existence of a Baby Grand Guitar, and to the left write the words 'Happy Birthday Charlotte.' Around your completed diagram, make many symbols for static. The static symbols will remind you not to forget the four hundred boring videotape exhibits on the periphery.

"Now, most of your diagram is self-explanatory. Ferris wheels, Nixon Ensembles, and giant inflatable polyps have been, after all, absolutely standard for years. I want to zero in on the mound of dirt and on 'Happy Birthday Charlotte.' You see, when I go to Avant-Garde Festivals, I go with the idea of bestowing little mental prizes on deserving exhibits. Usually, I look for something that Breaches the Boundaries of Art As We Know It, but the boundaries of art as we know it have been hard to find of late, so this year I decided to look for the Artist Who Tried Hardest. Hence my interest in the young man in tails and 'Happy Birthday Charlotte.'

"I spent a long time looking at the young man in tails. He was lying almost perfectly still on a little black cloth on top of the mound of dirt. The mound was cordoned off by the standard red vinyl rope. People stood at the rope and watched him. A small sign said that what they were watching was 'Ring Piece' and that it was the work of Geoff Hendricks. It was impossible to absolutely determine whether Geoff Hendricks—the creator of the piece—and the man in tails were one and the same, but this was the popular assumption. It was not possible to get to the bottom of it because the young man in tails on the mound of dirt did not talk at all. What he did do was make notes from time to time in a little notebook. And he gave full territorial rights over his body and his mound of dirt to several white mice who happened to be there. Although the young man was not *active*, it seemed to me that he was trying hard.

"The people involved in 'Happy Birthday Charlotte' were active. They were constructing a giant birthday cake. These people were Joe Millions, who is the proprietor of Colossal Cakes, and Milton Summers, who is, according to Mr. Millions, the greatest cake decorator in the world. The enormous cake had three layers, but only the topmost layer (which measured two feet by four feet) was actually cake; the rest were dummies. All three layers were being decorated by Mr. Summers. He had written 'Happy Birthday Charlotte' all over the cake, because it was for Charlotte Moorman, who organizes the Avant-Garde Festival.

"I talked to a girl who said that the young man's white mice weren't his white mice at all but, rather, belonged to an artist/event-stager named Dick Higgins. 'The mice just split from Dick and stayed on the mound of dirt,' the girl said. I went to investigate. I stood behind the cordon and watched the young man in tails some more. He had a long beard, so I could not see whether he was wearing the proper sort of wing collar. Certainly he was wearing the proper sort of shoes—black patent-leather ones. Then a guy in a black-hooded costume and dark glasses, who carried with him a sound effect like a muffled siren and also a Charlie McCarthy puppet, came up to where I was standing. He gave me a little puzzle in the shape of a duck to keep. He left. Then I got up my nerve and asked the young man in tails *out loud* if his white mice were really his mice or if they were Dick Higgins' mice. He did not answer, but he did make a little notation in his notebook. Then the guy in the hooded costume with the siren sound effect and the Charlie McCarthy puppet came back and gave me a sec-



"I don't understand why you're so upset. If Lindsay gets to be President, you can still blame him for everything."

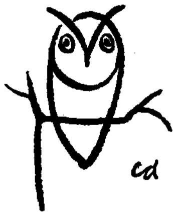
ond puzzle/object. I left before I grew to depend on his kindness.”

Everywhere’s Somewhere

John Lennon Yoko Ono
New York City are your people.
John Lennon Yoko Ono
New York City is your friend.
—David Peel and the Lower East Side.

SOME good local news, for a change: John Lennon and his wife and co-worker, Yoko Ono, have become, for most practical purposes, New Yorkers. They have been living here more or less continuously for the past six months; they have rented a studio in the West Village to live in and a loft in SoHo to work in; they have been observed doing New Yorkish things, such as riding their bicycles in the Park, going to the movies in the middle of the night, and picking up the Sunday papers in Sheridan Square. So far, they have not been heard to complain that the city is unlivable. When that happens, we’ll know that they’re here to stay.

On a recent Saturday, we went down to the West Village to see for ourself how they are getting along in their new home. A long-haired retainer opened the door and steered us toward a curtain in the rear. We ducked through it, into what is surely one of the pleasantest rooms in town. It is a studio in the old, romantic way—high-ceilinged, with serrated skylights, trees outside the windows, and a cast-iron circular stairway, painted muddy green, leading to the roof. The walls are beige, trimmed in the same muddy green. There was a relaxed dishevelment—piles of clothing, electronic equipment, a guitar, magazines in English and Japanese. The only uncluttered horizontal surface was a bed, big and solid, which jutted into the room like the stage in a theatre-in-the-round. A television set, picture on, sound off, perched at the foot—a prompter’s box. John Lennon, wearing jeans and a blue tank top, sat cross-legged on the bed. He was a trifle smaller than we had expected, his skin was ruddier, his hair was fairer, but his face was as familiar as an old friend’s. Yoko, dressed in green, lounged beside him. We pulled up a chair.



“Why did you choose New York to live in?” we asked.

“We love it, and it’s the center of our world,” John said.

“It’s the first international city, racewise, if you think about it,” Yoko said. “It has more Jews than Tel Aviv.”

“And more Irish than Dublin,” John said.

“And blacks, and Chinese, and Japanese, and they’re all living pretty well together,” Yoko said. “Right now there’s fantastic pessimism, both in the art world and in the general society. Even the most intelligent people in New York are saying, ‘Oh, nothing is happening in New York. It’s boring. Let’s all go to the West Coast.’ That was the general tenor when we got here. We’re sort of trying to change the wind to a more positive wind.”

“I think all of us went through a big depression in the last year and a half, all over the world,” John said. “We think there’s something in the air that’s going to pick us all up again. You know, New York *is* a fantastic place. Yoko is a New Yorker. She spent fifteen years here before she met me, and she used to go on about New York to me all the time, but I had never really seen it. I was overwhelmed by America in the early days when the Beatles were here, because we were all brought up on Americana. Britain is the fifty-ninth state, or whatever, and America was the mother country of the whole culture. There’s an unbelievably creative atmosphere on this little island of Manhattan. Like they say, there just isn’t anything you can’t get in New York.”

“It’s a very rich island,” Yoko said solemnly.

“It has everything you could possibly want, night and day. That’s what I can’t stand about England and Europe: it closes down, unless you go to Hamburg or Amsterdam for the night-club scene, which I don’t enjoy. But New York never sleeps.”

“If you had all the money in the world and you were in Spain or somewhere, what could you do with it?” said Yoko. “Here there’s no end to it.”

“In a way, it’s better to be poor in New York than rich in Spain or England,” John said.

“Exactly, exactly,” Yoko said. “I was an artist *cum* waitress *cum* lecturer in New York, and a superintendent also.”

“She was the superintendent of the building Jerry Rubin’s living in now,” John said. “Jerry took us to see it, and it turned out to be a place where Yoko was superintendent ten years ago.”

“I was fired,” Yoko said, and she laughed. “One night, I was having a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall, and I forgot to turn the incinerator on. All the garbage was stuck, and two days later I burned it, and the smoke was everywhere, and the Fire Department came, and I was fired. I was a waitress and a cook in a macrobiotic restaurant—the Paradox. The critics would come to interview me about my concerts.”

“She’d serve ’em macro and then sit down with ’em and talk about her art,” John said.

“I thought I was a very rich person then, because this city has that quality, that even a waitress can feel rich about it,” Yoko said. “There’s no set thing about your fate here. Your fate is what you create in this city.”

We said that the talk of riches reminded us of a recent song of John’s, “Imagine,” which asks the listener, among other things, to “imagine no possessions.”

“I wish ‘Imagine’ would come true,” John said. “I’ve been listening to it myself, because I get an objective view after, and I was imagining. I began to think: I don’t *want* that big house we built for ourselves in England. I don’t want the bother of owning all these big houses and big cars, even though our company, Apple, pays for it all. All structures and buildings and everything I own will be dissolved and got rid of. I’ll cash in my chips, and anything that’s left I’ll make the best use of. Yoko is a three-tatami woman, and she’s been working on me to get rid of this possessions complex, which is something that happens to people who were poor like myself—not starving but poor.”

We asked Yoko about her three tatami, and she said, “One tatami is the length and width of a person lying down. A friend of mine in Tokyo says that in today’s society, with its overpopulation, the natural space that a person can acquire without fighting or making unnatural efforts is three tatami—one for himself to lie down in, a second for his companion, and a third for them both to breathe in. There is a kind of poverty where you have an excess of things, and all your energy is directed toward getting and keeping them. John was poor, and it was natural for him to strive for wealth, but I come from a background of excessiveness. It was very natural for me to live in New York in a bohemian way, because I was trying to get away from that.”

John was still preoccupied with his possessions. “It’s *clogging my mind* just to *think* about what amount of gear I have in England. All my books and possessions. Walls full of books I’ve collected all my life. I have a list this thick of the things I have in Ascot,

"Chuck, what's it when there are like two unknowns and the base pair are minus numbers and something and something?"

• •

and I'm going to tick off the things I really want, really need. The rest goes to libraries or prisons—the whole damn lot. I might keep my rock-and-roll collection, but even *that* I'm thinking about."

"Everything you've got in here looks like something you use," we said.

"Yes, it's very casual," Yoko said. "If we lost everything in here, we might be annoyed, but not to the point where it would affect our health. I like the idea of everything being transient, so that all that is with me is somebody I love and myself."

We asked the Lennons how they liked their new neighborhood, and Yoko said, "It's so good! It's like a quaint little town."

"Yes, it's like a little Welsh village, with Jones the Fish and Jones the Milk, and everybody seems to know everybody," John said.

"People don't grab us when we walk in the Village," Yoko said. "They sort of smile from a distance, which is nice."

"We stand out more in Britain than in America as a mixed-marriage couple," John said. "Although there is race hatred in America, you see more different-colored people in America than in Britain."

"Even the white people are different colors here," we said.

"Yes, there are all shades, all different kinds of descent," he said. "In England, everybody south of Calais is a Wog, and that includes the French and the Italians."

"John has a New York temperament in his work," Yoko said. "Liverpool is very much like New York, for an English city."

"Liverpool is the port where the Irish got on the boat to come over here, and the same for the Jews and the blacks," John said. "The slaves were brought to Liverpool and then shipped out to America. On the river front in Liverpool you can still see the rings in the side where they were chained up. We got the records—the blues and the rock—right off the boats, and that's why we were advanced musically. In Liverpool, when you stood on the edge of the water you knew the next place was America."

The sun was setting, and the television set glowed more brightly. On the screen, a gigantic lizard was crunching Times Square underfoot. "Do you *like* watching television without the sound?" we asked.

"TV to me is like what the fireplace used to be," John said. "You always get these Surreal things happening. I used to watch the fire as a child, but since they took the fire away from us, I've decided that TV is it. It's like the window—only this picture continually changes. You'll see China and the moon, all in ten minutes. You'll see real, Surreal, strange, psychedelic—everything."

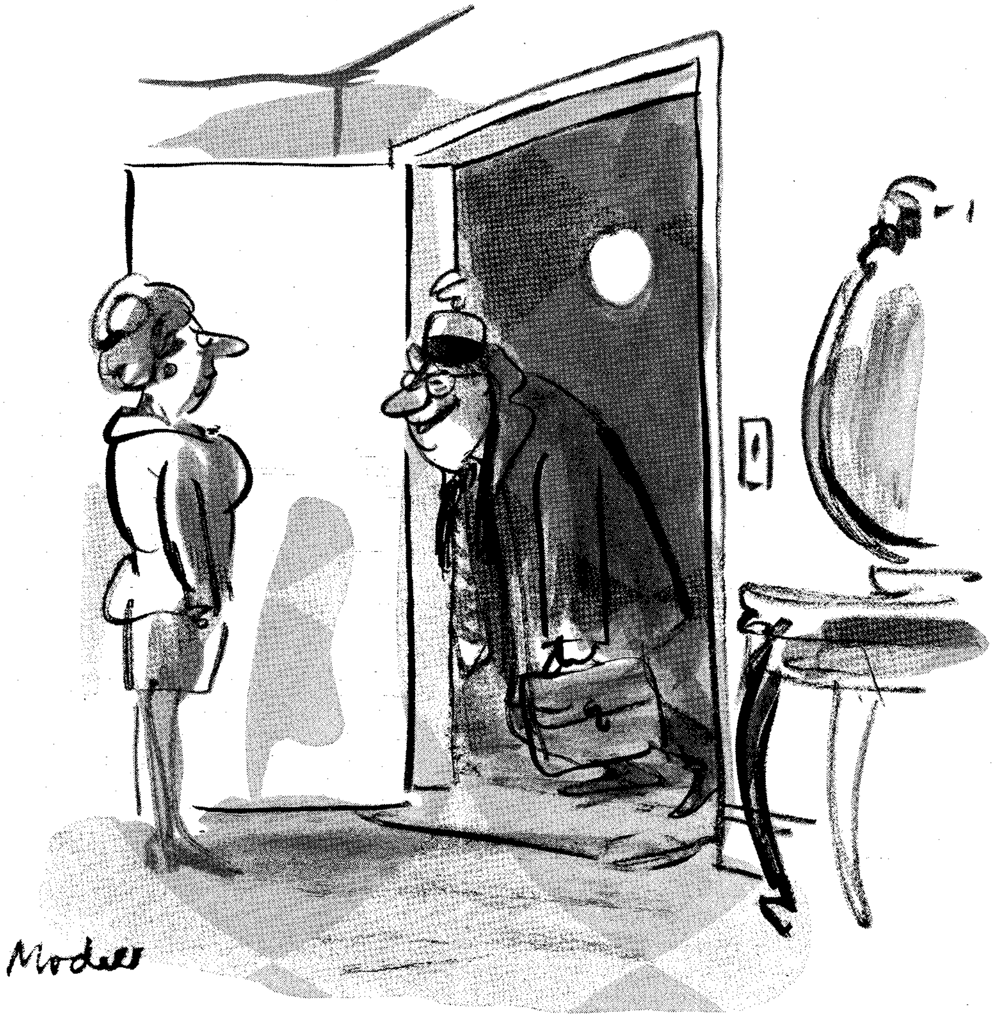
We got up to go, and said goodbye to Yoko. John walked us to the door, peered out cautiously, and came out on the stoop with us for a moment. "Everywhere's somewhere, and everywhere's the same, really, and wherever you are is where it's at," he said. "But it's more so in New York. It does have sugar on it, and I've got a sweet tooth."

AROUND THE BEND IN EIGHTY DAYS

II—NEW GIRDLE, WITH LOTS OF SUPPORT

IT was on a drowsy July afternoon in 1970, fifteen years after Mike Todd's siren song had lured me into working on his celluloid epic, "Around the World in Eighty Days," that the novel itself returned to make a further impact on my life. I was sorting through a carton of mildewed books in a tool shed on my Pennsylvania farm, wondering what possible magpie instinct had impelled me to retain them, let alone buy them originally. Why, for instance, would anybody be interested in "Hoofbeats," a novel by that early cowpunch William S. Hart, or a *pfannkuchen* of Erich von Stroheim's entitled "Paprika, the Gypsy Trollop"? The graphomania of Hollywood's great must have excited me at one time, to judge also from Errol Flynn's autobiography, "Beam Ends," and a whodunit by George Sanders called "Crime on My Hands." As literature, surely, these could be said to possess no enduring qualities, and their value even as mulch was questionable. Here, too, was a dithyramb by J. C. Penney, the chain-store magnate, acclaiming his own business acumen; a limp-leather copy of J. M. Barrie's "A Window in Thrums," gnawed by squirrels; the complete sailing directions, in Dutch, for western New Guinea; an Emily Post manual for hostesses with some title like "What, No Fingerbowls?;" and an irascible memoir of the Sepoy Mutiny by a British diplomat aptly named Conniption Fitzroy. So when, in this unpromising cache, I came upon the book that had precipitated one of my weirder experiences in the picture business, revulsion gave way to nostalgia. Whatever my memories of Michael Todd, its *deus ex machina*, they had softened with time; I remembered only the pace and gaiety of Jules Verne's original story, its color and suspense, its ingenious dénouement. I sat down to reread it with anticipation.

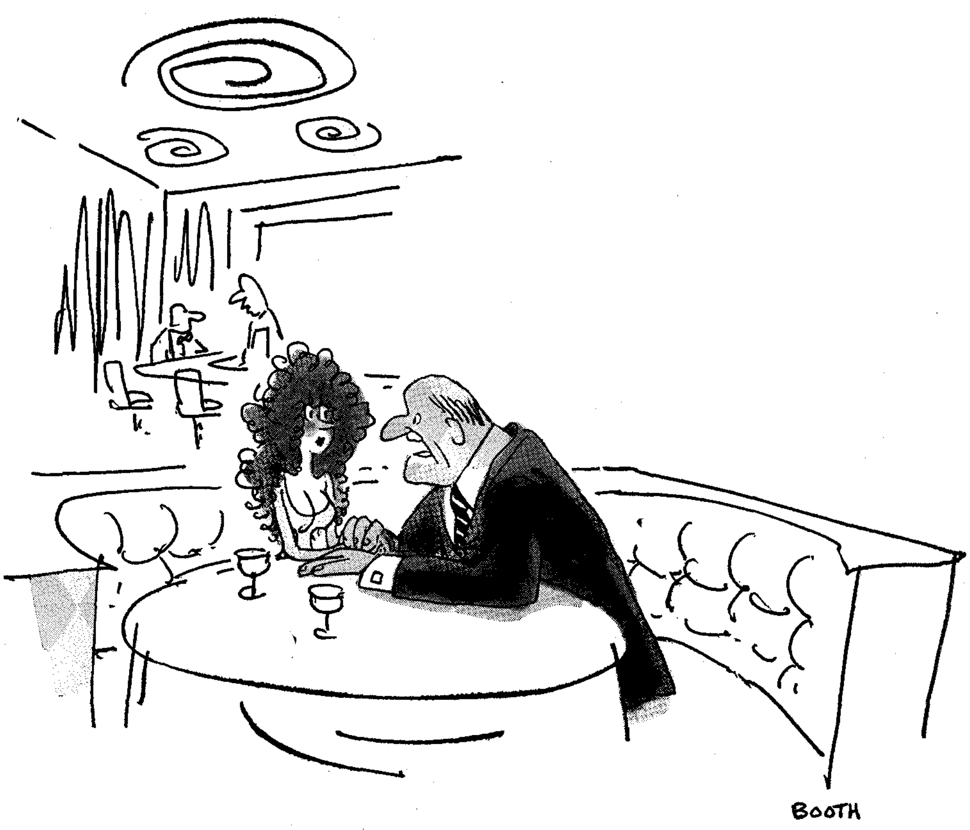
I was not disappointed. Phileas Fogg was still as delicious a spoof of English sang-froid as ever; elegant, imperturbable, Olympian, he strode across the world displaying utter aplomb at every obstacle man and nature interposed in his path. Passepartout, dear man, was likewise intact, a faithful dog's-body whose artlessness the dastardly Mr. Fix continually played upon to subvert their project. Each episode of the story—the immortal bet over the whist table at the Reform Club, the elephant trip in India, climaxing in the rescue of Aouda, Passepartout's debacle in the Hong Kong opium den, Fogg's race to Shanghai, the transcontinental dash across America, and the desperate, last-ditch voyage to Liverpool—heightened the momentum, irresistibly drawing you on, so that even though you knew the outcome you were enchanted. And as with other romances of Verne's, what was remarkable was his technical detail—the fidelity with which he described the locales his characters frequented and journeyed through. If his biographers were to be credited, he was no great shakes as a traveller; in fact, apart from a short trip to America in 1867, there were several countries in Europe he had never set foot in. Obviously, then, it must have taken a masterly job of research to write "Around the World in Eighty Days." More out of admiration than a desire to check up, I turned back to the opening pages of the book, where Phileas Fogg's personality and daily routine were portrayed—and all unknowingly took my first fateful step into the wild blue yonder.



"Correction. What you should say is allegedly *I have been drinking."*

"In the year 1872," the text began, "No. 7 Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, the house in which Sheridan died in 1816, was occupied by Phileas Fogg, Esq." Sheridan, I was to discover subsequently in London, did no such thing; he expired in No. 17. Hard on the heels of this came another dogmatic statement: "Phileas Fogg left his house in Savile Row at half-past eleven and, when he had put down his right foot five hundred and seventy-five times before his left foot, and his left foot five hundred and seventy-six times before his right foot, he arrived at the Reform Club, a huge edifice, standing in Pall Mall, that cost quite a hundred and twenty thousand pounds to build."

Now, here was a poser. I understood Verne's desire to characterize Fogg as a precise, methodical person who lived by the clock, but how did he know how many steps were required from No. 7 Savile Row to the Reform? Had he himself ever walked it? (I did, ultimately, with a pedom-



"I'm a biggie in the world of finance. I'm even a big *biggie. But, Janice, I'm a very lonesome biggie."*

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eter; it took one thousand two hundred and forty-seven steps—six hundred and twenty-three with the left foot, six hundred and twenty-four with the right.) A suspicion slowly dawned that this classic would bear closer investigation. I read on, and almost immediately fetched up against a real howler. Describing Fogg's habitual behavior at the club, the text said, "If he took walking exercise, he invariably did so with measured step on the inlaid floor of the front hall, or in the circular gallery under a dome of blue glass supported by twenty Ionic pillars of red porphyry." My mouth fell open. This was balderdash, absolute poppycock. Any member of the Reform Club—and, by an odd coincidence, I happened to be one—knew that the gallery was not round. It was square, or nearly so, and the glass in the dome above was colorless. Furthermore, far from being supported by Ionic pillars of red porphyry, the pedestals were of blue-veined white marble with dies of broccatello panels, the column bases of white statuary, the fluted shafts of light Siena scagliola, and the Corinthian capitals richly gilded. Verne was talking through his hat.

Well, there I was on the horns of a dilemma, and you can see why. I could replace the book in its moldering carton, lock the shed, and pretend to myself that these fallacies never existed. On the other hand, did I have the moral right to do so? Generations of readers had accepted the story as gospel; millions unborn would read it and never question its accuracy. Was it not incumbent on me to dig deeper—to ascertain whether the book had any basis in fact or was merely a chimera sprung from the brain of a great romancer? I spent a sleepless night pondering the difficulties inherent in the problem, and by daybreak vanquished them. Within a fortnight, I had disposed of my worldly goods, flown overseas, and stood on English soil ready to press my researches. Quixotic? Headlong? Possibly. But then such is my nature. There are those—and, after all, wasn't Fogg one?—who never do things by halves.

AS instinct had whispered, I found all too soon that Verne never let truth stand in the way of his racing imagination. There was, for instance, the detail in his very first chapter about "the Club's waiters, solemn-faced men in dress coats, with molleton under the soles of their shoes." And what, pray, was molleton? The skin of a swan with the feathers on, said the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Doubtful whether swanskin, with or without feathers, made for ideal footgear, I took this to mean that the Reform waiters had crept about in flannel (a secondary meaning of the word) so as not to disturb elderly members snoozing over their freshly ironed copies of the *Times*. I therefore went to the club and canvassed all the waiters in turn, ranging from a bearded boy of nineteen to an octogenarian whose grandfather had also served there. Not one, significantly, had ever heard of molleton, though the oldest dimly recalled that Sir Moishe Foxglove had once worn on his chest a piece of flannel saturated in whiskey to conquer a cold.

What with tracking down the necrology on Sheridan, pacing Savile Row, and canvassing waiters, my sojourn in London thus far was interesting but not fruitful enough for me to rush into the Royal Geographical Society and denounce Jules Verne as a schlep. It did have one positive result, however. The only possible way to test the veracity of the book, I decided, was to try to duplicate Fogg's journey, in the same time span, using the same transportation. The scheme, admittedly, had drawbacks. In this complex and troubled age, people didn't career around the globe with two woollen shirts, three pairs of stockings, and twenty thousand pounds in a satchel, buying ships and elephants when they got into a bind. Half the countries you needed to get through didn't want you—indeed, would relish the chance to emasculate you; the other half demanded visas, inoculations, liquor permits, documents certifying you free of rabies, Hinduism, and *Spirochaeta pallida*. I clearly needed a wizard travel agent, and I found him in Mr. Honeyball.

"A cinch—a piece of cake," announced Mr. Honeyball. He was a suave hippopotamus in gray broadcloth, the very image of Sydney Greenstreet, seated in a tiny hive off Bishopsgate in the City. "It's hardly a trip to Blackpool, mind you, but I think our worldwide connections can swing it. What did you say your name was—J. Pierpont Perelman?"

I disclaimed connection with any tycoon figure, explaining that I was merely an obscure eccentric who sought to re-create Fogg's exploit as set forth in the book. My purse was as slender as my waist, I added, with a significant glance at his own, and I would be grateful if he bestirred himself. Time was of the essence.

"Well and truly spoken, sir," he said. "You're a man after my own heart.” I half expected Joel Cairo to slink in, bearing a phony falcon wrapped in newspaper. “I’ll get onto my chaps in the Baltic Exchange, and we’ll have you on your way in a jiffy.”

Exactly who the chaps were or what Balts they exchanged I never learned, but in short order Mr. Honeyball phoned me on a distinct note of jubilation. He had solved the first and most difficult aspect of the trip. Inasmuch as the Suez Canal was closed and maritime traffic beyond it immobilized, a sea journey to India such as Fogg had made was, of course, out of the question. Nonetheless, he added triumphantly, there was still one way left to transit the Near East by surface. “Try this on for size,” he proposed. “You go to Istanbul by ship, cross Turkey and Iran by rail and motor, and sail down the Persian Gulf to Bombay. How does that grab you?”

I judged from Honeyball’s idiom that he had glimpsed a few American movies lately on his telly. “Real heavy, man,” I said. “But why not Beirut by sea and overland through Syria and Iraq? Isn’t that a much shorter route?”

“It is, but the Iraqis won’t give you a visa, because America’s selling arms to Israel,” he said. “That doesn’t surprise me, though. Those little brown buggers are just out of the trees.”

“What about the elephant situation in India?” I inquired. “Don’t forget—I need a good pachyderm to cover the area between Kholby and Allahabad where the railway gives out.”

“You’re still opposed to buying one, like Fogg did?”

“No, I’d prefer a second-hand rental, if it hasn’t too many miles on it. Do they have any?”

“I’m afraid we’ve a bit of a problem there,” Honeyball admitted. “We sent a message in a cleft stick to Kholby, and it seems there’s no such place, and, worse yet, no elephants. I wonder if Jules Verne could have made that up.”

“That doesn’t surprise me, either,” I said. “Well, I’ll just play it by ear when I get to Bombay. What other hangups?”

“Just one,” he said. “As yet we haven’t been able to find you a balloon.”

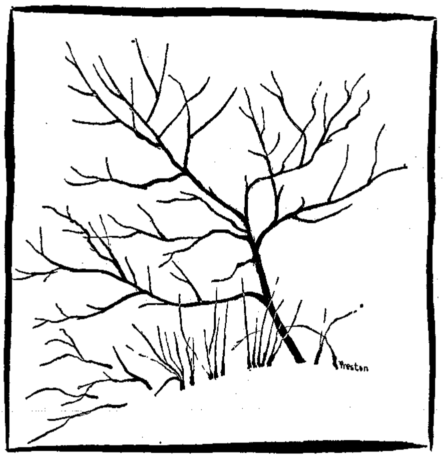
“Look, Buster,” I said. “Once and for all, let’s get something straight. There’s no mention of a balloon in the book. Todd lifted that from another *guzma* of Verne’s, ‘Five Weeks in a Balloon.’ ”

“Fancy,” he said. “Now, why did he do that?”

“Because it wasn’t nailed down,” I said. “O.K., Mr. Honeyball, hustle along the tickets, so I can hit the road.”

THE contrast between Fogg’s preparations a century ago and mine became increasingly marked when I began kitting out for the journey. From the evidence at hand, my model had worn but one suit in the many climes he traversed, and if he encountered any dry cleaners in his dizzying progress Verne did not think it worthy of mention. Vivid memories of the temperatures in Asia, though, and the sketchy hygienic facilities everywhere I was scheduled to roam made me overfastidious. By the time all my impedimenta were assembled, however—the winter garments, tropical gear, footwear, toiletries, purges, febrifuges, emollients, and insecticides—panic gripped me. I foresaw myself floundering along the equator, red-faced and perspiring, wrestling this pyramid of luggage through customs sheds and chaffering with greedy porters. What to do?

At that juncture, the simplest, the most obvious of solutions flashed over me. Fogg had had his valet—why not I? Why not minimize the rigors of the trip with a cheerful, trustworthy aide capable of sharing my burdens and disentangling the innumerable complexities ahead? If I could find such a person, I mused . . . And then, in the magical way it sometimes does, inspiration came. Not a *man*servant but a Passepartoute—a big husky doll, preferably with a creamy skin and green eyes, who could lift a valise or rub my back if the occasion arose. I remembered how, when my strength flagged during a TV special several years before, Julie Newmar had picked me up like a feather and borne me to our rehearsal hall high above Ratner’s Dairy Restaurant, on Second Avenue. No doubt Big Julie’s commitments nowadays precluded global travel, but perhaps somebody of her proportions was available. I hastened to the Yellow Pages for a likely employment agency. Unsurprisingly, they knew twenty young females willing to take a trip around the world free, gratis, and my



ON FOURTEENTH STREET

On Fourteenth Street the power plant pours deadly lilac smoke
into the immaculate gold dawn of wintertime,
beauty laying waste to beauty; from them a child loveliness arises.
I return, wondering who waits in the hall, who waits in these streets
to sacrifice my blood—a narcotic in his veins.
Crime fires all blood into legend and bedtime stories.
Heaven is pillowed and warmed by the fires of Hell.
I return for dreams and sleep from an all-night affair
whose essence while it lasted was a roof on pillars of bad weather.

Art eats evil, wolfs down atrocities,
contemplates outrage speared on a silver fork.
Bodies are tubes of red for artists to paint dawns and sunsets with.
In stained glass, victims get to shatter clean light
into the rainbow survivors come to worship.
I who have died often and survived as often, so far,
have learned to attend my own burials as christenings.

All those who would escape on wings, listen—
there is no escaping the wings, and mad glory is the only sanity
one caught in the contest of blind forces can maintain.
We are all worms that crawl into the chrysalis of our losses
and bloom with petals to lure the breezes to pluck us.
When a worm gets wings it is a butterfly.

—DOUGLAS MOREA

• •

15
STEVENSON

phone began ringing wildly.

Sally-Lou Claypool was her name, out of Pass Christian, Mississippi, and a toothsome cupcake she was—six feet one, with a figure that fractured the senses, a lovely contralto voice, a casque of shimmering jet-black hair, and a degree in home economics from Tulane that immediately set visions of popovers dancing in my head. Immaterial that our eighty-day trajectory would include scant time for baking; I knew instantly that this was the one. She was the last of the candidates I interviewed—New Zealanders, Scotswomen, Yugoslavs, Lebanese, and Finns. All had something to offer, some quite boldly, but Sally-Lou led the field.

"Are you strong?" I asked. "I don't need a Percheron, but there'll be lots of suitcases, grips—"

"Feel," she said, and doubled her arm. "Daddy says I'm just like a boy."

Daddy was obviously myopic; still, I thought it best to reassure myself, and squeezed. Withal it was iron-hard, the surface was like satin. Yes, Sally-Lou seemed well qualified. In what I hoped was a crisp, executive manner, I delved into her past. Except for a brief absorption in a discus thrower at Cal Tech, she found most men boring, but admitted that latterly she had been fascinated by mustached writers with little steel-rimmed glasses. But, I inquired, could she adapt herself to the many contingencies in store for us? Was she sufficiently flexible?

"Oh, I can curl up anywhere—honest," she assured me, her great eyes shining. "And you know, I really eat very little for a big girl. You don't think I'm *too* big, do you?" she went on anxiously. "I guess it's because I'm—well, so ample."

It was this candid recognition of her femininity that won me, and we sealed the bargain instanter. The next fortnight was a crowded one. Honeyball was busy completing the intricate mosaic of the journey, cabling worldwide for reservations with splendid disregard for expense. I flew daily from doctors to bankers, immunizing myself equally against foreign bacilli and the money changers lying in wait. Sally-Lou lost herself in the boutiques of Chelsea and Carnaby Street, buying armfuls of dresses in the morning and swapping them at night. The rumor of my undertaking, which at first had awed my acquaintances, slowly began losing its novelty, and something akin to resentment became evident on their faces. Why was I still waffling around London when I should be racing across the deserts of Rajasthan on a camel? The phrase "I say—haven't you left yet?" echoed so often in my ears that I wondered if I ought not hide in Wales or Portugal till departure. Phileas Fogg, plainly, was no fool; whether credible or not, he had left England within three hours of the wager at the club. It looked as if I were stricken with a mild case of anticlimax.

At long last, on leaden feet, the moment arrived. A handful of intimates—more jovial, if less solvent, than the quintet of biggies who had seen Fogg off—bade us Godspeed with a bumper of champagne at the Reform. They were all palpitant with curiosity about Sally-Lou. The women's eyes glittered as they took inventory of her chassis and accoutrements, and a distinct buzz, as of hornets, rose above the chatter. One lady, in tendering me a farewell gift box, observed sweetly that it was an editorial comment on my companion. I opened it in the hansom cab that conveyed us to Charing Cross. It turned out to be cheesecake.

At a quarter of nine precisely, aboard an identical Dover express on which Verne's mythical creatures had left to girdle the globe, I leaned out the window and watched the station lights recede into the darkness. And, as one always does, I asked myself the inevitable question—would this singularly bizarre enterprise have happened had I not strayed into that tool shed in Pennsylvania? Well, no doubt the answer lay in the last line of the haunting quatrain Jimmy Durante used to croon in the old Parody Club back in 1928:

A boy sat under the Anheuser
Busch,
The rain, 'twas coming down in
Schlitz,
He rose a sad Budweiser boy,
Pabst yes, Pabst no, Pabst yes.

—S. J. Perelman

(*This is the second part of a six-part chronicle.*)

O LASTING PEACE

THOUGH my Aunt Charlotte, my sad mother, my Uncle Theo, and I all live together, and can see each other as often as we need to, when Uncle Theo has something urgent to tell me he comes here, to the Civic Tourist and Travel Bureau. He gets in line, as if he were waiting to ask about the Bavarian Lakes and Mountains Program or the Ludwig the Second Bus Circuit. He slides close to the counter. I glance over, and suddenly have to look down; Uncle Theo is so small he is always a surprise. He grins, scared to death of me. He is totally bald now, not a hair to stretch sideways. He looks like a child's drawing of two eyes and a smile. After a furtive trip to Berlin last summer he edged along the queue to say he had called on my father, who is his brother and Aunt Charlotte's brother, too.

"Hilde, everything has gone wrong for him," said Uncle Theo, gripping the counter as if that might keep me from sending him away. "Do you remember how he couldn't stand cigarette smoke? How none of you could smoke when he was around?" Do I remember? It was one of the reasons my younger brother cleared out, leaving me to support half the household. "Well, *she* smokes all the time," said Uncle Theo. "She blows smoke in his face and so do her friends. She even eggs them on."

"Her friends," I repeated, writing it down. My expression was open but reserved. To anyone watching, Uncle Theo is supposed to be a client like any other.

"Low friends," said Uncle Theo. "Low Berliners in shady Berlin rackets. The kind of people who live in abandoned stores. No curtains, just whitewashed windows." At the word "shady" I did look as if I had seen my uncle somewhere before, but he is one more respectable survivor now, a hero of yesterday. "Ah, your poor father's kitchen," he went on lamenting. "Grease on the ceiling that deep," showing thumb and finger. "They're so down they've had to rent the parlor and the bedroom. They sleep on a mattress behind the front door."

"He's got what he wanted."

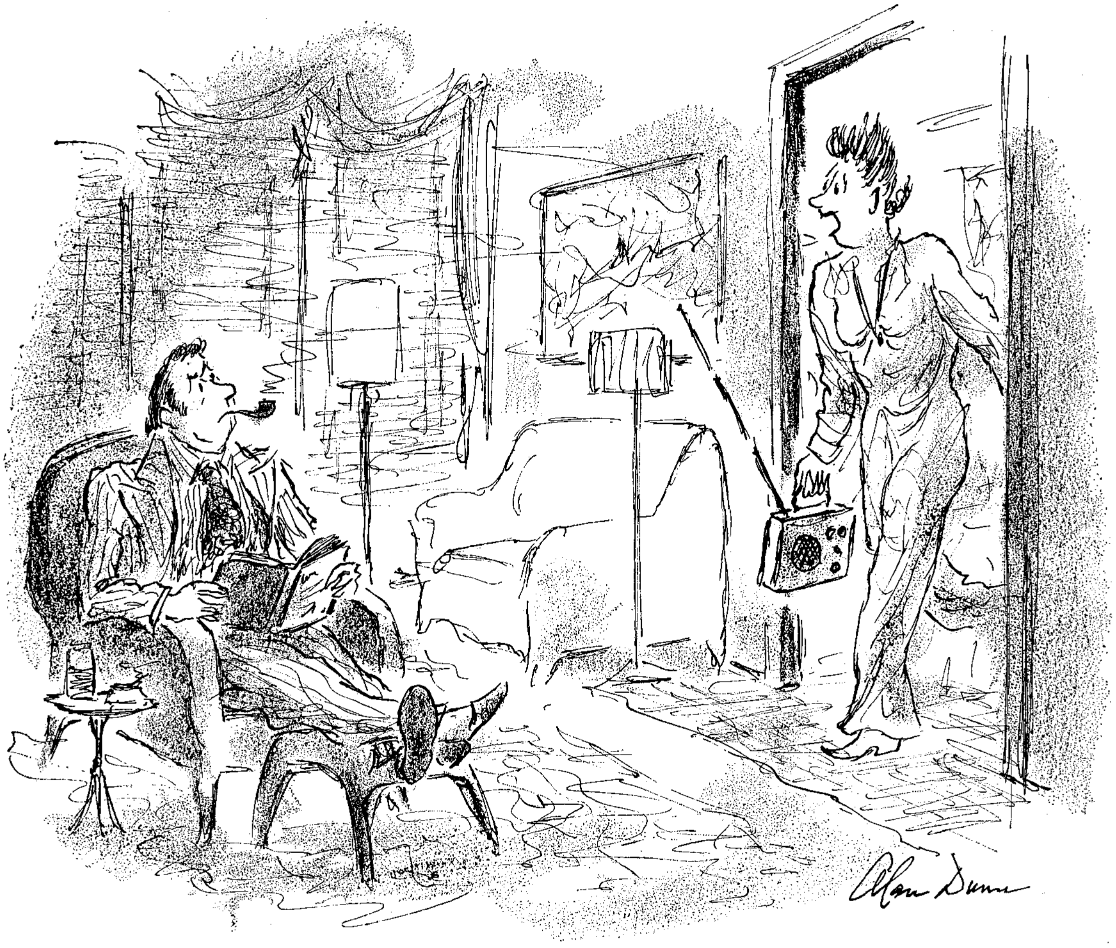
"Well, it had been going on between them for a long time, eh?" Embarrassment made him rise on his toes; it was almost a dance step. "After fifteen years she and your mother joined up and told him to choose. Your mother didn't understand what she was doing. She thought it was like some story on television."

My father left us five winters ago, at the age of sixty-three. I still have in mind the sight of my mother in a faint on the sofa and my Aunt Charlotte with an apron over her face, rocking and crying. I remember my Uncle Theo whispering into the telephone and my Aunt Charlotte taking the damp corner of her apron to wipe the leaves of the rubber plant. I came home from work on a dark evening to find this going on. I thought my Uncle Theo had been up to something. I went straight to my mother and gave her a shake. I was not frightened—she faints at will. I said, "Now you see what Uncle Theo is really like." She opened her eyes, sniffling. Her nylon chignon, which looks like a pound of butter sometimes, was askew on the pillow. She answered, "Be nice to poor Theo, he never had a wife to look after him." "Whose fault is that?" I said. I did not know yet that my father had gone, or even that such a thing might ever happen. Now it seems that my mother had been expecting it for fifteen years. A lifetime won't be enough to come to the end of their lies and their mysteries. I am the inspector, the governess, the one they tell stories to. And yet they depend on me! Without me they would be beggars, outcasts! Aunt Charlotte and my mother would wash windows in schoolhouses; they would haul buckets of dirty water up the stairs of office buildings; they would stand on vacant lots selling plastic combs and miniature Christmas trees!

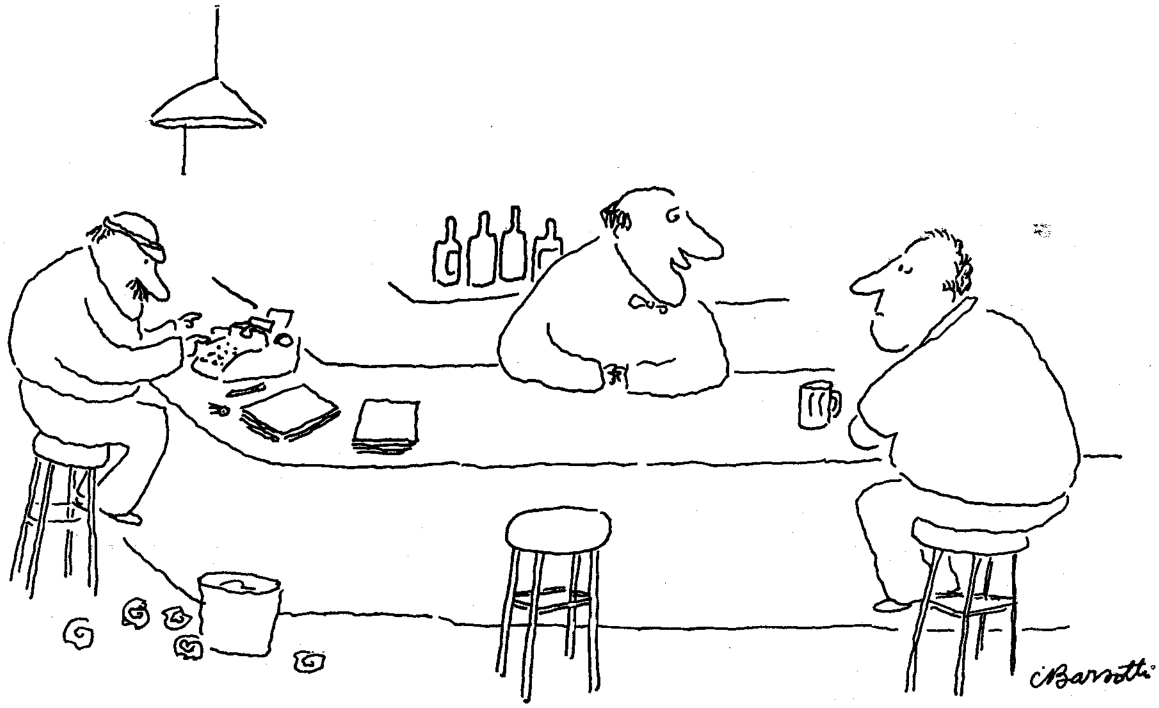
My Uncle Theo began describing her—that other one. His face was as bright as if he were reciting a list of virtues: "I never did understand my brother. She has no taste, no charm, no looks, no culture, no education. She has a birthmark here," touching the side of his nose.

"I'm busy, Uncle Theo."

"We must send him money," he said, getting round to it.



"This is it! Ralph Nader says everybody is to drop whatever they're doing and run like hell!"



"Sure it's a damned inconvenience now. But when it's published this bar will be famous."

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"Well?" I said to the person next in line, over Uncle Theo's head.

"Hilde, we must send the poor old man money," he said, hanging on the counter. "A little every month, just the two of us." Uncle Theo thinks everyone else is old and poor. "Hilde—he's a night porter in a hospital. He doesn't like anything about the job. He can't eat the food."

Sometimes Uncle Theo will come here to intercede for our neighbors, having heard I have started legal action again. We have East German refugees in the next apartment—loud, boorish Saxons, six to a room. They send everything through the wall, from their coarse songs to their bedbugs. Long ago they were given a temporary housing priority, and then the city forgot them. The truth is these people live on priorities. They have wormed their way into everything. Ask anyone who it is that owns the laundries, the best farmlands, the electronics industry; you will always get the same answer: "East German refugees." At one time a popular riddle based on this subject went the rounds. Question: "Who were the three greatest magicians of all time?" Answer: "Jesus, because he turned water into wine. Hitler, because he turned Jews into soap. Adenauer, because he turned East German refugees into millionaires." Very few people can still repeat this without a mistake. Only two per cent of the readers of our morning paper still consider Hitler "a great figure." My own sister-in-law cannot say who Adenauer was, or what made him famous. As for Jesus, even I have forgotten what that particular miracle was about. A story that once made people laugh now brings nothing but "Who?" or "What?" or even "*Be careful.*" It is probably best not to try to remember.

At a quarter to two this Christmas Eve, my Uncle Theo turned up here again. The watchman was already dressed in his overcoat, standing by the glass doors with a bunch of keys in his hand. The banks, the grocers, the bookshops, the hairdressers were shut tight. The street outside looked dead, for those who weren't down with Asian flu were just getting over it. Uncle Theo slipped in past the porter. He wore his best winter pelisse with the seal collar and his seal hat. He looked smaller than ever, because of the greatcoat and because of a huge brown paper parcel he was carrying. He made as if to come straight over, but I frowned and looked down. The cashier was on sick leave, too, and I was doing double duty. I knew the parcel was our Christmas goose. Uncle Theo buys one every year. Now, that he chooses well; it is not an imported Polish bird but a local goose, a fine one. I stood there counting money, twenty-five, thirty, fifty, and I heard Uncle Theo saying, "She is my niece." In my position I cannot murmur, "Oh, shut up," but I imagined him bound and trussed, like the goose, and with adhesive tape across his mouth. He was speaking to a man standing before him in the queue, a tall fellow wearing one of those square fur caps with ear flaps. The cap had certainly come from Russia. I guessed at once that the man was a showoff. Uncle Theo was telling him his history, of course, and probably mine as well—that I spoke four, or even seven, languages and that the tourist office could not manage without me. What a waste of time, and how foolish of Uncle Theo! Even from behind the counter I could see the showoff's wedding ring. None of the staff was happy. We were almost the only people still working in the whole city. It was one of the days when you can smell the central heating, like an aluminum saucepan burning. I looked sharply at Hausen, my assistant. He has devised a way of reading a newspaper in a desk drawer, folded in quarters. He can even turn the pages, with movements so economical only I can see them. You would never guess that he was reading—he seems to be looking for pencils. "Take some of these people over, will you?" I called out. Hausen didn't respond, and the line didn't move. Uncle Theo's voice was now clear: "I also happened to be in Calcutta when the end of the world was expected. That was February 5, 1962. The Calcutta stock exchange closed down. People left their homes and slept in tents. Imagine—the stock exchange affected. Everyone waiting. Eminent persons, learned professors." Uncle Theo shook his head.

"You were there on business, I suppose," said the man in the square cap. He had to stand in profile so they could go on talking. It made an untidy sort of queue. Uncle Theo looked ridiculous. The pelisse swamps him.

"No, no. I was retired long ago," he said. "Forcibly retired. My factories were bombed. I made a little porcelain—pretty stuff. But my vocation was elsewhere." Having let that sink in, he put on his quotations voice and said, " 'And now, like many another wreck, I am throwing myself into the arms of literature.' I found much to inspire me in India. The holy men. The end of the world on February 5, 1962. The moon. The moon in India has no phases. It is full all the year round."

In a job like mine it would be best not to have relatives at all. Nothing of Uncle Theo's is quite the truth or entirely a lie. The remark about the moon was a mistake, caused by his lack of schooling. For "factories" he meant "one workroom," and for "porcelain" he meant "hand-painted ashtrays." It is true about the literature, though. Two of his poems have been set to music and sung by our choral society. "In Autumn, in Summer, in Autumn, in Summer," with the voices fading on the last word, is not without effect. The other, which begins, "O peace, O peace, O lasting peace,/ We all demand a lasting peace," is less successful. It sounds preachy, even when sung in a lively way.

"Will someone please take over these people," I said, this time loud enough so that Hausen couldn't pretend not to hear. The whole queue shuffled obediently to the left—all but the last two. These were Uncle Theo and his new friend, of course. The friend made for me and put a traveller's check down on the counter. I looked at it. It had been signed "F. T. Gellner" and countersigned "F. Thomas Gellner." Haste, carelessness, perhaps. But the "T" on the top line was a printer's capital, while the second was written in script. I pushed the check back with one finger: "Sorry, it's not the same signature."

He pretended not to see what I meant, then said, "Oh, that. I can cross out the 'Thomas' and put the initial on, can't I?"

"Not on a traveller's. Next person, please," I said, even though the next was Uncle Theo, who had no business here.

"I'll write a personal check," said the man, getting a pen out first.

"This is not a bank," I said. "We cash traveller's as a favor to clients."

"But the banks are closed."

"Yes," I said. "It is Christmas Eve. It isn't only the 'Thomas,' but also your capitals. The two signatures are absolutely not the same."

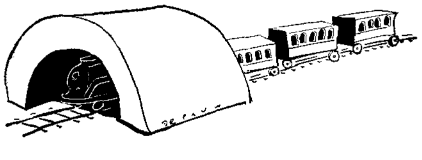
"Is that all?" he cried out, so happily (thinking it was settled) that even deaf Hausen looked over. "I write one way sometimes, then another. Let me show you—my driver's license, my passport . . ." He started tumbling papers out of an inside pocket. "I should be more careful," he said to me, trying to play at being friends.

"It is not my business to examine your driver's license," I said. "The two signatures are not the same."

He looked round the office and said, "Isn't there anyone else I can see?"

"It is Christmas Eve," I said, "and I am in charge. The manager is at home with Asian flu. Would you like his number?"

Uncle Theo stuck his head out sideways, like a little boiled egg with a hat on it, and said, "I can vouch for the gentleman." He must have forgotten who and where he was. "I can sign anything you like," he said. "My name is important locally."



"There is nothing to sign and I do not need your name." Important locally? Where is his name? On the war memorial? Have they called a street after him? His name is not even on a civil registry—he never married, even though there has been a shortage of husbands since Bismarck.

The man took no more notice of Uncle Theo; he had finally understood that the honorary assistant head of the choral society was of no use to anyone.

THE RAIN GUITAR

(England, 1962)

The water-grass under had never waved
But one way. It showed me that flow is forever
Sealed from rain in a weir. For some reason having
To do with Winchester, I was sitting on my guitar case
Watching nothing but eelgrass trying to go downstream with all the right motions
But one. I had on a sweater, and my threads were opening
Like mouths with rain. It mattered to me not at all
That a bridge was stumping
With a man, or that he came near and cast a fish
Thread into the weir. I had no line and no feeling.
I had nothing to do with fish
But my eyes on the grass they hid in, waving with the one move of trying
To be somewhere else. With what I had, what could I do?
I got out my guitar that somebody told me was supposed to improve
With moisture—or was it when it dried out?—and hit the lowest
And loudest chord. The drops that were falling just then
Hammered like Georgia railroad track
With E. The man went into a kind of fishing
Turn. Play it, he said through his pipe. There
I went, fast as I could with cold fingers. The strings shook
With drops. A buck dance settled on the weir. Where was the city
Cathedral in all this? Out of sight, but somewhere around.
Play a little more
Of that, he said, and cast. Music-wood shone,
Getting worse or better faster than it liked;
Improvement or disintegration
Supposed to take years fell on it
By the gallon. It darkened and rang
Like chimes. My sweater collapsed, and the rain reached
My underwear. I picked, the guitar showered, and he cast to the mountain
Music. His wood leg tapped
On the cobbles. Memories of many men
Hung, rain-faced, improving, sealed-off
In the weir. I found myself playing Australian
Versions of British marching songs. Mouths opened all over me; I sang;
His legs beat and marched
Like companions. I was Air Force,
I said. So was I; I picked
This up in Burma, he said, tapping his gone leg
With his fly rod, as Burma and the South
West Pacific and North Georgia reeled,
Rapped, cast, chimed, darkened and drew down
Cathedral water, and improved.

—James Dickey

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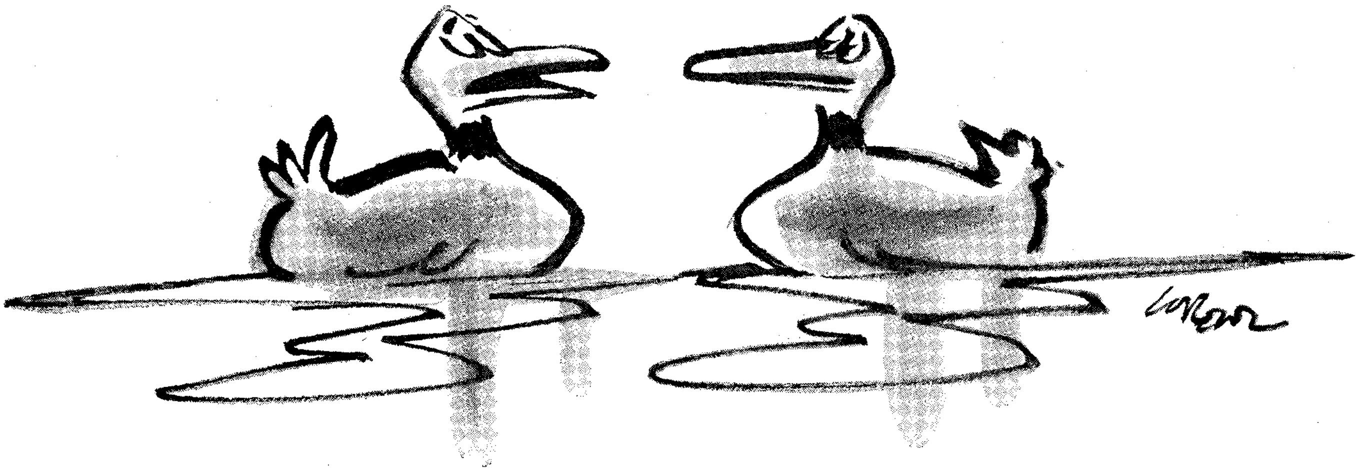

"I quack, therefore I am."

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To be rid of the incident, I said, "Sign another traveller's in my presence."

"That was my last one."

Uncle Theo repeated, "I can vouch for the gentleman. I have seen the gentleman buying in shops—spending," said my uncle, making a circle of his thumb and forefinger for emphasis under the brown paper parcel, as if we were poor villagers for whom the very sight of money was a promise of honor.

"Ask your hotel to cash a check," I said. "I'm sorry but I cannot deal with you any longer. It is Christmas Eve."

"I'm not in a hotel. I mean that I am staying here with friends." Of course, I had seen the "friends." She was waiting outside, trying to seem casual, wearing one of those reddish fur coats. Snow fell on her hair.

"Ask your friends to lend you something."

"You could save me that embarrassment," he said, trying for friendliness again.

"It is not my business to save you embarrassment," I said, glancing at his wedding ring.

Even when he had got as far as the door, and the watchman was preparing to lock it behind him, he kept looking back at me. I made a point of being taken up by Uncle Theo, who now stood woebegone and scuffing his feet, shifting his burden from arm to arm.

"That wasn't kind, Hilde," he began. "The poor man—he'll have a sad Christmas."

"Be quick, Uncle Theo. What do you want?"

"Tonight," he said, "when we are eating our dinner, and the candles are lighted on the Christmas tree . . ."

"Yes?"

"Try not to cry. Let the girls enjoy themselves. Don't think of sad things." The girls are my mother and Aunt Charlotte.

"What else is there?" I said. I could have piled all our sad Christmases on the counter between us—the Christmas when I was thirteen and we were firebombed, and saved nothing except a knife and fork my mother had owned when she was little. She still uses them; "Traudi" is engraved on the handle of each. It worries my mother to find anything else next to her plate. It makes her feel as if no one considered her—as if she were devalued in her own home. I remember another Christmas and my father drinking wine with Uncle Theo; wine slowed him down, we had to finish his sentences for him. They say that when he left us he put an apple in his pocket. My Aunt Charlotte packed some of his things afterward and deposited them with a waiter he knew. The next Christmas, my Uncle Theo, the only man of the house now, drank by himself and began to caper like a little goat, round and round the tree. I looked at the table, beautifully spread with a starched cloth, and I saw four large knives and forks, as for four enormous persons. Aunt Charlotte had forgotten about my mother.

"Oh, my own little knife and fork, I can't see them!" cried my mother, coming in at that moment, in blue lace down to her ankles.

"Oh, my own little arse," said Uncle Theo, in my mother's voice, still dancing.

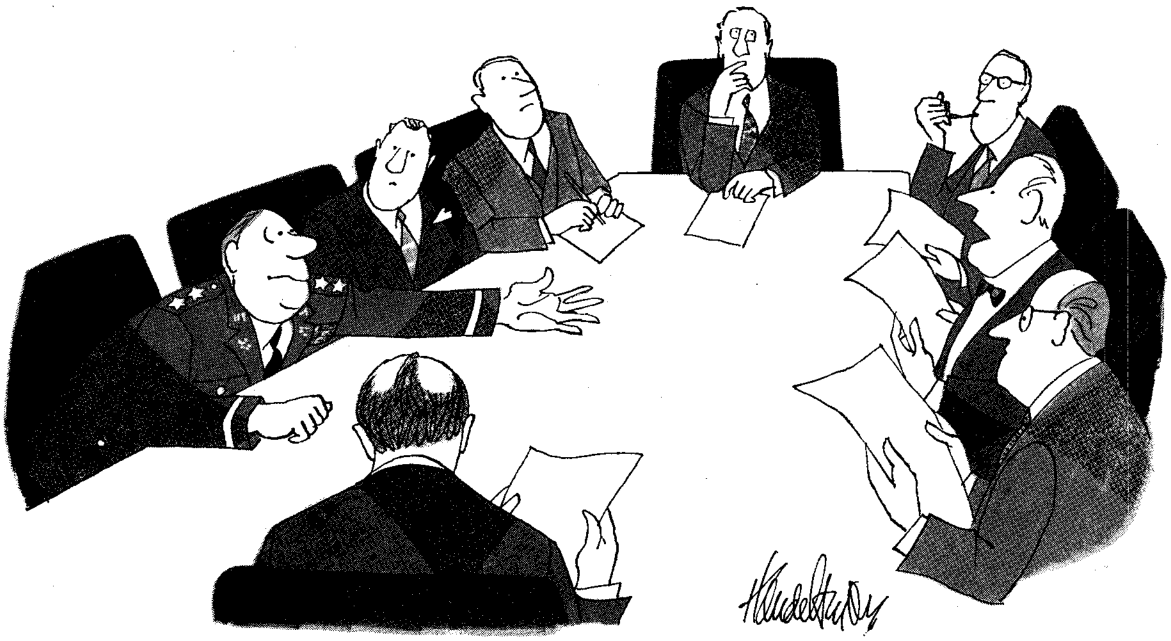
He was just as surprised as we were. He stared all round to see who could have said such a thing. My mother locked herself in her room. My Aunt Charlotte tapped on the door and said, "We only want you to eat a little compote, dear Traudi."

"Then you will have to bring it here," said my mother. But after saying that, she would not open the door. We knew she would come out in time to watch "The Nutcracker Suite," and so we left the house, pretending we were about to pay our Christmas visits a day early. We sat in the railway station for a long time, as if we were waiting for someone. When we came back, we found she had put the short chain lock on the front door of the apartment, so that all the keys in the world wouldn't let you in. Here we were, all three wearing hats, and hoping our neighbors would not peep out to see who was doing all the ringing. Finally someone did emerge—a grubby little boy. Behind him we could see a large party round a table, looking out and laughing at us, with their uneducated mouths wide open. We said courteously that our relative must have fallen asleep and, being slightly deaf, could not hear the doorbell.

"We knew there must be a deaf person in that apartment," said someone at the table.

"There is no Christmas in India," said Uncle Theo, becoming one of their party. "It has no meaning there." I was glad to see that my aunt and I looked decent. "My sister-in-law once had a great emotional shock," said Uncle Theo, accepting a glass. "Christmas is so sad."

A gust of feeling blew round the table. Yes, Christmas is sad. Everyone has a reason for jumping out the window at Christmas and in the spring. Meanwhile I was calling our number, and I could hear our telephone ringing on the other side of the wall. The neighbors' wallpaper is covered with finger marks, like my sister-in-law's. "Why not send for the police?" someone said. My aunt looked as if she wanted to throw an apron over her face and cry, which was all she did



"For heaven's sake, you'll get your appropriation, General! But first we have to go through our deliberations, don't we?"

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when her own brother left. "Well, Uncle?" I said. Everyone looked at the man who had been to India. Before he could decide, the little boy who had opened the door said, "I can get round by the balconies." Do you see how easy it is for these people to spy on us? They must have done it hundreds of times. All he had to do was straddle the partition between the two balconies, which he did, knocking down the flowerpots covered with squares of plastic for the winter. My aunt frowned at me, as if to say it didn't matter. He cupped his hands round his eyes, peering through the panes of the double glass doors. Then he pounded with both fists, breathing hard, his cheeks as red as if they had been slapped. "The lady is just sitting on the floor watching television," he said finally.

"Stone-deaf," said Uncle Theo, keeping up the story.

"She is dead," wailed my aunt. "My sister-in-law has had a stroke."

"Break the panes," I cried to the child. "Use a flowerpot. Be careful not to cut yourself." I was thinking of blood on the parquet floor.

She was not dead, of course, but only sulking and waiting for "The Nutcracker Suite." She said she had fainted. We helped her to an armchair. It was difficult after that to turn the neighbors out, and even harder to return to our original status; they would stop us on the stairs and ask for news of "the poor sick lady." A year was needed to retreat to "Good morning," and back again to nothing but an inclination of the head. For although we put lighted candles in the windows on Christmas Eve as a reminder of German separation, it seems very different when masses of refugees move in next door, six to a room, and entirely without culture. It would be good to have everyone under one flag again, but the Saxons in Saxony, et cetera, please.

WITH all this behind me, the Christmas memories of my life, what could I say except "What else is there?"

"Try not to think at all," said Uncle Theo, grinning with nervousness and his anxious little bandit's eyes darting everywhere. "Bandit" is perhaps too much; he never had a gram of civic feeling, let us say. "I have tickets to 'The Gypsy Baron,' " he said. So that was what he had come to tell me!

"What do you mean, Uncle Theo?"

"For the four of us, the day after Christmas."

"Out of the question," I said.

"Now, why, Hilde? The girls like music."

"Use your head, Uncle Theo. I can't talk now."

What did he mean, *why*? It was out of the question, that was all. First, the flu epidemic. People were coughing and sneezing without covering their faces.

"I wanted you to have two days to think it over," said Uncle Theo. He gave me the impression that he was sliding, crawling. I don't know why he is so afraid of me.

It seemed so evident: it is wrong to take them out to the theatre, or anywhere in the cold. It disturbs their habits. They are perfectly happy with their television. They have their own warm little theatre in our parlor. My mother is always allowed to choose the program, as you may imagine. She settles in with a bowl of walnuts on her lap. My aunt never sees the beginning of anything, because she walks round examining her plants. She sits down finally, and the others tell her the plot, when there is one. Uncle Theo drinks white wine and laughs at everything. One by one they fall asleep in their chairs. I wake them up and send them off to bed while the late news predicts the next day's weather. Why drive them out in the cold to see an operetta? And then, how are we supposed to get there? The car has been put away for the winter, with the insurance suspended and the battery disconnected. Say that we get it out and in running order—where does Uncle Theo expect me to park? I suppose I might go earlier in the day, on foot, and pick out the streets near the theatre where parking might be allowed. Or we could *all* go very early and sit in the car until the theatre opens. But we would have to keep the engine running and the heater on, and we would be certain to have blinding headaches within the hour. We might walk, but these old persons get terribly warm in their overcoats, and then they perspire and catch chills and fever. I am surprised that the city is letting the play be produced at this time.

All this I explained to Uncle Theo in the calmest voice imaginable.

He said, "I had better turn the tickets in."

"Why?" I said. "Why do that? As you say, the girls like music. Why deprive them of an outing? I only want you to realize, for once, the possible results of your actions."

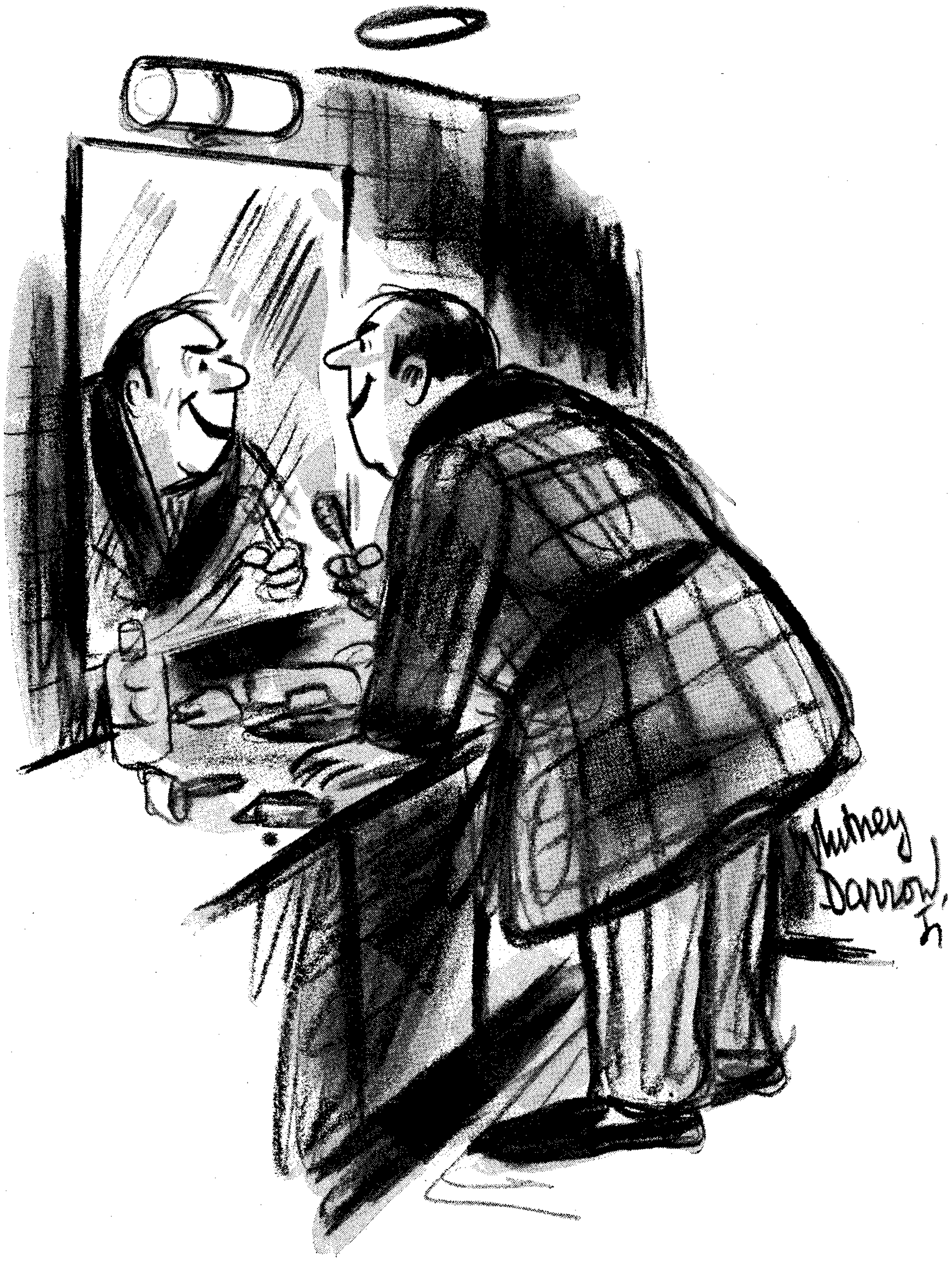
WHY is it that everyone is depressed by hearing the truth? I tell the office manager about Hausen reading newspapers in a desk drawer. His face puckers. He wishes I had never brought it up. He looks out the window; he has decided to forget it. He will forget it. I have never said a thing; he is not obliged to speak to Hausen, let alone sack him. When my brother married a girl with a chin like a Turkish slipper, I warned him what his children would be like—that he would be ashamed to have them photographed because of their ugly faces.

I say to my mother, "How can you giggle over nothing? One son was killed, the other one never comes to see you, and your husband left you for another woman at the age of sixty-three." Half an hour later, unless someone has hurt her feelings, or changed the television program without asking, she has forgotten her own life's story. The family say Uncle Theo is a political hero, but isn't he just a man who avoided going to war? He was called up for military service after Stalingrad. At the medical examination he pointed out his age, his varicose veins, his blood pressure, but none of that helped. He was fit for service—for the next wholesale offering, in Uncle Theo's view. He put on his clothes, still arguing, and was told to take a file with his name on it to a room upstairs. It was on his way up that he had his revelation. Everything concerning his person was in that file. If the file disappeared, then Uncle Theo did, too. He turned and walked straight out the front door. He did not destroy the file, in case they should come round asking; he intended to say he had not understood the instructions. No one came, and soon after this his workroom was bombed and the file became ashes. When Uncle Theo was arrested it was for quite another reason, having to do with black-market connections. He went first to prison, then, when the jail was bombed, to a camp. Here he wore on his striped jacket the black sleeve patch that meant "anti-social." It is generally thought that he wore the red patch, meaning "political." As things are now, it gives him status. But it was not so at the time, and he himself has told me that the camp was run by that anti-social element. It was they who had full control of the internal order, the margarine racket, the extra-soup racket, the cigarette traffic. Uncle Theo was there less than a month, all told, but it changed his outlook for life.

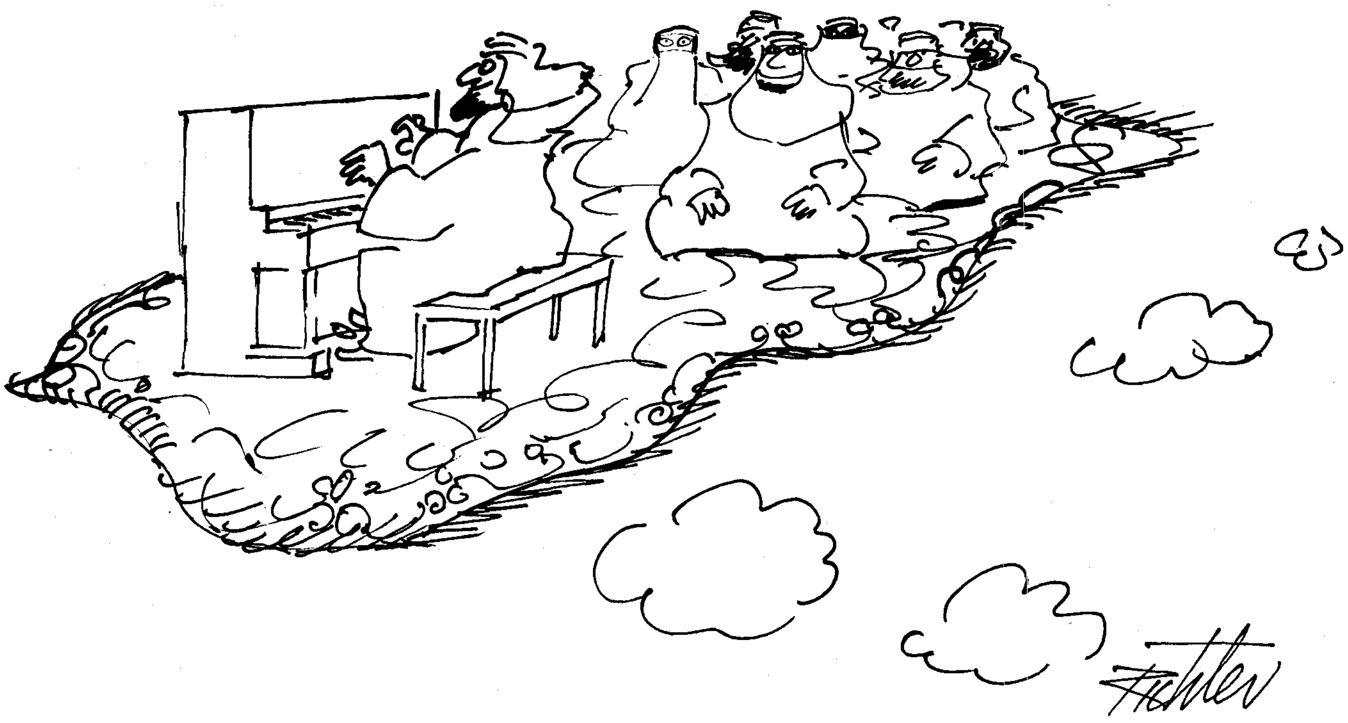
Now consider my situation: eighteen years with the Civic Tourist and Travel Bureau, passed over for promotion because I am female, surrounded at home by aged children who can't keep their own histories straight. They have no money, no property, no future, no recorded past, nothing but secrets. My parents never explained themselves. For a long time I thought they kept apple juice in our cellar locker. After my father left us I went down and counted eighteen bottles of white wine. Where did it come from? "Tell me the truth," I have begged them. "Tell me everything you remember." They sit smiling and sipping wine out of postwar glasses. My mother cracks walnuts and passes the bowl around. That is all I have for an answer.

Sometimes on my way home I take the shortcut through the cemetery. The long bare snowy space is where Russian prisoners used to be buried. When the bodies were repatriated, even the gravestones were taken—all but two. Perhaps the families forgot to claim the bodies; or perhaps they were not really prisoners but impostors of some kind. Whatever the reason, two fairly clean stones stand alone out of the snow, with nothing around them. Nearby are the graves of Russian prisoners from the 1914 war. The stones are old and dark and tipped every way. The more I think of it the more I am certain those two could not have been Russians.

Yesterday in the cemetery, at six o'clock, there were lovers standing motionless, like a tree. I had to step off the path; snow came over the tops of my boots. I saw candles burning in little hollows on some of the graves, and Christmas trees on the graves of



"I never met a man I didn't like."



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children. What shall I do when I have to bury the family? Uncle Theo speaks of buying a plot, but in the plot he has in mind there is no room for me and he knows it. I should have married, and when I died I'd be buried with my in-laws—that is what Uncle Theo says to himself. When you speak about dying he looks confused. His face loses its boiled-egg symmetry. Then he says, "Cheer up, Hilde, it can't be so bad or they would have found a way to stop it by now."

He was a guard in the prisoner-of-war camp. I forgot to mention that. In fact that was how he got out of his own camp; they were so desperate that they asked for volunteers from among the anti-social element—the thieves, the pimps, the black-marketeers. Most of them went to the Eastern front and died there. Uncle Theo, undersized and elderly, became a guard not too far from home. Even there he got on well, and when the Russian prisoners broke out at the end, they did not hang him or beat him to death but simply tied him to a tree. They told him a phrase he was to repeat phonetically if Russian troops got there before the others. Luckily for him the Americans turned up first; all he has ever been able to say in a foreign language is "*Pro domo sua*," and he must have learned that phonetically, too. He hardly went to school. Uncle Theo was able to prove he had once been arrested, and that turned out to be in his favor. Now he has a pension, and is considered a hero, which is annoying. He was never a member of any party. He does not go to church. "*Pro domo sua*," he says, closing an eye.

Uncle Theo applied for war reparations in 1955. He offered his record—destruction of porcelain factory, unjust imprisonment, pacifist convictions, humane and beloved guard in prisoner-of-war camp—and in 1960 he received a lump sum and a notice of a pension to follow. He immediately left for India, with a touring group composed mostly of little widows. But he decided not to marry any of them. He brought us a scarf apiece and a set of brass bowls. It was after his return that he wrote "O Lasting Peace."

One last thing: Without my consent, without even asking me, Uncle Theo advertised for a husband for me. This was years ago, before he had his pension. He gave my age as "youthful," my face and figure as "gracious," my world outlook as "modern," and my upbringing as "delicate." There was too much unemployment at the time, and so no one answered. Eleven years later he ran the same notice, without changing a word. The one person who answered was invited—by Uncle Theo—to call and see if he wanted me. I saw the candidate through a fog of shame. I remember his hair, which sprang from his forehead in a peculiar way, like black grass, and that he sat with his feet turned in and the toe of one shoe over the other. He was not really a fool, but only strange, like all persons who do not really intend to go through with the wedding. My aunt, my mother, and my uncle stated my qualities for me and urged him to eat fruitcake. My mother had to say, "Hilde has been so many years with the tourist office that we can't even count them," which knocked out the "youthful" bit, even if he had been taken in by it. It was a few days after a Christmas; fresh candles were lighted on the tree. The candidate turned his head, swallowing. Everyone wanted him to say something. "Won't the curtains catch fire?" he asked. I'm sure Uncle Theo would have picked up the tree and moved it if he had been able, he was that excited by his guest. Then the man finished eating his cake and went away, and I knew we would not hear about him again; and that was a good riddance.

"You are so anxious to have this apartment to yourselves," I said to my family. "You have made yourselves cheap over a peasant who sits with one foot on the other. How would you pay the rent here without me? Don't you understand that I can't leave you?" At the same time, I wanted to run out on the balcony screaming "Come back!" but I was afraid of knocking the flowerpots over. I've forgotten why I wanted to mention this.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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9:00—9—The Great American Dream Machine: TV Key says: "Tonight's theme is a national tour of small-town America, pleasant and frequently nostalgic; also disturbing. Example: the difficulties the Chicago population faces in Durango, Colo."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

The main problem is the long commute.

REFLECTIONS

IN THRALL TO FEAR

FOR reasons still not wholly known and understood, the grand alliance of the Second World War broke up almost as soon as victory was won, and the powers that had called themselves "the United Nations" fell into the pattern of hostility, periodic crisis, and "limited" war that has characterized world politics for the last twenty-five years. At Yalta in February, 1945, the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union pledged to maintain and strengthen in peace the "unity of purpose and of action" that was bringing victory in war. Just over two years later, on March 12, 1947, President Truman proclaimed the doctrine that came to be recognized as the basic rationale, from the American standpoint, for the Cold War. President Truman based the appeal he made to Congress for support of Greece and Turkey not primarily on the specific circumstances of those two countries at that time but on a general formulation of the American national interest which held that "totalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States." President Truman went on to say that at that moment in world history "nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life"—the one based on democratic institutions, like our own, and the other based on "terror and oppression," for which the model, of course, was the Soviet Union.

Most of us thought we knew how and why this great transition—from "unity of purpose and of action" to Truman's declaration of ideological warfare—had come about in so short a time. The cause was Soviet Communist aggression, limited at the outset to Stalin's subjugation of Eastern Europe but shown by Marxist-Leninist doctrine to be universal in design, aimed at nothing less than the Communization of the world. American policy and opinion were profoundly influenced in the early postwar period by the thesis that George Kennan, signing himself "X," set forth in *Foreign Affairs* for July, 1947, which depicted Soviet policy as relentlessly expansionist, committed by a fanatical ideology to filling "every nook and cranny available . . . in the basin of world power," and "stopping only when it meets with some unanswerable force." Warning against bluster and excessive reliance on military force, Kennan nonetheless called for an American policy of "unalterable counter force," of "firm and vigilant containment," which he anticipated would "increase enormously the strains under which Soviet policy must operate," and encourage changes within Russia leading to "either the breakup or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power."

From Korea to Berlin to Cuba to Vietnam, the Truman Doctrine governed America's response to the Communist world. Tactics changed—from "massive retaliation" to "limited war" and "counterinsurgency"—but these were variations on a classic formulation based on assumptions that few really questioned. Sustained by an inert Congress, the policymakers of the forties, fifties, and early sixties were never compelled to reëxamine the premises of the Truman Doctrine, or even to defend them in constructive adversary proceedings.

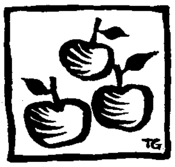
Change has come not from wisdom but from disaster. The calamitous failure of American policy in Vietnam has induced on the part of scholars, journalists, and politicians a belated willingness to reëxamine the basic assumptions of American postwar policy. Induced by the agitations of the present moment, this new look at old events may well result in an excess of revision, or of emotion, but the corrective is much needed if we are to profit from experience and recast our policies. It cannot be said that the assumptions underlying the Truman Doctrine were wholly false, especially for their time and place. But there is a powerful presumptive case against their subsequent universal application—the case deriving from the disaster of our policy in Asia—and it seems appropriate to look back and try to discover how and why the promise of the United Nations Charter gave way so quickly to ideological warfare between East and West.

UNTIL fairly recently, I accepted the conventional view that the United States had acted in good faith to make the United Nations work but that the Charter was undermined by the Soviet veto. In retrospect, this seems less certain, and one suspects now that, like the League of Nations before it, the United Nations was orphaned at birth. Whereas Woodrow Wilson's great creation was abandoned to skeptical Europeans, Franklin Roosevelt's project was consigned to the care of unsympathetic men of his own country. President Roosevelt died only two weeks before the opening of the meeting in San Francisco at which the United Nations was organized. Truman, as a new and inexperienced President, was naturally more dependent on his advisers than President Roosevelt had been; among these, so far as I know, none was a strong supporter of the plan for a world organization, as Cordell Hull had been. The Under-Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, was assigned to lobby for Senate approval of the United Nations Charter, and he recalled later that "I did my duty faithfully and successfully, but always believed that the Charter was impractical." And, with even greater asperity and candor, he told an interviewer in 1970, "I never thought the United Nations was worth a damn. To a lot of people it was a Holy Grail, and those who set store by it had the misfortune to believe their own bunk."

Disdaining the United Nations, the framers of the Truman Doctrine also nurtured an intense hostility toward Communism and the Soviet Union. Stalin, of course, did much to earn this hostility, with his paranoiac suspiciousness, the imposition of Soviet domination in Eastern Europe, and the use of Western Communist parties as instruments of Soviet policy. All this is well known. Less well known, far more puzzling, and also more pertinent to our position in the world today is the eagerness with which we seized upon postwar Soviet provocations and plunged into the Cold War. If it be granted that Stalin started the Cold War, it must also be recognized that the Truman Administration seemed to welcome it.

By early 1947—a year and a half

after the founding of the United Nations—the assumptions of the Cold War were all but unchallenged within the United States government. It was *assumed* that the object of Soviet policy was the Communization of the world; if Soviet behavior in Europe and northern China were not proof enough, the design was spelled out in the writings of Lenin and Marx, which our policymakers chose to read not as a body of political philosophy but as the field manual of Soviet strategy. It is true, of course, that by 1947, with the United States virtually disarmed and Western Europe in a condition of economic paralysis, the Soviet Union might plausibly have tried to take over Western Europe through the manipulation of Communist parties, through military intimidation, through economic strangulation, and possibly even through direct military action. The fact that Stalin could have done this, and might well have tried but for timely American counteraction through the Marshall Plan and the formation of NATO, was quickly and uncritically taken as proof of a design for unlimited conquest comparable to that of Nazi Germany. Neither in the executive branch of our government nor in Congress were more than a few, isolated voices raised to suggest the possibility that Soviet policy in Europe might be motivated by morbid fears for the security of the Soviet Union rather than by a design for world conquest. Virtually no one in a position of power was receptive to the hypothesis that Soviet truculence reflected weakness rather than strength, intensified by memories of 1919, when the Western powers had intervened in an effort—however halfhearted—to strangle the Bolshevik "monster" in its cradle. Our own policy was formed without the benefit of constructive adversary proceedings. A few brave individuals, like former Vice-President Henry Wallace, offered dissenting counsel—and paid dear for it.



When Great Britain informed the United States in February, 1947, that it was no longer able to provide military support for Greece, the American government was ready with a policy and a world view. The latter was an early version of the domino theory. Knowing, as we thought we did, that Russian support for Communist insurgents in Greece was part of a grand design for the takeover first of Greece, then of Turkey, the Middle East, and so forth, we were not content simply to assume the British role of providing arms to a beleaguered government; instead, we chose to issue a declaration of ideological warfare in the form of the Truman Doctrine. It may well be true that the grand phrases were motivated in part by a desire to arouse this nation's combative spirit, and so to build congressional support for the funds involved, but it is also true—at least, according to Joseph Jones, the State Department official who drafted President Truman's appeal to Congress, under Acheson's direction—that the new policy was conceived not just as a practical measure to bolster the Greeks and Turks but as a historic summons of the United States to world leadership. "*All* barriers to bold action were indeed down," as Jones has written. Among the State Department policymakers, Jones reports, it was felt that "a new chapter in world history had opened, and they were the most privileged of men, participants in a drama such as rarely occurs even in the long life of a great nation."

The Truman Doctrine, which may have made sense for its time and place, was followed by the Marshall Plan and NATO, which surely did make sense for their time and place. But as a charter for twenty-five years of global ideological warfare and unilateral military intervention against Communist insurgencies the Truman Doctrine has a different set of implications altogether. It represents a view of Communism, of the world, and of our role in the world that has had much to do with the disaster of our policy in Asia. Even in the country to which it was first applied, President Truman's basic formulation—that "we shall not realize our objectives . . . unless we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions"—has been reduced to a mockery. But who remembers now (surely not Mr. Agnew) that the Truman Doctrine was initially designed to preserve democracy in Greece?

Acheson, who prided himself on being a realist, may not have taken all that ideological claptrap seriously, but his successors Dulles and Rusk certainly did, and they framed their policies accordingly. Whatever merit the Truman Doctrine may have had in the circumstances of early-postwar Europe, the bond with reality became more and more strained as the Doctrine came to be applied at times and in places increasingly remote from the Greek civil war. Operating on a set of assumptions that defined reality for them—that as a social system Communism was deeply immoral, that as a political movement it was a conspiracy for world conquest—our leaders became liberated from the normal rules of evidence and inference when it came to dealing with Communism. After all, who ever heard of giving the Devil a fair shake? Since we know what he has in mind, it is pedantry to split hairs over what he is actually doing.

Political pressures at home intensified the virulence of the anti-Communist ideology. In retrospect, the surprise Democratic victory in the election of 1948 was probably a misfortune for the country. The Republicans, frustrated and enraged by their fifth successive defeat, became desperate in their search for a winning issue. They found their issue in the threat of Communism, at home and abroad, and they seized upon it with uncommon ferocity. They blamed the Truman Administration for Chiang Kai-shek's defeat in the Chinese civil war; they attacked President Truman for the bloody stalemate in Korea, although they had strongly supported his initial commitment; and they tolerated and in many cases encouraged Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's attacks on reputable, and even eminent, Americans. Every American President since that time has been under intense pressure to demonstrate his anti-Communist orthodoxy.

More by far than any other factor, the anti-Communism of the Truman Doctrine has been the guiding spirit of American foreign policy since the Second World War. Stalin and Mao Tse-tung and even Ho Chi Minh replaced Hitler in our minds as the sources of all evil in the world. We came to see the hand of "Moscow Communism" in every disruption that occurred anywhere. First, there was the conception of Communism as an international conspiracy—as an octopus with its body in Moscow and its tentacles reaching out to the farthest corners of the world. Later, after the Sino-Soviet break, sophisticated foreign-policy analysts disavowed the conspiracy thesis, but at the same time they disavowed it they said things that showed that the faith lingered on. Secretary Rusk and his associates professed to be scornful of the conspiracy thesis, but still they defended the Vietnam war with references to a world "cut in two by Asian Communism," the only difference between the earlier view and the later one being that where once we had seen one octopus we now saw two.

If you accepted the premise, the rest followed. If Moscow and Peking represented centers of great power implacably hostile to the United States, and if every local crisis, from Cuba to the Congo to Vietnam, had the Communist mark upon it, then it followed logically that every crisis posed a threat to the security of the United States. The effect of the anti-Communist ideology was to spare us the task of taking cognizance of the specific facts of specific situations. Our "faith" liberated us, like the believers of old, from the requirements of empirical thinking, from the necessity of observing and evaluating the actual behavior of the nations and leaders with whom we were dealing. Like medieval theologians, we had a philosophy that explained everything to us in advance, and everything that did not fit could be readily identified as a fraud or a lie or an illusion. The fact that in some respects the behavior of the Soviet Union and of China and North Vietnam lived up to our ideological expectations made it all the easier to ignore the instances in which it did not. What we are now, belatedly, discovering is not that the Communist states have never really been hostile to us but that they have been neither consistent nor united in hostility to us; that their hostility has by no means been wholly unprovoked; and that they have been willing from time to time to do business or come to terms with us. Our ideological blinders concealed these instances from us, robbing us of useful information and of promising opportunities. The perniciousness of the anti-Communist ideology of the Truman Doctrine arises not from any patent falsehood but from its distortion and simplification of reality, from its universalization and its elevation to the status of a revealed truth.

Wm Hamilton

"Edgar! The doctor told you not to growl!"

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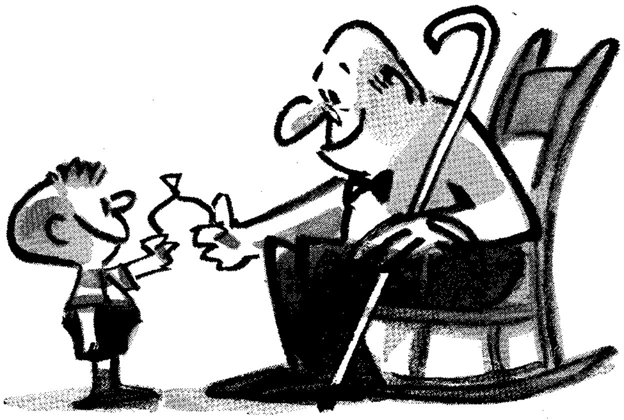
PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that there is often a great difference between what one person says and what another hears, or, in variation of the old adage, that the evil may be in the ear of the hearer. When Khrushchev said, "We will bury you," Americans heard the statement as a threat of nuclear war and were outraged accordingly. The matter was raised when Chairman Khrushchev visited the United States in 1959, and he replied with some anger that he had been talking about economic competition. "I am deeply concerned over these conscious distortions of my thoughts," he said. "I've never mentioned any rockets."

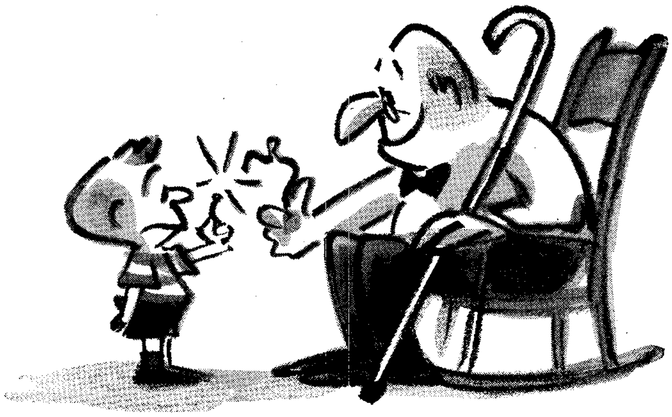
We will never know, of course, but it is possible that an opportunity for a stable peace was lost during the years of Khrushchev's power. As we look back now on the many things he said regarding peaceful coexistence, the words have a different ring. At the time, we did not believe them: at best, they were Communist propaganda; at worst, outright lies. I recalled recently, for example, the visit of Chairman Khrushchev to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on September 16, 1959. Suggesting that we lay aside the polemics of the past, Mr. Khrushchev said:

> We must face the future more and have wisdom enough to secure peace for our countries and for the whole world. We have always had great respect for the American people. We have also been somewhat envious of your achievements in the economic field, and for that reason we are doing our best to try to catch up with you in that field, to compete with you, and when we do catch up to move further ahead. I should say that future generations would be grateful to us if we managed to switch our efforts from stockpiling and perfecting weapons and concentrated those efforts fully on competition in the economic field.

Now, in retrospect, one wonders: why were we so sure that Khrushchev didn't mean what he said about peace? The answer lies in part, I believe, in our anti-Communist obsession—in the distortions it created in our perception of Soviet behavior, and in the extraordinary sense of threat we experienced when the Russians proclaimed their desire to catch up and overtake us economically. In our own national value system, competition has always been prized; why, then, should we have been so alarmed by a challenge to compete? Perhaps our national tendency to extoll competition rather than coöperation as a social virtue and our preoccupation with our own primacy—with being the "biggest," the "greatest" nation—suggest an underlying lack of confidence in ourselves, a supposition that unless we are "No. 1" we will be nothing: worthless and despised, and deservedly so. I am convinced that the real reason we squandered twenty billion dollars or more getting men to the moon in the decade of the sixties was our fear of something like horrible humiliation if the Russians got men there first. All this suggests that slogans about competition and our own primacy in that competition are largely hot air—sincerely believed, no doubt, but nonetheless masking an exaggerated fear of failure, which, in turn, lends a quality of desperation to our competitive endeavors. One detects this cast of mind in President Johnson's determination that he would not be "the first American President to lose a war," and also in President Nixon's spectre of America as "a pitiful, helpless giant."

This kind of thinking robs a nation's





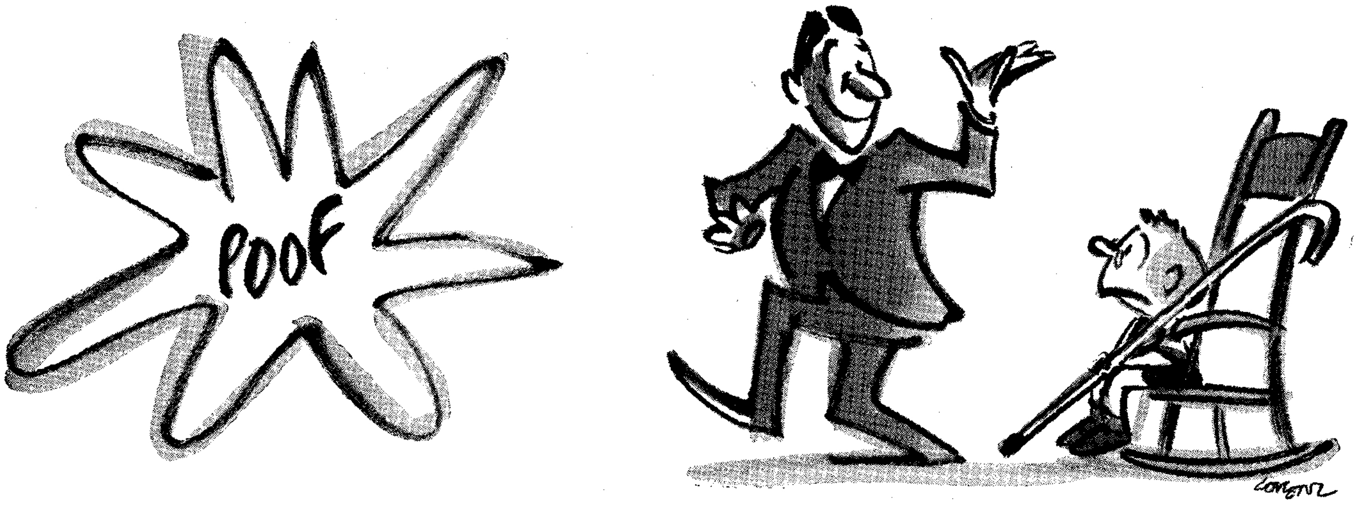
policymakers of objectivity and drives them to irresponsible behavior. The distortion of priorities involved in going to the moon is a relatively benign example. The perpetuation of the Vietnam war is the most terrible and fateful manifestation of the determination to prove that we are "No. 1." Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs John T. McNaughton, as quoted in the Pentagon Papers, measured the American interest in Vietnam and found that "to permit the people of South Vietnam to enjoy a better, freer way of life" accounted for a mere ten per cent and "to avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat" for up to seventy per cent. McNaughton's statistical metaphor suggests a nation in thrall to fear; it suggests a policymaking élite unable to distinguish between the national interest and their own personal pride.

Perhaps if we had been less proud and less fearful, we would have responded in a more positive way to the earthy, unorthodox Khrushchev. Whatever his faults and excesses, Khrushchev is recognized in retrospect as the Communist leader who repudiated the Marxist dogma of the "inevitability" of war between Socialist and capitalist states. Understanding the insanity of war with nuclear weapons, Khrushchev became the advocate of "goulash" Communism, of peaceful economic competition with the West. During his period in office, some amenities were restored in East-West relations; the Berlin issue was stirred up but finally defused; and, most important, the limited-nuclear-test-ban treaty was concluded. These were solid achievements, though meagre in proportion to mankind's need for peace, and meagre, too, it now appears, in proportion to the opportunity that may then have existed. One wonders how much more might have been accomplished—particularly in the field of disarmament—if Americans had not still been caught up in the prideful, fearful spirit of the Truman Doctrine.

Even the crises look different in retrospect, especially when one takes into account the internal workings of the Communist world. A leading British authority on Soviet affairs, Victor Zorza, has traced the beginning of the Vietnam war to a "fatal misreading" by President Kennedy of Khrushchev's endorsement of "wars of national liberation." The Kennedy Administration interpreted Khrushchev's statement as a declaration that the Soviet Union intended to sponsor subversion, guerrilla warfare, and rebellion all over the world. Accordingly, the Administration attached enormous significance to Soviet material support for the Laotian Communists, as if the issue in that remote and backward land were directly pertinent to the world balance of power. It was judged that Khrushchev must be shown that he could not get away with it. We had taught Stalin that "direct" aggression did not pay; now we must teach Khrushchev—and the Chinese—that "indirect" aggression did not pay. In Zorza's view, Khrushchev's talk of "wars of national liberation" was not a serious plan for worldwide subversion but a response to Communist China, whose leaders were then accusing Khrushchev of selling out the cause of revolution and making a deal with the United States.

In the spirit of the Truman Doctrine, the Kennedy Administration read the Soviet endorsement of "wars of national liberation" as a direct challenge to the United States. Speaking of Russia and China, President Kennedy said in his first State of the Union Message, "We must never be lulled into believing that either power has yielded its ambitions for world domination—ambitions which they forcefully restated only a short time ago." I do not recall these words for purposes of reproach; they represented an assessment of Communist intentions that most of us shared at that time, an assessment that had been held by every Administration and most members of Congress since the Second World War, an assessment that had scarcely—if at all—been brought up for critical examination in the executive branch, in congressional committees, in the proliferating "think tanks," or in the universities. Perhaps no better assessment could have been made on the basis of the information available at that time, but I doubt it. I think it more likely that we simply chose to ignore evidence that did not fit our preconceptions, or—as is more often the case—when the facts lent themselves to several possible interpretations we chose to seize upon the one with which we were most familiar: the Communist drive for world domination.

In the amplified form it acquired during the Johnson years, the conception of "wars of national liberation" as part of the Communist design for world domination became the basic rationale for the Vietnam war. All the other excuses—defending freedom, honoring our "commitments," demonstrating America's resolution—are secondary in importance and are easily shown to be fallacious and contradictory. But no one can *prove* that Mao Tse-tung and Brezhnev and Kosygin—or Khrushchev, for that matter—have not harbored secret ambitions to conquer the world. Who can prove that the desire or the intention was never in their minds? The truly remarkable thing about this Cold War psychology is the totally illogical transfer of the burden of proof from those who make charges to those who question them. In this frame of reference, Communists are guilty until proved innocent—or simply by definition. The Cold Warriors, instead of having to say how they knew that Vietnam was part of a plan



for the Communization of the world, so manipulated the terms of public discussion as to be able to demand that the skeptics prove that it was not. If the skeptics could not, then the war must go on—to end it would be recklessly risking the national security. We come to the ultimate illogic: war is the course of prudence and sobriety until the case for peace is proved under impossible rules of evidence—or until the enemy surrenders.

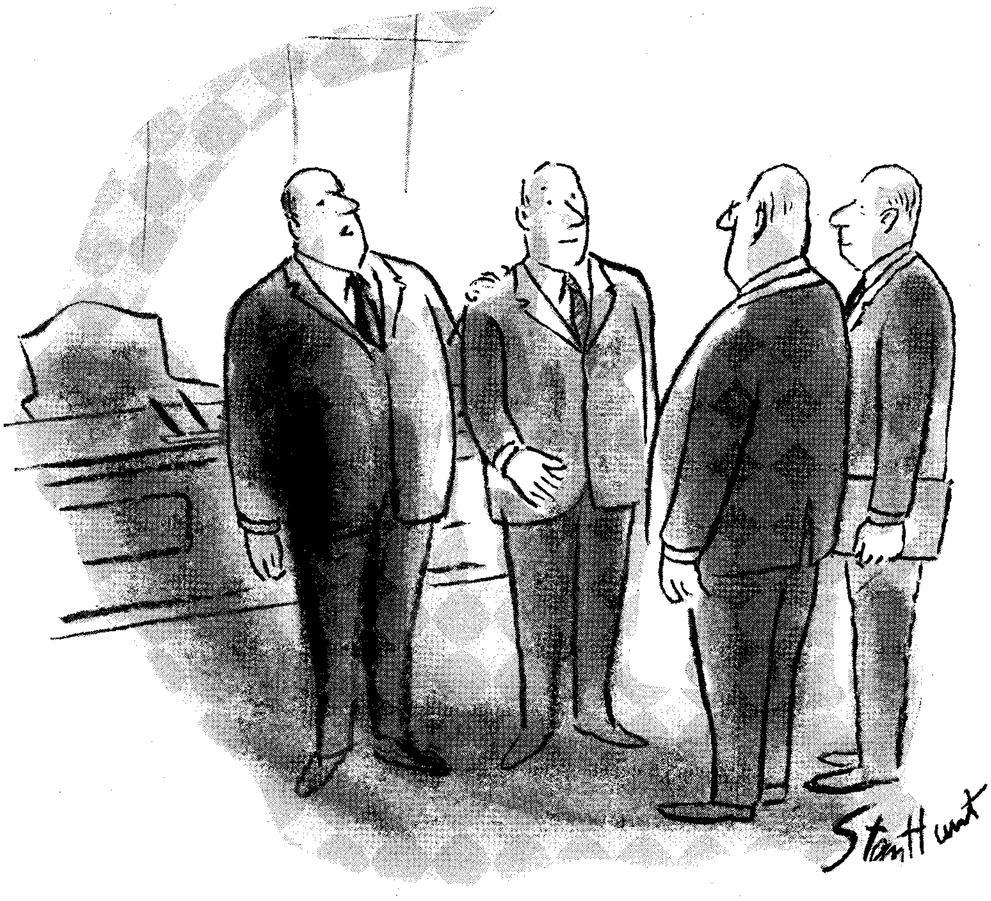
Rational men cannot deal with each other on this basis. Recognizing their inability to know with anything like certainty what is going on in other men's minds, they do not try to deal with others on the basis of their presumed intentions. Instead, rational men respond to others on the basis of their actual, observable behavior, and they place the burden of proof where it belongs—on those who assert and accuse rather than on those who question or deny. The departure from these elementary rules for the ascertainment of truth is the essence of the Cold War way of thinking; its weakened but still formidable hold on our minds is indicative of the surviving tyranny of the Truman Doctrine.

In a decade's perspective—and without the blinders of the Truman Doctrine—it even seems possible that the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 was not so enormous a crisis as it then seemed. Khrushchev in the early sixties was engaged in an internal struggle with the Soviet military, who, not unlike our own generals, were constantly lobbying for more funds for ever more colossal weapons systems. Khrushchev had been cutting back on conventional forces and, largely for purposes of appeasing his unhappy generals, was talking a great deal about the power of Soviet missiles. President Kennedy, however, was applying pressure from another direction: unnerved by Khrushchev's endorsement of "wars of national liberation," he was undertaking to build up American conventional forces at the same time that he was greatly expanding the American nuclear-missile force, even though by this time the United States had an enormous strategic superiority. Khrushchev's effort to resist the pressures from his generals was, of course, undermined by the American buildup. It exposed him to pressures within the Kremlin from a hostile coalition of thwarted generals and politicians who opposed his de-Stalinization policies. In the view of a number of specialists in the Soviet field, the placement of missiles in Cuba was motivated largely, if not primarily, by Khrushchev's need to deal with these domestic pressures; it was meant to close or narrow the Soviet "missile gap" in relation to the United States without forcing Khrushchev to concentrate all available resources on a ruinous arms race.

Lacking an expert knowledge of my own on these matters, I commend this interpretation of Khrushchev's purpose not as necessarily true but as highly plausible. As far as I know, however, none of the American officials who participated in the decisions relating to the Cuban missile crisis seriously considered the possibility that Khrushchev might be acting defensively or in response to domestic pressures. It was universally assumed that the installation of Soviet missiles in Cuba was an aggressive strategic move against the United States—that, and nothing more. Assuming Khrushchev's aggressive intent, we imposed on the Soviet Union a resounding defeat, for which Khrushchev was naturally held responsible. In this way, we helped to strengthen the military and political conservatives within the Soviet Union, who were to overthrow Khrushchev two years later. If we had been willing to consider the possibility that Khrushchev was acting on internal considerations, we would still have wished to secure the removal of the missiles from Cuba, but it might have been accomplished by means less embarrassing to Khrushchev, such as a *quid pro quo* under which we would have removed our Jupiter missiles from Turkey.

Khrushchev had paid dear for his "softness on capitalism" in an earlier encounter with President Eisenhower. After his visit to the United States in 1959, Khrushchev apparently tried to persuade his skeptical, hard-line colleagues that Americans were not such monsters as they supposed and that President Eisenhower was a reasonable man. This heretical theory—heretical from the Soviet point of view—was shot out of the sky along with the American U-2 spy plane in May, 1960. When President Eisenhower subsequently declined the opportunity Khrushchev offered him to disclaim personal responsibility, Khrushchev felt compelled to break up the Paris summit meeting. The U-2 incident was later cited by Khrushchev himself as a critical moment in his loss of power at home. It shattered his plans for President Eisenhower to pay a visit to the Soviet Union—for which, it is said, he had already had a golf course secretly constructed in the Crimea.

There were, of course, other factors in Khrushchev's fall, and perhaps more important ones; nor is it suggested that his intentions toward the West were necessarily benevolent. The point that must emerge, however—more for the sake of the future than for history's sake—is that if we had not been wearing ideological blinders, if our judgment had not been clouded by fear and hostility, we might have perceived in Khrushchev a world statesman with whom constructive business could be done. When he fell, his successors put an end to de-Stalinization, began the military buildup that has brought the Soviet Union to a rough strategic



"And this, gentlemen, is Mr. Quodley, my immediate inferior."

• •

parity with the United States, and greatly stepped up their aid to Communist forces in Vietnam.

WHILE our response to Soviet Communism has been marked by hostility, tensions, and fear, our response to Communism in Asia has been marked by all these and, in addition, by a profound sense of injury and betrayal. Russia never was a country for which we had much affection anyway; it was the bleak and terrible land of the czars, which, when it went to the Communist devils, was merely trading one tyranny for another. But China had a special place in our hearts. We had favored her with our merchants and missionaries and our "open door" policy; we had even given back the Boxer indemnity so that Chinese students could study in America. In the Second World War, we fought shoulder to shoulder with "free" China; we were filled with admiration for its fighting Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and utterly charmed by his Wellesley-educated wife.

When the Chinese darlings of our patronizing hearts went to Communist perdition, we could only assume that they had been sold or betrayed into bondage. It was inconceivable that our star pupils in the East could actually have willed this calamity; it had to be the work of Chinese traitors, abetted by disloyal Americans, joined in an unholy alliance to sell out China to those quintessential bad people the Russians. A white paper on China was issued in 1949, and Secretary of State Acheson's letter of transmittal recounted accurately the intense but futile American effort to salvage a Kuomintang regime whose officials and soldiers had "sunk into corruption, into a scramble for place and power, and into reliance on the United States to win the war for them and to preserve their own domestic supremacy." Then, having exonerated the United States from responsibility for the loss of China, Secretary Acheson wrote:

> The heart of China is in Communist hands. The Communist leaders have forsworn their Chinese heritage and have publicly announced their subservience to a foreign power, Russia, which during the last 50 years, under czars and Communists alike, has been most assiduous in its efforts to extend its control in the Far East. . . . The foreign domination has been masked behind the façade of a vast crusading movement which apparently has seemed to many Chinese to be wholly indigenous and national. . . .
>
> However tragic may be the immediate future of China and however ruthlessly a major portion of this great people may be exploited by a party in the interest of a foreign imperialism, ultimately the profound civilization and the democratic individualism of China will reassert themselves and she will throw off the foreign yoke. I consider that we should encourage all developments in China which now and in the future work toward this end.

In these words, the United States government enunciated what became its Truman Doctrine for Asia. By the end of 1950, we were at war with China in Korea, but even then our belief in Moscow's control of the "Communist conspiracy" or our sentimental unwillingness to believe that China of its own free will would make war on the United States, or some combination of the two, made it difficult for us to believe that the Chinese Communists had intervened in Korea for reasons directly related to their own national interest. The fact that General MacArthur's sweep to the Yalu was bringing American ground forces within striking distance of China's industrial heartland in Manchuria was not at that time widely thought to be a factor in China's intervention in the war. The view of Dean Rusk, then the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, was that "the peace and security of China are being sacrificed to the ambitions of the Communist conspiracy," and that "China has been driven by foreign masters into an adventure of foreign aggression which cuts across the most fundamental national interests of the Chinese people." Mr. Rusk went on to say, "We do not recognize the authorities in Peiping for what they pretend to be. The Peiping régime may be a colonial Russian government—a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale. It is not the government of China."

Nonetheless, for the first time in our history we were coming to regard China as our enemy, departing from a half century's policy of supporting a strong, independent China. One of our leading young China scholars, Warren I. Cohen, has provided this summary in his recent book, "America's Response to China":

> The great aberration in American policy began in 1950, as the people and their leaders were blinded by fear of Communism and forgot the sound geopolitical, economic, and ethical basis of their historic desire for China's well-being. Having always assumed that China would be friendly, Americans were further bewildered by the hostility of Mao's China, leading them to forsake their traditional support of Asian nationalism, not only in China, but wherever Marxist leadership threatened to enlarge the apparent Communist monolith. With the full support

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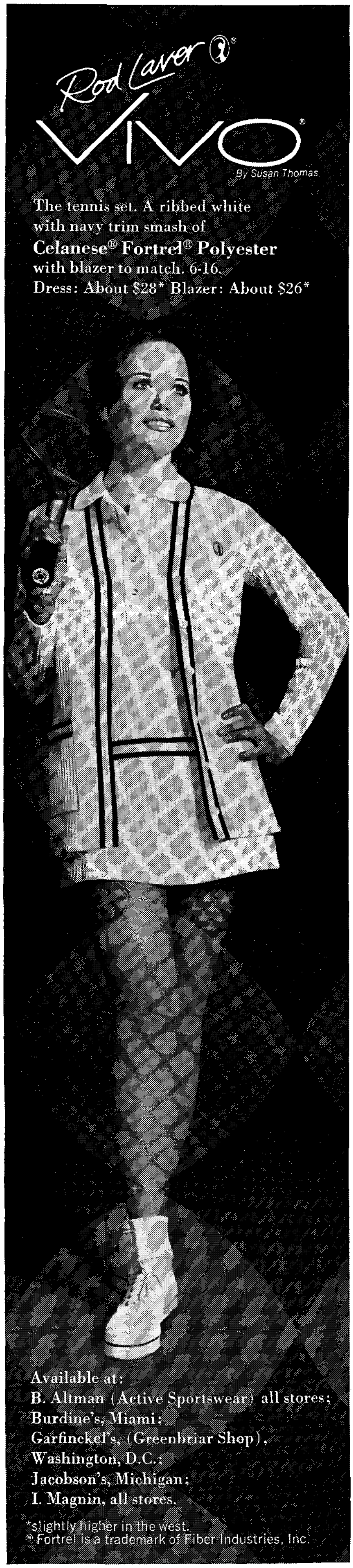

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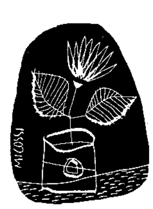
of the American people, Truman and his advisors committed the United States to a policy of containing Communism in Asia as well as in Europe—and in practice this policy became increasingly anti-Chinese, an unprecedented campaign of opposition to the development of a strong, modern China. There was no longer any question of whether the United States would interpose itself between China and her enemies, for the United States had become China's principal enemy.



Over the years, the notion of a "Slavic Manchukuo" gave way to a recognition of the Chinese Communists as the authors of their own deviltry. This was not a fundamental change of outlook toward "international Communism" but an accommodation to a fact that had become obvious to all save the most fanatical and self-deluded Cold Warriors: that, far from being an instrument in Moscow's hands, the Chinese Communist leaders had become defiant and hostile toward Soviet leadership of the Communist world. Now, from the American viewpoint, there were two "Communist conspiracies," and of the two great Communist states China was judged to be the more virulent and aggressive. The Chinese had withdrawn their troops from Korea in 1958, limited themselves to a border adjustment with India in 1962 (when they could have detached a large area after defeating the Indian Army), and assumed no direct combat role in the developing conflict in Vietnam. But these facts were judged to be less important than the fact that they were Communists, who openly advocated subversion and "wars of national liberation." Communist China was not judged to be aggressive on the basis of its actions; it was presumed to be aggressive because it was Communist.

In much the same way that Khrushchev terrified us with his talk of "burying" us, the Chinese sent us into a panic with their doctrine of "wars of national liberation." While the Russians had become relatively benign, contained by America's nuclear deterrent, China claimed to be impervious to the horrors of nuclear war and was still intensely revolutionary itself, committed to the promotion and support of "wars of national liberation" throughout the world. The Kennedy and Johnson Administrations concluded that still another gauntlet had been flung down before the United States. To meet this presumed threat, our military planners invented the strategy of "counterinsurgency," which they undertook to put into effect in Vietnam.

None of this is meant to suggest that China would have been friendly to us if we ourselves had not been hostile. I do not know whether the Chinese Communists would have been friendly or not; nor, I think, does anyone else know, since we never tried to find out. Most probably, in the turmoil of revolutionary change, the Chinese Communists would have been deeply suspicious and verbally abusive of the citadel of capitalism and the leader of the Western "imperialist camp" even if the United States had been willing to come to terms with them. Be that as it may, an objective observer must admit that on the basis of their actual behavior the Chinese Communists have never proved the Hitlerian menace we have taken them to be. They have not tried to conquer and subjugate their neighbors. Nor, upon examination, does the doctrine of "wars of national liberation," as set forth by Lin Piao, constitute a charter of Chinese aggression. It stresses self-reliance and the limitations of external support. Lin Piao wrote:

> In order to make a revolution and to fight a people's war and be victorious, it is imperative to adhere to the policy of self-reliance, rely on the strength of the masses in one's own country and prepare to carry on the fight independently even when all material aid from outside is cut off. If one does not operate by one's own efforts, does not independently ponder and solve the problems of the revolution in one's own country, and does not rely on the strength of the masses, but leans wholly on foreign aid—even though this be aid from Socialist countries which persist in revolution—no victory can be won, or be consolidated even if it is won.

The sudden reversal of American policy toward China in 1971 necessarily invites our attention back to the basic causes of these two decades of conflict between the United States and the Communist countries of Asia. In the course of these two decades, we have engaged in armed conflict with all three of these countries—with Communist China, North Korea, and North Vietnam—but we have never fought a war with the Soviet Union, which is the only Communist power capable of posing a direct strategic threat to the United States. Although it was assumed from the outset of the Cold War that our real strategic interests lay in Europe rather than in Asia, it has been in Asia that we have thought it necessary to fight two wars to enforce the Truman Doctrine. Looking back, one is bound to ask whether these conflicts were inescapable. Having avoided war in the region we judged more important, and with the power we judged the greater threat, why have we found it necessary to fight in Asia, at such enormous cost in lives and money and in the internal cohesion of our own society? Is it possible that if Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh had not borne the title of "Communist" but otherwise had done exactly what they have done in their two countries, we would have accepted their victories over their domestic rivals and lived with them in peace? I think it quite possible that we would have come to terms with both. Apart from the North Korean invasion of South Korea, which was a direct violation of the United Nations Charter, the Communist countries of Asia have done nothing that has threatened the security of the United States and little, if anything, that has impaired our legitimate interests. We intervened in the Chinese and Vietnamese civil wars only because the stronger side in each case was the Communist side and we assumed that, as Communists, they were parties to a conspiracy for world domination, and were therefore our enemies. We intervened against them not for what they *did* but for what they *were* and for what we assumed to be their purpose.

THERE were Americans in official positions who provided a more objective, less ideologically colored view of the Chinese Communists back in the days before they won their civil war. These wartime observers in China, who included John S. Service, John Paton Davies, and Colonel David D. Barrett, were themselves sympathetic to the Nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek, at least to the extent of urging it to make the reforms that might have allowed it to survive. Nonetheless, they reported objectively on the weakness and corruption of the Kuomintang and on the organization and discipline of the Communists in their headquarters in Yenan. They also provided information suggesting that at that time Mao Tse-tung and his associates had no intention whatever of becoming subservient to the Soviet Union and hoped to coöperate with the United States. Not only did the observations of these men go unheeded; they themselves were subsequently denounced and persecuted. Colonel Barrett did not attain the promotion to brigadier general that his service in the Army merited, and Service and Davies were hounded out of the For-

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eign Service, charged with advocacy of, and even responsibility for, the Chinese Communist victory that they had foreseen. The nation was deprived thereafter of their accurate observations and valuable insights, and, what is more, their surviving colleagues in the bureaucracy got the unmistakable message that it was unhealthy to deviate from the anti-Communist line. To survive and get ahead, it was necessary to see the world as the world was defined by the Truman Doctrine.

Having been thoroughly educated in the catechism of the Cold War, we look back now with astonishment on the reports of Service, Barrett, and others from China in 1944. Barrett and Service came to know the Chinese Communist leaders well through the Dixie Mission, which was the name given to the mission of the United States Army Observer Group, headed by Colonel Barrett, at Chinese Communist headquarters in Yenan in late 1944 and early 1945. Their assignment was to assess the potential contribution of the Chinese Communists to a final assault against Japanese forces in China. They came to know and respect the Communists, not for their ideology but for their discipline, organization, fighting skills, and morale.

In his recent book "Dixie Mission," Colonel Barrett comments, "The Chinese Communists are our bitter enemies now, but they were certainly 'good guys' then, particularly to the airmen who received their help." Colonel Barrett found that as sources of information about the Japanese the Communists were "all we had hoped they would be and even more"—among other reasons, because they "could almost always count on the coöperation and support of a local population." American observers sent out into the countryside from Yenan "all expressed the belief that the Communists were being supported by the entire civil population." In retrospect, Colonel Barrett felt that he had been "oversold" on the Communists in Yenan, but nonetheless he comments, "The overall look of things there was one which most Americans were inclined to regard with favor." American observers were impressed by the absence of sentries around the leaders, in contrast with the Nationalist capital in Chungking, where there were "police and sentries everywhere;" by the tough, well-nourished, and well-dressed troops, in contrast with the poorly nourished, shabbily uniformed Kuomintang soldiers; and by the general atmosphere of

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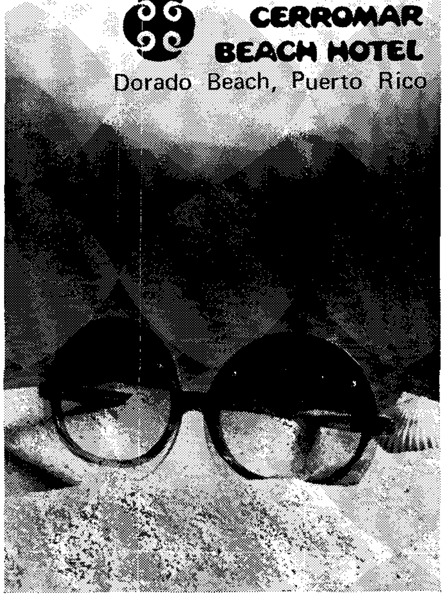

roughhewn equality and shared sacrifice. "As a whole," Colonel Barrett comments, "the Communist outlook on life was old-fashioned and conservative."

Even the flamboyant and volatile General Patrick J. Hurley—Roosevelt's special emissary and, later, Ambassador to Chungking—was at first favorably impressed by the Chinese Communists' terms for a settlement with Chiang Kai-shek. In November, 1944, Hurley flew to Yenan, where he signed an agreement with Mao Tse-tung calling for a coalition government; Hurley pronounced the agreement eminently fair, and even told Mao—in Barrett's hearing—that the terms did not go far enough in the Communists' favor. Chiang Kai-shek rejected Hurley's plan out of hand; nonetheless, Hurley thereafter supported Chiang as the sole leader of China and publicly blamed the failure of his mediation on his Embassy staff, whom he accused, in effect, of being pro-Communist. Although he contended in November, 1944, that "if there is a breakdown in the parleys it will be the fault of the Government and not the Communists," and although he told President Truman in May, 1945, that the Communists were holding back "in my opinion with some degree of reasonableness," Hurley still backed the Nationalist regime to the hilt, and in the spring of 1945 even reimposed the ban on nonmilitary travel by Americans to the Communist headquarters in Yenan. Thus began the process, culminating in the failure of the mission undertaken in 1946 by General George C. Marshall through which, without having ascertained their attitudes and intentions toward us, the United States government came to identify the Chinese Communists as enemies of the United States—presaging the policy of isolation and containment that was to endure at least until 1971.

This was not at the outset the result of decisions made at the highest level. President Roosevelt wrote to a friend on November 15, 1944, "I am hoping and praying for a real working out of the situation with the so-called Communists." And in March, 1945, in reply to a question from Edgar Snow about whether we could work with two governments in China for purposes of prosecuting the war with Japan, Roosevelt said, "Well, I've been working with two governments there. I intend to go on doing so until we can get them together." Within a few weeks after that interview, Roosevelt was dead and the conduct of American foreign policy had passed into the hands of the inexperienced President Truman. Neither Roosevelt nor Truman, however, seems in the last days of the Second World War to have given serious and sustained thought to the internal problems of China. Both Presidents were preoccupied with the defeat of Japan, and it had been clear for some time that China was unlikely to play a decisive role in bringing that about.

There was no lack of information available to the United States government in 1944 and 1945 about either the weakness and corruption of the Kuomintang or the strength and aspirations of the Chinese Communists. The views of the professional diplomats were rejected, however, and their reports ignored—that is, until the witch-hunters in the State Department and Congress got hold of them. In June, 1944, for example, a warning was conveyed to Washington in a memorandum written principally by John Service:

> The situation in China is rapidly becoming critical.... There is a progressive internal breakdown.... The fundamental cause of this suicidal trend is that the Kuomintang, steadily losing popular support ... is concentrating more and more on putting the preservation of its shrinking power above all other considerations. These policies, unless checked by the internal opposition they evoke and by friendly foreign influence, seem certain to bring about a collapse which will be harmful to the war and our long-term interests in the Far East.

At the same time that American observers in China were reporting the enfeeblement of the Kuomintang, they were providing detailed accounts of the growing military and political strength of the Communists. Service summed up the importance of these circumstances for the United States:

> From the basic fact that the Communists have built up popular support of a magnitude and depth which makes their elimination impossible, we must draw the conclusion that the Communists will have a certain and important share in China's future.

His colleague John Paton Davies put it even more succinctly:

> The Communists are in China to stay. And China's destiny is not Chiang's but theirs.

The Communists were not only strong but—at least, so they said—willing and eager to coöperate with the United States. In his recent book

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"The Amerasia Papers: Some Problems in the History of U.S.-China Relations," Service reports on a long conversation he had with Mao Tse-tung in Yenan on August 23, 1944, in which Mao emphasized that the Chinese Communists were "first of all Chinese," and appealed for American help for China after the war. "The Russians," Mao said, "have suffered greatly in the war and will have their hands full with their own job of rebuilding. We do not expect Russian help." America, he thought, could help China, and he told Service:

> China must industrialize. This can be done—in China—only by free enterprise and with the aid of foreign capital. Chinese and American interests are correlated and similar. They fit together, economically and politically. We can and must work together.
>
> The United States would find us more coöperative than the Kuomintang. We will not be afraid of democratic American influence—we will welcome it. We have no silly ideas of taking only Western mechanical techniques....
>
> America does not need to fear that we will not be coöperative. We must coöperate and we must have American help. This is why it is so important to us Communists to know what you Americans are thinking and planning. We cannot risk crossing you—cannot risk any conflict with you.

We do not know, of course, whether Mao was sincere in his repeated appeals for American friendship. The reason we do not know is that we never tried to find out. In our postwar anti-Communist hysteria, we assumed that the Chinese Communists were hostile simply because they were Communists, and we also assumed, despite impressive evidence to the contrary, that they were subservient to the Soviet Union. We thereupon made our fateful commitment to the losing side in the Chinese civil war—the side of whose weakness and probable defeat full warning had been provided by our own highly competent observers. From these events followed two wars and a quarter century of bitter hostility, which might have been avoided if we had remained neutral in the Chinese civil war.

This is not to say that Mao might have been expected to put Sino-American relations back on their prewar basis. He most assuredly would not have done that. Certainly our pretensions to a benevolent paternalism toward China would have been given short shrift; the age of missionaries and the "open door" was at an end. But whatever our relations might have been if we had not intervened in the civil war, they would at least have been initiated on a more

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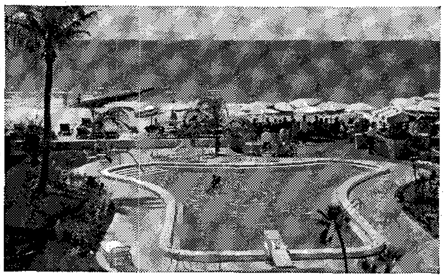
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realistic and more promising basis. We might have long ago established a working relationship at least as tolerable, and as peaceful, as the one we have had with the Soviet Union: the sort of relationship toward which—belatedly but most commendably—the Nixon Administration now seems to be working.

THE anti-Communist spirit that governed our relations with China after the Second World War also shaped—and distorted—our involvement in Vietnam. Our interest in China's civil war, though tragic in consequence, was attenuated and limited in time. Vietnam was less fortunate. In a test application of the new science of "counterinsurgency," it has been subjected to prolonged, though inconclusive, devastation. But for the American intervention, the Vietnamese civil war would have ended long ago—at infinitely less cost in lives, money, and property—in a nationalist Communist victory under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh.

In retrospect, it is difficult to understand how we could have accepted the "loss" of China but not the "loss" of the small, undeveloped countries on China's southern border. Only in the context of the assumptions of the Truman Doctrine could the Vietnamese war ever have been rationalized as having something to do with American security or American interests. Looking through our anti-Communist prism, we saw Ho Chi Minh not as a Vietnamese nationalist who was also a Communist but as a spear-carrier for the international Communist conspiracy, the driving force for a "world cut in two by Asian Communism." The Johnson Administration, as Mr. Johnson's memoirs show clearly, believed itself to be acting on President Truman's doctrine that "totalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States." President Johnson and his advisers believed this despite a set of facts that did not fit the formula: the fact that the issue was not between a "free people" and a "totalitarian regime" but between rival totalitarian regimes; the fact that the war was not one of international aggression, "direct" or otherwise, but an anti-colonial war and then a civil war; and the fact that, in any case, the country was too small and the issue too indigenous to Vietnam to pose anything resembling a threat to "the foundations of international peace," much less to

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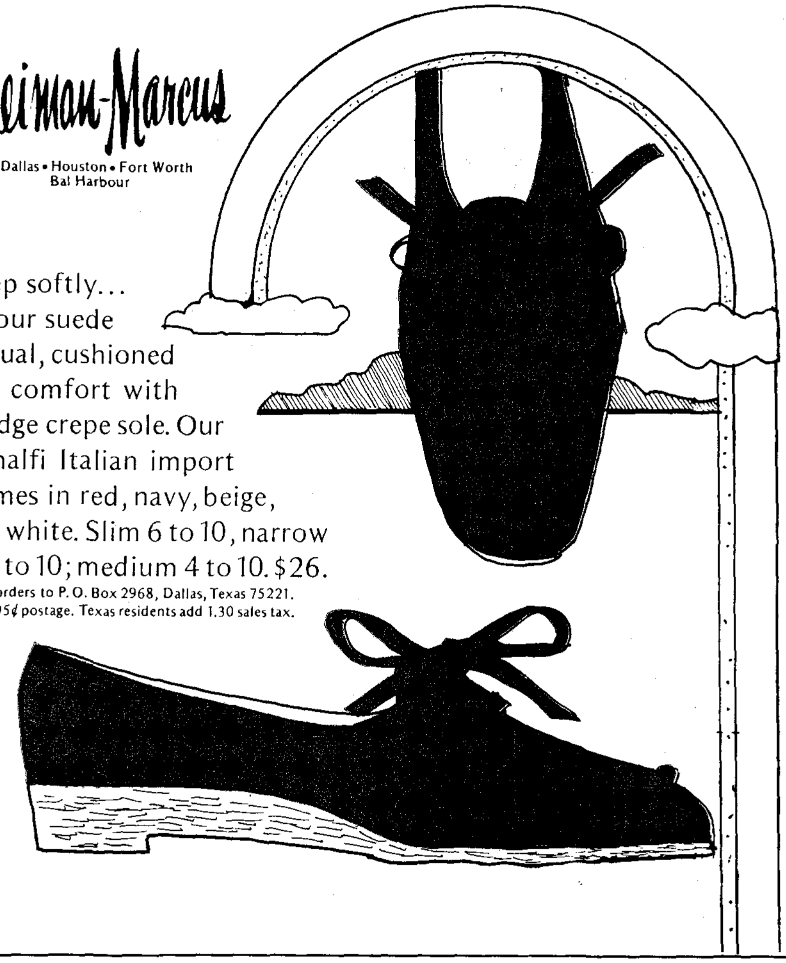

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"the security of the United States." In practice, the issue had resolved itself into a corruption of the Truman Doctrine—into the fear of a "humiliating" defeat at the hands of Communists. It was not so much that we needed to win, or that there was anything for us to win, as that our leaders felt—for reasons of prestige abroad and political standing at home—that they could not afford to "lose." President Johnson said soon after he took office, "I am not going to be the President who saw Southeast Asia go the way China went."

The notion that a country is "lost" or "gone" when it becomes Communist is a peculiarly revealing one. How can we have "lost" a country unless it was ours to begin with—unless it was some part of an unacknowledged American imperium? To my eye, China under Mao is in the same place on the map that it was in the days of Chiang. Where, then, has it "gone"? To the moon? Or to the devil? The "lost" and "gone" concept is indicative of a virulent sanctimoniousness that is only now beginning to abate. In October, 1971, members of the Senate gave President Tito of Yugoslavia a cordial reception at an afternoon tea. In September, 1959, a similar reception was held for Chairman Khrushchev, but one senator refused to sit in the room with him—for fear, apparently, of ideological contamination. As the President now moves toward lifting the "quarantine" of China, as we recognize at long last that there really still is a China, Communist though it may be, the tragic irrationality of the Vietnam war is thrown once again into high relief. All that bloodletting—not just for ourselves but for the Vietnamese—could have been avoided by an awareness that Communism is not a contagious disease but a political movement and a way of organizing a society.

In the case of Ho Chi Minh, as in the case of Mao Tse-tung, we might have come to this awareness twenty-five years—and two wars—ago. Ho, in fact, was a lifelong admirer of the American Revolution, of Lincoln, and of Wilson and his Fourteen Points. As a young man, in 1919, he went to the Versailles Peace Conference to appeal for self-determination for his country in accordance with President Wilson's principles, but no attention was paid to him, and Vietnam remained within the French empire. In 1945, Ho Chi Minh started his declaration of independence for Vietnam with words taken from our own: "All men are created equal." In 1945 and 1946, Ho addressed a series of letters to the United States government asking for its mediation toward a compromise with France, but none of these letters were ever answered, because Ho was, in Dean Acheson's words, "an outright Commie."

President Roosevelt, during the Second World War, had favored independence for Indo-China, or a trusteeship, but in any event he was opposed to letting the French recover Indo-China for their colonial empire. Roosevelt's attitude was spelled out in a memorandum to Secretary of State Hull dated January 24, 1944, which appears in the Pentagon Papers:

> I saw Halifax last week and told him quite frankly that it was perfectly true that I had, for over a year, expressed the opinion that Indo-China should not go back to France but that it should be administered by an international trusteeship. France has had the country—thirty million inhabitants—for nearly one hundred years, and the people are worse off than they were at the beginning.
>
> As a matter of interest, I am wholeheartedly supported in this view by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and by Marshal Stalin. I see no reason to play in with the British Foreign Office in this matter. The only reason they seem to oppose it is that they fear the effect it would have on their own possessions and those of the Dutch. They have never liked the idea of trusteeship because it is, in some instances, aimed at future independence. This is true in the case of Indo-China.
>
> Each case must, of course, stand on its own feet, but the case of Indo-China is perfectly clear. France has milked it for one hundred years. The people of Indo-China are entitled to something better than that.

British intransigence and the requirements of military strategy prevented Roosevelt from acting on his anticolonialist preference, which was so wholly in keeping with the traditional American outlook. When the Truman Administration took office, American policy was changed, and the French were officially assured by our State Department that the United States had never questioned, "even by implication, French sovereignty over Indo-China." The United States would advocate reforms but would leave it to the French to decide when, or even whether, the people of Indo-China were to be given independence: "Such decisions would preclude the establishment of a trusteeship in Indo-China except with the consent of the French Government."

Whether this initial commitment to France—and therefore against Ho—

was the result of growing anti-Communist sentiment within the Truman Administration or of friendly feelings toward the colonial powers on the part of President Truman's old-line advisers, or both, American policy was constant and firm from that time on. Later, when Acheson and his colleagues were attempting to build up France as the centerpiece of the anti-Communist coalition in Europe, the commitment to France's position in Indo-China became stronger than ever. By 1951, the United States was paying forty per cent of the cost of France's war against the Vietminh, and by 1954 eighty per cent. After the Geneva settlement, American military aid to South Vietnam averaged about two hundred million dollars a year between 1955 and 1961. By 1963, South Vietnam ranked first among the recipients of our military assistance, and only India and Pakistan received more in economic assistance. In this way, foreign aid served as a vehicle of commitment, from our initial support of French colonial rule in Indo-China to sending an American force of over half a million men to fight in a war that is still going on.

As with China, it might have been different. The Pentagon Papers show that between October, 1945, and February, 1946, Ho Chi Minh addressed at least eight communications to the President of the United States or to the Secretary of State asking America to intervene for Vietnamese independence. Earlier, in the summer of 1945, Ho had asked that Vietnam be accorded "the same status as the Philippines"—a period of tutelage to be followed by independence. Following the outbreak of hostilities in Vietnam in the early fall of 1945, Ho made his appeals to President Truman on the basis of the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations Charter, and Mr. Truman's Navy Day speech of October 27, 1945, in which the President expressed the American belief that "all peoples who are prepared for self-government should be permitted to choose their own form of government by their own freely expressed choice, without interference from any foreign source." In November, 1945, Ho wrote to the Secretary of State requesting the initiation of cultural relations through the sending of fifty Vietnamese students to the United States. On February 16, 1946, in a letter to President Truman, Ho referred to American "complicity" with the French, but he still appealed to the Americans "as guardians and champions of world justice" to "take a de-

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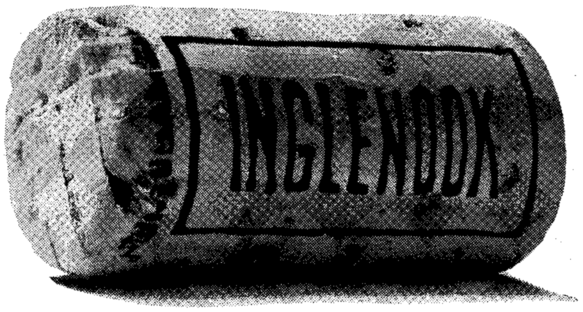

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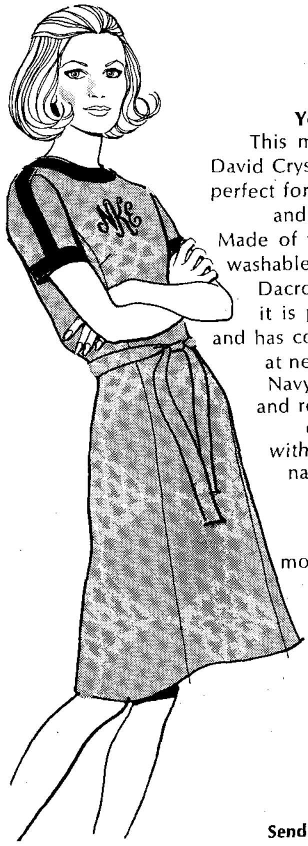

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cisive step" in support of Vietnamese independence, and pointed out that he was asking only what had been "graciously granted to the Philippines." On September 11, 1946, Ho communicated directly with the United States government for the last time, expressing to an American Embassy official in Paris his own admiration for the United States and the Vietnamese people's respect and affection for President Roosevelt; again he referred to America's granting of independence to the Philippines.

As far as the record shows, neither President Truman nor any of his subordinates replied to any of Ho Chi Minh's appeals. He got his answer nonetheless, clearly and unmistakably. By late 1946, with the first Vietnam war under way, American military equipment was being used by the French against the Vietnamese. As far as the United States government was concerned, Vietnam was a sideshow to the real struggle against Communism, in Europe. If the price of French support in that struggle was American support of French colonialism in Southeast Asia—and we seem never to have questioned that it was—the Truman Administration was ready to pay that price. Ho, after all, was just another "Commie." In a cable to the United States representative in Hanoi in May, 1949, Acheson said:

> QUESTION WHETHER HO AS MUCH NATIONALIST AS COMMIE IS IRRELEVANT. ALL STALINISTS IN COLONIAL AREAS ARE NATIONALISTS. WITH ACHIEVEMENT NAT'L AIMS (I.E., INDEPENDENCE) THEIR OBJECTIVE NECESSARILY BECOMES SUBORDINATION STATE TO COMMIE PURPOSES.

In February, 1950, the recognition of Ho Chi Minh's government by the Communist powers moved Secretary Acheson to declare that this recognition "should remove any illusion as to the nationalist character of Ho Chi Minh's aims and reveals Ho in his true colors as the mortal enemy of native independence in Indochina."

As with China under Mao Tse-tung, we might have got along tolerably well—maybe even quite well—with a unified, independent Vietnam under Ho Chi Minh if our leaders' minds had not been hopelessly locked in by the imprisoning theory of the international Communist conspiracy. Ho was an authentic Vietnamese patriot, revered by his countrymen. He had led the resistance to the Japanese within Vietnam and had welcomed the Allies as liberators. His unwillingness to submit to foreign domination was clear—or should have been clear—from the outset. But if the evidence of Ho Chi

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Minh's Vietnamese nationalism ever reached the American policymakers, it certainly did not persuade them. Acting Secretary of State Acheson instructed an American diplomat in Hanoi in December, 1946, "KEEP IN MIND HO'S CLEAR RECORD AS AGENT INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM." In February, 1947, by which time the war between France and the Vietminh was well under way, Secretary of State Marshall conceded, in another cable, that colonial empires were rapidly becoming a thing of the past but, as to Vietnam,

> WE DO NOT LOSE SIGHT FACT THAT HO CHI MINH HAS DIRECT COMMUNIST CONNECTIONS, AND IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS THAT WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN SEEING COLONIAL EMPIRE ADMINISTRATIONS SUPPLANTED BY PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL ORGANIZATIONS EMANATING FROM AND CONTROLLED BY KREMLIN.

General Marshall's words were prophetic of what became a guiding principle—or, more accurately, a guiding aberration—of American foreign policy for at least two decades: where Communists were involved, the United States would depart from its traditional anti-colonialism and support the imperial power. Assuming as we did that Communists by definition were agents of an international conspiracy, we further assumed that a Communist leader could not be an authentic patriot no matter what he said or did. If the choice was to be—as we then rationalized it—between the old imperialism of the West and the new imperialism of the Kremlin, we would side with the former. Where possible, we told ourselves, we would support or nurture "third forces"—genuine independence movements that were neither colonialist nor Communist—and where such movements existed, as in India, we did support and welcome independence. Where they did not exist, as in Vietnam and Cuba and the Dominican Republic, we intervened, making these countries the great crisis areas of postwar American foreign policy and, in the process, earning for the United States the reputation of foremost imperialist power.

The role is one to which we are unsuited by temperament and tradition. Until a generation ago, America was regarded throughout the world—and deservedly so—as the one great nation that was authentically anti-imperialist. It was Woodrow Wilson who introduced into international relations the revolutionary principle of "justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak." Perhaps it was a utopian dream, but Americans meant it at the time, and the world believed we meant it, and we had plans for realizing it: first the Covenant of the League of Nations and then the United Nations Charter, both purporting to introduce the rule of law into international relations, both purporting to supplant the old imperialist anarchy with the principle of trusteeship for the weak and the poor, both purporting to supplant the old balance of power with a new community of power.

The dismay and disillusion that have overtaken so many of us in America are the result, I believe, of our departure from these traditional American values. The corrosive, consuming fear of Communism has driven us into a role in the world which suits us badly and which we deeply dislike. I think that the American people have sensed this all along and are moving now to an active, conscious awareness of their own real preferences. It is no easy matter for us to knock over the household gods we have been taught for a generation to worship, but I think the American people have all along had an uneasy awareness that the dictators and warlords with whom we have been in league for so long are not really our kind of people. I suspect, too, that if Khrushchev and Mao and Ho had not had the name of "Communist" we might have recognized them as men we could respect: tough and sometimes ruthless, but patriots nonetheless; committed to an ideology we would not want for ourselves, but also committed to the well-being of their own people. With China's entry into the United Nations and the President's imminent trip to Peking, we may find that we can do business with the Chinese, just as we have done with the Russians. We may even find it possible to be cordial, as we have been with the Yugoslavs. Eventually (who knows?), we may even kick over the household gods once and for all and become friends. Huck Finn, when he helped Jim escape, knew it was a sin and knew he was going to go to Hell for it, but he liked Jim, so he did it anyway.

HISTORY is filled with turning points that are not easily identified until long after the event. It seems almost inevitable that Vietnam will prove to have been a watershed in American foreign policy, but it is by no means clear what kind. Before it can represent anything of a lasting historical nature, the war, of course, will have to be ended—not just scaled down but

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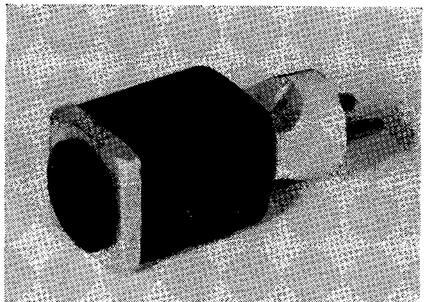

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ended, and not just for Americans but for the tortured Vietnamese as well. One assumes that it will be ended—if not by our present leaders, then by their successors—and that when at last it is, the American people will once again in their history have the opportunity and the responsibility of deciding where they want to go in the world, of deciding what kind of role they want their country to play, of deciding what kind of country they want America to be.

The Truman Doctrine, which made limited sense for a limited time in a particular place, has led us in its universalized form to disaster in Southeast Asia and demoralization at home. In view of all that has happened, it seems unlikely that we will wish to resume the anti-Communist crusade of the early postwar years. Yet it is not impossible: memories will fade, controversies may recur, pride may once again be challenged and competitive instincts aroused. The Truman Doctrine is frayed and tattered, but it is still an influence upon our policy and outlook.

I do not think we are going to return to isolationism. I will go further: I do not think there is or ever has been the slightest chance of the United States' returning to the isolationism of the prewar years. It will not happen because it cannot happen: we are inextricably involved with the world politically, economically, militarily, and—in case anyone cares—legally. We could not get loose if we wanted to. And no one wants to. The people who are called "neo-isolationists" are no such thing; the word is an invention of people who confuse internationalism with an intrusive American unilateralism, with a quasi-imperialism. Those of us who are accused of "neo-isolationism" are, I believe, the opposite: internationalists in the classic sense of that term—in the sense in which it was brought into American usage by Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. We believe in international coöperation through international institutions. We would like to try to keep the peace through the United Nations, and we would like to try to assist the poor countries through institutions like the World Bank. We do not think the United Nations is a failure; we think it has never been tried.

In the aftermath of Vietnam, it is America's option—not its "destiny," because there is no such thing—to return to the practical idealism of the United Nations Charter. It is, I believe, consistent with our national tradition and congenial to our national

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character, and is therefore the most natural course for us to follow. It is also the most logical, in terms of our interests and the interests of all other nations living in a diverse and crowded but interdependent world in the age of nuclear weapons.

The essence of any community—local, national, or international—is some degree of acceptance of the principle that the good of the whole must take precedence over the good of the parts. I do not believe that the United States (or any of the other big countries) has ever accepted that principle with respect to the United Nations. Like the Soviet Union and other great powers, we have treated the United Nations as an instrument of our policy, to be used when it is helpful but otherwise ignored. Orphaned at birth by the passing from the political scene of those who understood its potential real usefulness, the United Nations has never been treated as a potential world-security community—as an institution to be developed and strengthened for the long-term purpose of protecting humanity from the destructiveness of unrestrained nationalism. The immediate, short-term advantage of the leading members has invariably been given precedence over the needs of the collectivity. That is why the United Nations has not worked. There is no mystery about it, no fatal shortcoming in the Charter. Our own federal government would soon collapse if the states and the people had no loyalty to it. The reason that the United Nations has not functioned as a peace-keeping organization is that its members, including the United States, have not wished it to; if they had wanted it to work, it could have—and it still can. Acheson and his colleagues were wholly justified in their expectation of the United Nations' failure; their own cynicism, along with Stalin's cynicism, assured that failure.

Our shortsighted, self-serving, and sanctimonious view of the United Nations was put on vivid display in the reaction to the General Assembly's vote to take in mainland China and expel Nationalist China. Mr. Nixon expressed unctuous indignation, not at the loss of the vote but at the "shocking demonstration" of "undisguised glee" shown by the winners, especially those among the winners to whom the United States had been "quite generous"—as the President's press secretary was at pains to add. Mr. Agnew at least spared us the pomposities, denouncing the United Nations as a "paper tiger" and a "sounding board for the left," whose only value for the United States

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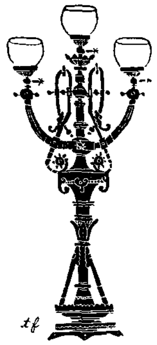
was that "it's good to be in the other guy's huddle." The Senate Minority Leader was equally candid: "I think we are going to wipe off some of the smiles from the faces we saw on television during the United Nations voting." The revelations are striking. Having controlled the United Nations for many years as tightly and as easily as a big-city boss controls his party machine, we had got used to the idea that the United Nations was a place where we could work our will; Communists could delay and disrupt the proceedings and could exercise the Soviet veto in the Security Council, but they certainly were not supposed to be able to win votes. When they did, we were naturally shocked—all the more because, as one European diplomat commented, our unrestrained arm-twisting had turned the issue into a "worldwide plebiscite for or against the United States," and had thereby made it difficult for many nations to judge the question of Chinese representation on its merits. When the vote went against us nonetheless, the right-wingers among us saw that as proof of what they had always contended—that the United Nations was a nest of Red vipers.

The test of devotion to the law is not how people behave when it goes their way but how they behave when it goes against them. During these years of internal dissension over the war in Vietnam, our leaders have pointed out frequently—and correctly—that citizens, however little they may like it, have a duty to obey the law. The same principle applies on the international level. "*Pacta sunt servanda*," the international lawyers say: "The law must be obeyed." The China vote in the General Assembly may well have been unwise, and it may have shown a certain vindictiveness toward the United States, but it was a legal vote, wholly consistent with the procedures spelled out in the Charter.



The old balance-of-power system is a discredited failure, having broken down in two world wars in the twentieth century. The human race managed to survive those conflicts; it is by no means certain that it would survive another. This being the case, it is myopic to dismiss the idea of an effective world peace-keeping organization as a visionary ideal—or as anything, indeed, but an immediate, practical necessity.

With the coöperation of the major powers—and there is no reason in terms of their own national interests for them not to coöperate—the conflict in the Middle East could be resolved on the basis of the Security Council resolution of 1967, to which all the principal parties have agreed, calling for a settlement based upon, among other things, the principle of "the inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by war." Similarly, I believe that the Security Council should have interceded to prevent war between India and Pakistan. This proved impossible largely because of the self-seeking of the great powers, each of which perceived and acted upon the situation not on its merits, and certainly not in terms of human cost, but in terms of its own shortsighted geopolitical interests. Moreover, the Security Council waited until war had actually broken out and an Indian victory seemed certain before attempting to intervene. The time for the United Nations to act on the crisis in East Pakistan was many months earlier, when the Bengalis were being brutally suppressed by the armed forces of the Pakistani government. The United Nations, it is true, is proscribed by Article 2 of the Charter from intervention in "matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state," but Article 2 also states that "the principle shall not prejudice the application of enforcement measures" under the peace-enforcement provisions of the Charter. By any reasonable standard of judgment, the mass killing of East Bengalis and the flight of ten million refugees across the Indian border constituted a "threat to the peace" as that term is used in the Charter, warranting United Nations intervention. I do not think it likely under present circumstances that the United Nations could play a mediating role in the war in Indo-China, the disabling circumstance being that the belligerents, including the United States, almost certainly would not permit it. But, looking ahead to the time when the Vietnam war is finally ended, I think it would be feasible for the United Nations to oversee and police a general peace settlement, through a revived International Control Commission, and perhaps through the assignment of peace-keeping forces.

When a conflict presents what Article 39 of the Charter calls a "threat to the peace, breach of the peace, or act of aggression," it makes no sense to leave the issue to the caprices of the belligerents. I have never understood why it is so widely regarded as outrageous or immoral for external parties to impose a solution to a dangerous conflict. Under the United Nations Charter, the Security Council has full authority—possibly even an obligation—to impose a settlement upon warring parties that fail to make peace on their own. The very premise of the Charter is that warring nations can no longer be permitted immunity from a world police power. As far as the United States is concerned, it is worth recalling that the United Nations Charter is a valid and binding obligation upon us, ratified as a treaty with the advice and consent of the Senate. And as far as the parties to various conflicts are concerned—Arabs and Israelis, Indians and Pakistanis—it needs to be recognized that they, too, are signatories to the Charter and are therefore obligated, under Article 25, "to accept and carry out the decisions of the Security Council in accordance with the present Charter."

In this century of conflict, the United States led in the conception and formulation of plans for an international peace-keeping organization. We did not invent the idea, nor have we been its only proponents, but without our leadership the ideal embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations and the United Nations Charter would not have attained even the meagre degree of realization it has attained. It is this idea of world organization—rather than our democratic ideology, or our capitalist economy, or our power and the responsibilities it is supposed to have thrust upon us—that entitles the United States to claim to have made a valuable and unique contribution to the progress of international relations. Coming as we did on the international scene as a new and inexperienced participant, with a special historical experience that had sheltered us from the normal pressures of world politics, we Americans pursued our conception of a rational world order with uncritical optimism and excessive fervor. As a consequence, the first encounter with disappointment, in the form of Stalin and his ambitions in Eastern Europe, sent us reeling back from Wilsonian idealism. And from the practical idealism of the United Nations Charter we reverted to the unrealistic "realism" of the Truman Doctrine in its universalized application. We made the conversion from Wilson to Machiavelli with zeal.

At no point, of course, did the leading architects of Vietnam or the Bay of Pigs or the participants in the Cuban missile crisis conceive of themselves as power brokers pure and simple. Having themselves been reared in the tenets of

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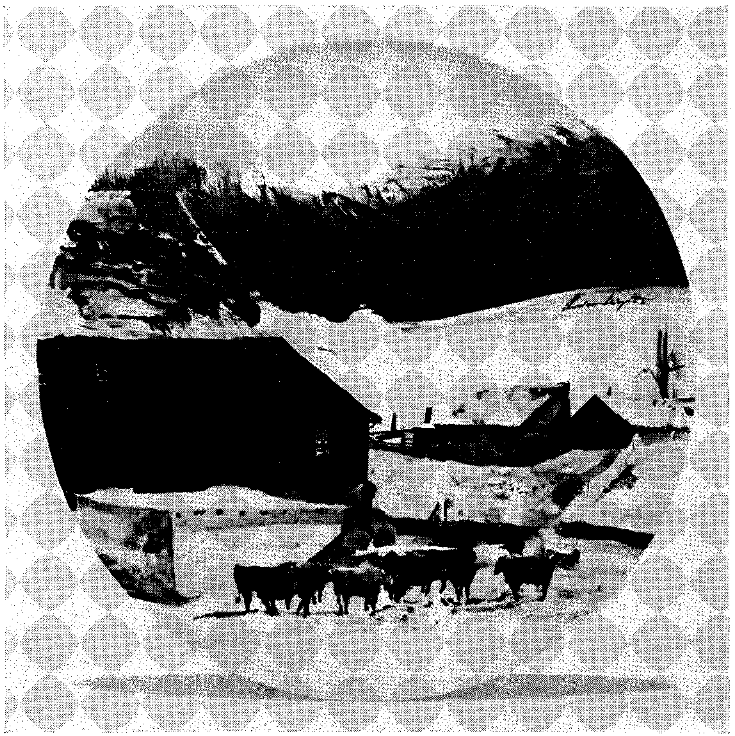

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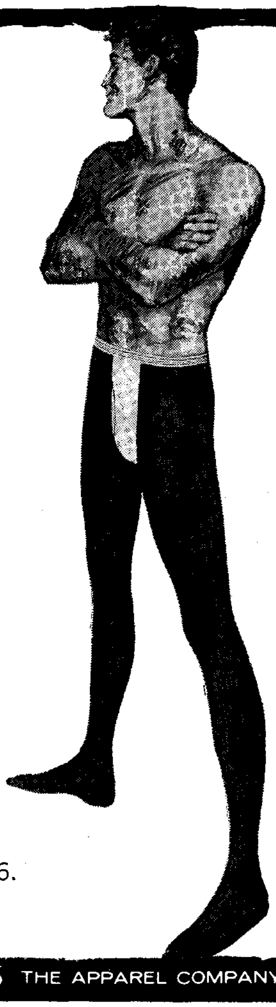

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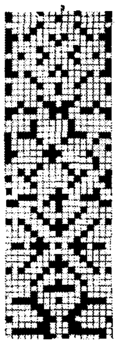

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Wilson-Roosevelt internationalism, and having lived through the disaster of appeasement in the inter-war years, they came to regard themselves as "tough-minded idealists," as "realists with vision," and, above all, as practitioners of collective security against aggression. What the United Nations could not do the United States could and would do, with allies if possible, alone if necessary. We, after all, were the ones who bore the burden of the "responsibilities of power." It was up to us, if all else failed, to curb aggression at its outset, to accept whatever sacrifices had to be made in order to defend the "free world" against the new Communist predator. We, in effect, were the successors to an enfeebled United Nations, and were forced by fate and circumstance to endure the glory and agony of power.

In this heady frame of reference, Vietnam and its consequences might be conceived as the ripe harvest of the American era of romantic "realism." Primarily, no doubt, because of its military failures, the war in Vietnam has brought many Americans to an awareness of the sham idealism of the "responsibilities of power," and of the inadequacies of the new "realism" once it is stripped of its romantic façade. Many young Americans, and some older ones, are appalled not only by the horrors of the Vietnam war but by the deterministic philosophy, espoused by the intellectuals who came into government in the sixties, of a permanent, purposeless struggle for power and advantage. We seem to be discovering once again that without a moral purpose and frame of reference there can be no such thing as "advantage."

America may be coming near to the closing of a circle. Having begun the postwar period with the idealism of the United Nations Charter, we retreated in disillusion to the "realism" of the Cold War, to the Truman Doctrine and its consummation in Vietnam, easing the transition by telling ourselves that we were not really abandoning the old values at all but simply applying them in more practical ways. Now, having failed most dismally and shockingly, we are beginning to cast about for a new set of values. The American people, if not their leaders, have come near to recognizing the failure of romantic, aggressive "realism," although a new idealism has yet to take its place. Perhaps we will settle for an old idealism—the one we conceived and commended to the world but have never tried.

—J. William Fulbright

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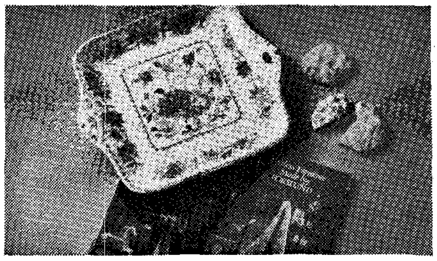
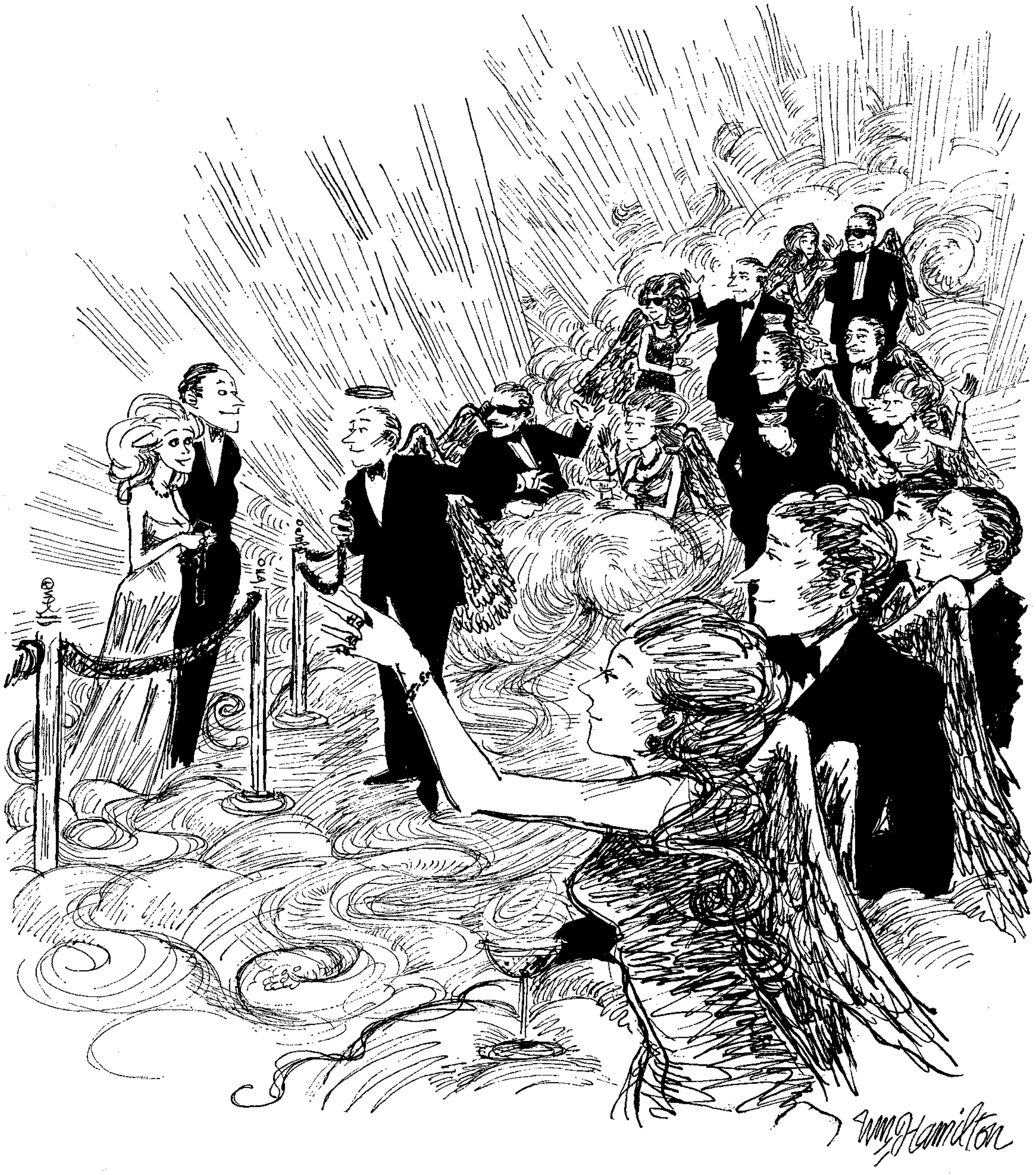


THE THEATRE

UNHELPFUL FRIENDS

"Fun City," at the Morosco, is that rare thing, a play totally without merit. In the presence of a theatrical disaster of this sort, compassion urges one to rummage about in one's mind to recollect *something* capable of being praised, and it is true that Joan Rivers, a star of the show and one of its authors, dons and doffs a very pretty cape of many colors during the course of the evening; I would have been willing to testify to an unqualified admiration for the cape save for the fact that it was used as the occasion for a couple of characteristically tiresome gags, and so lost much beauty in my eyes. Everything else I beheld, from actors too old for the parts they were called on to play—Miss Rivers was pretending to be in her twenties, and her co-star Gabriel Dell, was pretending to be in his thirties—to a setting, by Ralph Alswang, too banal even for the upper West Side liberal middle-class white squalor it was supposed to epitomize, filled me with dismay. Shrill, silly, and stale, "Fun City" stumbled on through its two acts on opening night with no seeming awareness of how crushingly talentless it was; the actors could not even fall back upon racing through their terrible lines—that always touching and welcome sign of panic—because, unluckily for them and their audience, they had been racing through them from the moment the curtain went up. Which is to say that the director, Jerry Adler, had been able to think of nothing more original than exaggerated pace to save the play, and it hadn't worked. Neither, I may add, did the continuous shouting and mugging by all hands, nor such sight gags as Miss Rivers inadvertently sitting on a hot electric heater or Mr. Dell attempting to saw off one of his legs.

The plot of "Fun City"? Leave it at this—that it has to do with a militant young woman who wishes to reform the world at large and New York in particular and who is living with a musician who wishes only to reform her, and then only to the extent of getting her to marry him and have children. The theme of the play is that, despite appearances, New York is really a crackerjack place, and we all ought to get in there and fight hard to keep it going. I am a friend of New York and I am determined to do everything I can to help it, but God forbid that I should ever find myself on the barricades with such of its champions as the authors of "Fun City." (Besides Miss Rivers, the authors are Lester Colodny and Edgar Rosenberg.) They could make a Hackensack of Eden, with Eve a shrew and Adam all acne. —Brendan Gill



"Oh, Freddy! I just knew it would be like this!"

U.S. JOURNAL: EAST HAMPTON, L.I.

FRICTION

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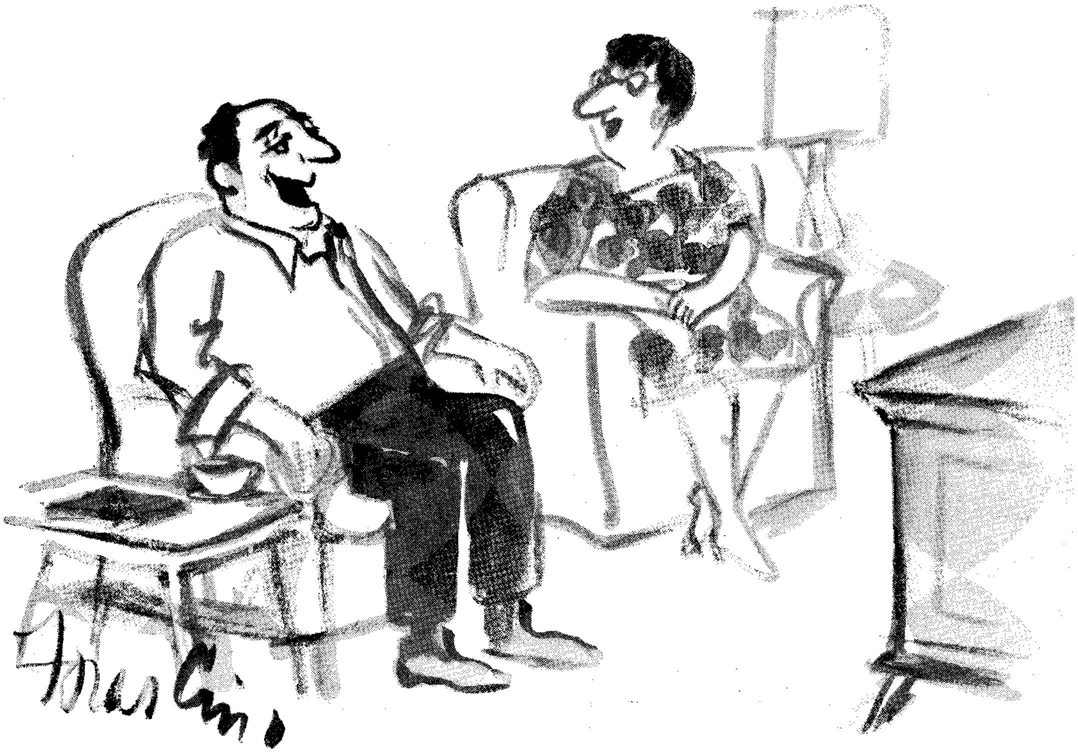
WHEN people in East Hampton talk about the library, they usually refer to its board of managers as the Ladies. I have also heard the board referred to as the Old Ladies and the Sixteen Presbyterian Ladies—neither of which descriptions can be taken literally, since not all of them are old and some of them must be Episcopalians. In the terms often used to identify people in East Hampton, they are mostly Main Street people and partly summer people. The summer people referred to are not the artistic types who have come to the tip of Long Island in increasing numbers since the war—the Abstract Expressionist painters and the New York intellectuals and the people who think of themselves as kindred spirits of painters and intellectuals—but the kind of New York society people of relentless breeding who have been coming to East Hampton for the summers since the eighteen-seventies. Summer people of that kind are sometimes called the Maidstone crowd, after a club that has managed to maintain its social purity so well that it is known mainly for the worldly accomplishments of those who would not be permitted to belong. The Maidstone crowd may not be the kind of summer people who use the library constantly or write books that are included in its collection, but they are the kind who paid to have the library built. Early in the century, a site was donated on Main Street—a street that had long been noted for weathered-shingle saltbox houses and pre-Revolutionary windmills—and it was decided that the appropriate structure would be a brick building modelled on the architecture of the Kentish village from which the first East Hampton settlers had come, the purist instincts of the Maidstone crowd having traditionally surfaced in genealogy rather than in architecture. Once the library was established, there was always plenty of room on its board for the Main Street people, particularly those who were members of what the summer people like to call old East Hampton families—a sort of gentry who run the real-estate and insurance and construction companies and share with the Maidstone crowd a reverence for the Protestant Church and the Republican Party and the precise date on which one's ancestors made it across.

As the library's board of managers, the Ladies had a right to ask for the director's resignation and to deny her a hearing or a list of complaints and to fire her outright if she refused to resign—all of which they did this fall. The East Hampton Free Library is a private institution that accepts some money from the public-school district but no interference from the public. The director had no job protection beyond an agreement by both parties to give two months' notice. Who would make a fuss about respectable people dismissing an employee? The other kind of summer people, of course. Some of them—particularly the writers among them—have become what East Hampton residents call year-round summer people, available for even those local disputes that take place after Labor Day. The writers tend to feel strongly not only about the importance of fair treatment for employees but about the importance of having a well-run library nearby, and the Ladies themselves acknowledge that Joan Ford is an excellent librarian. Those who came to Mrs. Ford's defense were people like the critic Dwight Macdonald, who argued that both Mrs. Ford and the public had a right to know why, after three and a half years of employment, she had been dismissed "as unceremoniously as an unsatisfactory housemaid." After some negotiation, it was decided that Macdonald and two other year-round summer people—Arthur Roth and David Ignatow—could meet with some of the Ladies and seek an explanation.

NO one concerned with library fund-raising was sufficiently foresighted to arrange to charge admission to the confrontation between Dwight Macdonald and the Ladies, so the meeting was private. As it turned out, the cross-cultural high point was provided not by Macdonald but by Ignatow, a poet, whose response to the charge that Mrs. Ford had refused to put up a "No Bare Feet" sign in the library was to

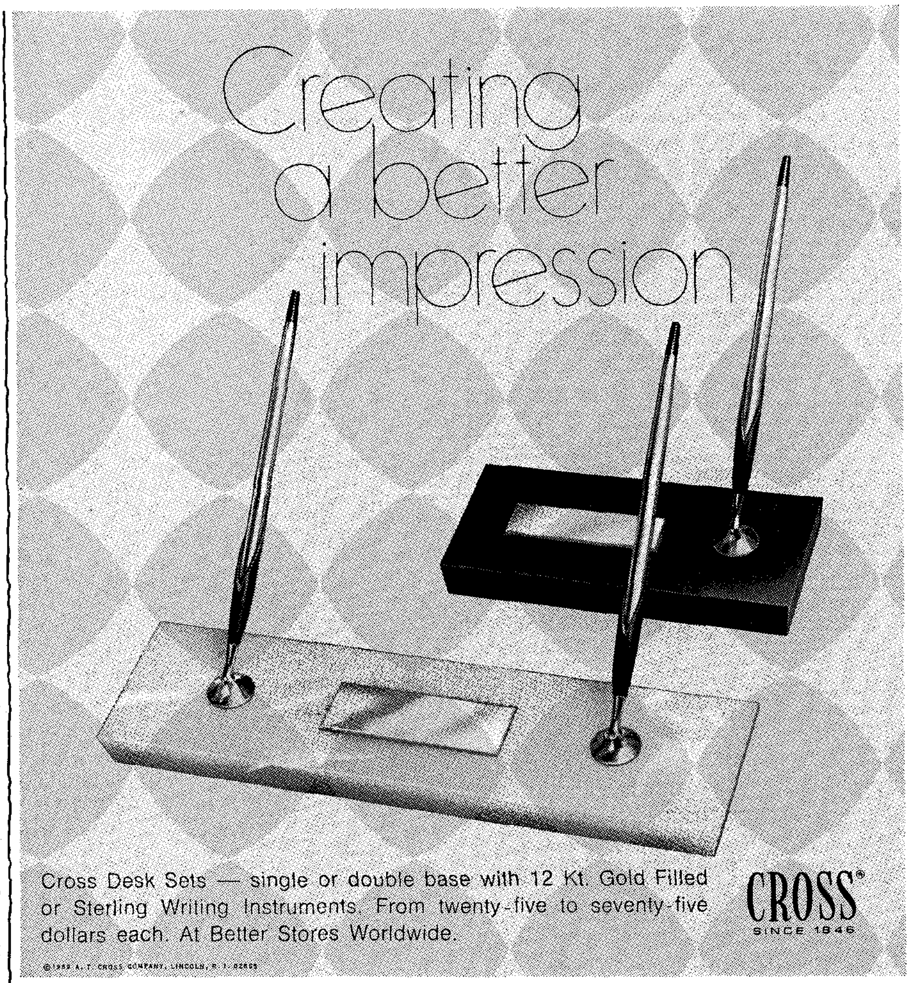


"How come you laugh only when the laugh track laughs?"

inform those present that the hands and the feet are sacred. "I did notice that one of the Ladies glanced down at her hands for a moment," one of the survivors said later.

Since the Ladies insisted that they were under no obligation to disclose their reasons for firing Mrs. Ford, the meeting provided the public with few details of the friction beyond the bare-feet incident. It was not long, though, before any citizen with an interest in the dispute could recite an unofficial list of complaints. It was said, for instance, that the Ladies had not been delighted with a "No Silence" sign that Mrs. Ford had put up behind the main desk—a sign distributed by a library magazine as part of a campaign by some modern librarians to change the public's notion of libraries as forbidding places guarded by mean ladies in spectacles. It also became known that a member of the library's men's advisory board, a summer person named Malcolm Aldrich, had complained of the potential for civil disorder contained in another of Mrs. Ford's wall decorations—a poster saying "To sin by silence when they should protest makes cowards of men.—Abraham Lincoln." The Ladies had made no secret about not being pleased by what Mrs. Ford had been writing in a column called "In the Book Bag" that she did regularly for the East Hampton *Star*. They were particularly put off by the column's use of a word that only the other kind of summer people would use in mixed company and by a column suggesting that those who shared the columnist's horror at the events in Attica should educate themselves by checking out such books as "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" and "Soul on Ice." According to the talk around town, the Ladies believed that Mrs. Ford had been brusque with potential donors of books and had been too insistent about raising salaries—not just her own but everyone's. Some people say that she put up a couple of her inflammatory posters in the place that had previously been reserved for a painting of "Home, Sweet Home"—an old East Hampton house that, according to the town's true believers, is the building referred to in the song of the same name. Of course, the Ladies' official silence left the impression that Mrs. Ford must have been guilty of some hideous misdeed too scandalous to mention. No one knew precisely what misdeed, but in East Hampton in the winter there is plenty of time for creative guessing.

Not that the bare-feet issue is con-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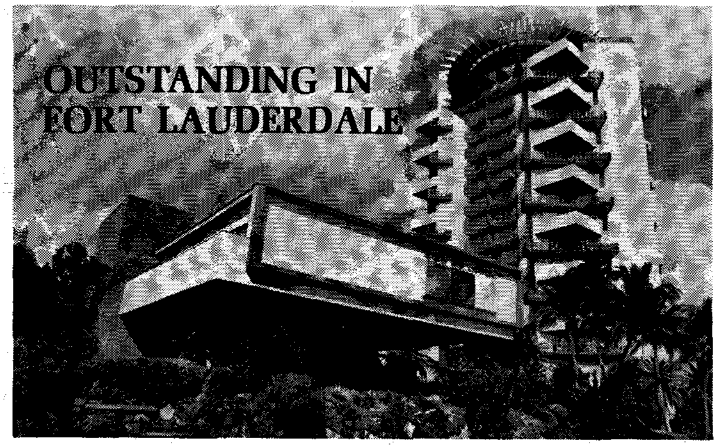

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J. D. Browne
Ghirardelli Square 900 North Point
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sidered trivial in East Hampton. To some residents, bare feet are symbols of the kind of people—groupies, freaks, potential patrons of garish hot-dog stands—who might swarm into East Hampton any day to mar its serene beauty and lower its property values. Mrs. Ford had been willing to follow the example of a shopkeeper who, apparently being a moderate on the issue, had put up a sign reading "Bare Feet Are Your Responsibility"—in case, she said, "someone does something like drop Webster's Third on his foot." But protection against liability was hardly what the Ladies were talking about.

The desire to preserve East Hampton by turning back the barbarian hordes is not limited to the Maidstone crowd, although they had an early start at it. ("Six miles to the railroad keeps off the outside rabble," said an 1891 newspaper item quoted in the fiftieth-anniversary book of the Maidstone Club.) No elderly society lady is more intent than some of the newly arrived liberal intellectuals about protecting the natural peace and beauty of East Hampton from people—or, at least, from other people. Zeal about zoning laws does not vary according to a property owner's views on the Vietnam war or the Nixon Administration. The summer resort best known for denying non-property-owning rabble access to its beaches is not some snobbish retreat of the Maidstone types but Martha's Vineyard, the summer home of noted writers and liberal intellectuals and civil libertarians. The intellectuals in East Hampton do differ from some of the more conservative residents, though, in realizing that the advance guard of the barbarians is no longer easily distinguishable by appearance from people properly inside the gates. Apparently, the visitors who took advantage of Mrs. Ford's refusal to ban unshod reading were mainly the children of the Maidstone crowd.

IN America, it is normal for the residents of any community—backwoods village or sophisticated summer resort—to see whatever problem the community has as less damaging than a story about it in an out-of-town paper would be. (Several years ago, when the government finally decided to give some free food stamps to a few counties with the worst malnutrition problems, the editorial on the subject in the newspaper of one of the counties affected proclaimed not that the hungry would now be fed but that being designated as a county of serious mal-

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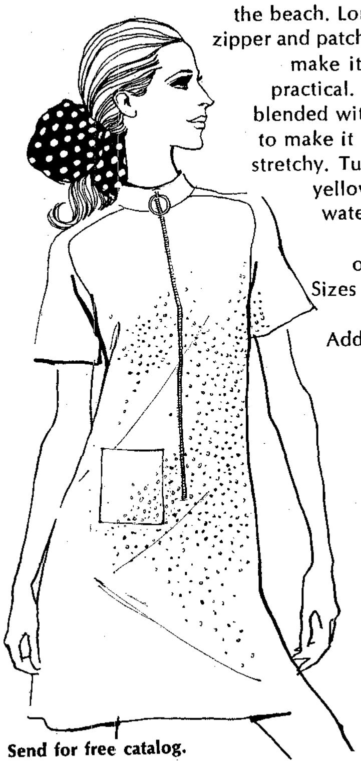

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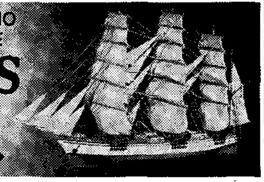

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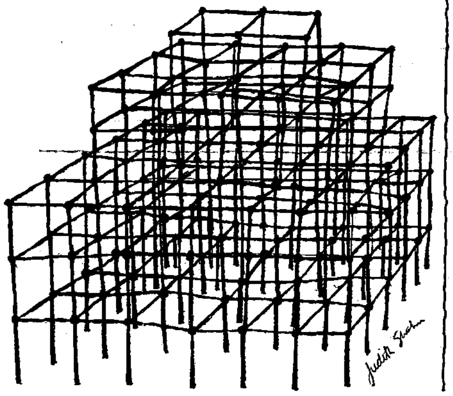
nutrition was bad publicity.) When it comes to something like the firing of a librarian, the citizenry assumes that those in authority must have had good reason for doing whatever they did ("The board of managers—16 women known in the community for their prudence and public service—are entitled at least to the presumption they did not act capriciously or without due consideration," one citizen wrote to the *Star*), and that even if they were unwise in some minor ways they are less deserving of blame than the people who insisted on turning the matter into such a noisy row. Judging from the conversation around town, people in East Hampton are less troubled at the thought of their library's being run by a board that is frightened of Abraham Lincoln than they are at the thought of *Newsday's* making fun of that. As the New York Library Association began an inquiry, and arguments by literary figures began to make the letters column of the *Star* resemble the letters column of the *Partisan Review*, townspeople were increasingly concerned about bad publicity—a particularly sensitive subject since East Hampton was also in the news because of threats by health officials to evict some eccentric relatives of Jacqueline Onassis, Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, from an unkempt house they had lived in peacefully for years. "The press is already wallowing in the Beale House banquet; how glorious for them that they can also gorge at the groaning board of the Library Board," said a letter to the *Star* from Jean Stafford, who held that the ruckus had been caused by the "bandwagon people" rather than by the Ladies. "We will be charged with inclemency, high-handedness, injustice. Instead of being visited by freaks, we will be visited because we are freaks."

THE Ladies seem to have no complaints against Mrs. Ford more horrifying than those that have found their way into the open. When they



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imply that the trivial details dredged up by their critics are not the real reason for the firing, they apparently mean not that unmentioned details are more shocking but that the friction they suffered from is not easily described to outsiders. The Ladies had been accustomed to dealing with head librarians who were also bridge partners. Mrs. Ford is a candid young woman who uses words like "hassle" and "uptight" and sometimes showed up for work in a miniskirt. Many times—when she argued for higher salaries, for instance, or when she did not take the request for a "No Bare Feet" sign seriously, or when she suggested that the director of the library should actually attend the board meetings instead of leaving politely after her monthly report—what seemed professional to Mrs. Ford must have seemed tactless or even insubordinate to the Ladies. Mrs. Ford and the Ladies did have conflicting notions of what a library is (the board's annual reports talk about the beauty and prestige of the library; Mrs. Ford erected one sign that said "This Is a Library: Feel Free"), and they did have difficulty communicating well enough to resolve them (whenever a board member told her that a complaint had been received about, say, one of her columns, Mrs. Ford would reply that if the complainant wanted to discuss it he could talk to her face to face—although, in the indirect way that boards of Ladies usually go about such matters, the complainant probably *was* talking to her face to face at that moment). The Ladies had apparently thought that Mrs. Ford would resign long before they felt it necessary to dismiss her. What she considered the kind of friction a professional librarian might expect with a conservative board in a small town they presumably thought of as a situation that anyone would find intolerable. It was, after all, an unpleasant situation, and who would want to remain in an unpleasant situation?

Why, after three and a half years, did the Ladies finally decide that the friction was intolerable? There are some people in East Hampton who believe that the column on Attica was the final blow—that the Ladies and their male advisers knew they could never get away with banning books like "Soul on Ice" from the library, but couldn't stand the idea of the librarian actually calling them to everyone's attention. But the traditional way to analyze events in East Hampton is not through politics but through real estate. When I asked people in East Hampton why the authorities had final-

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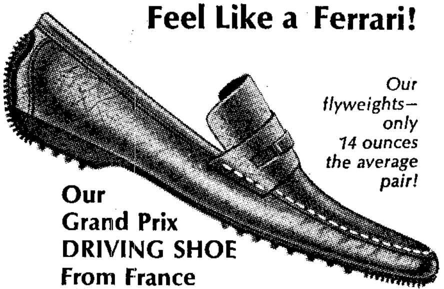

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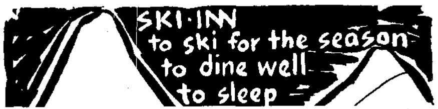

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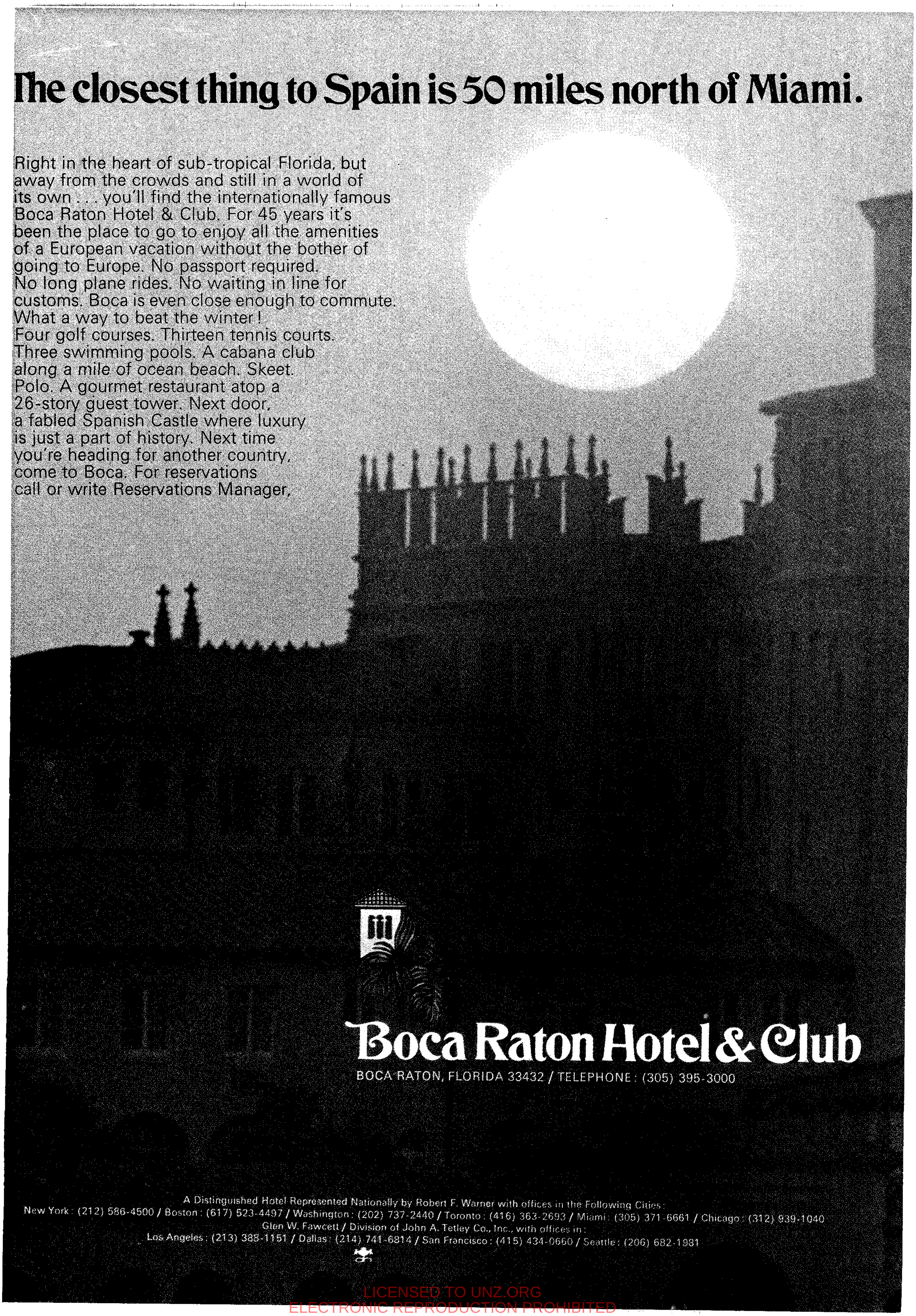
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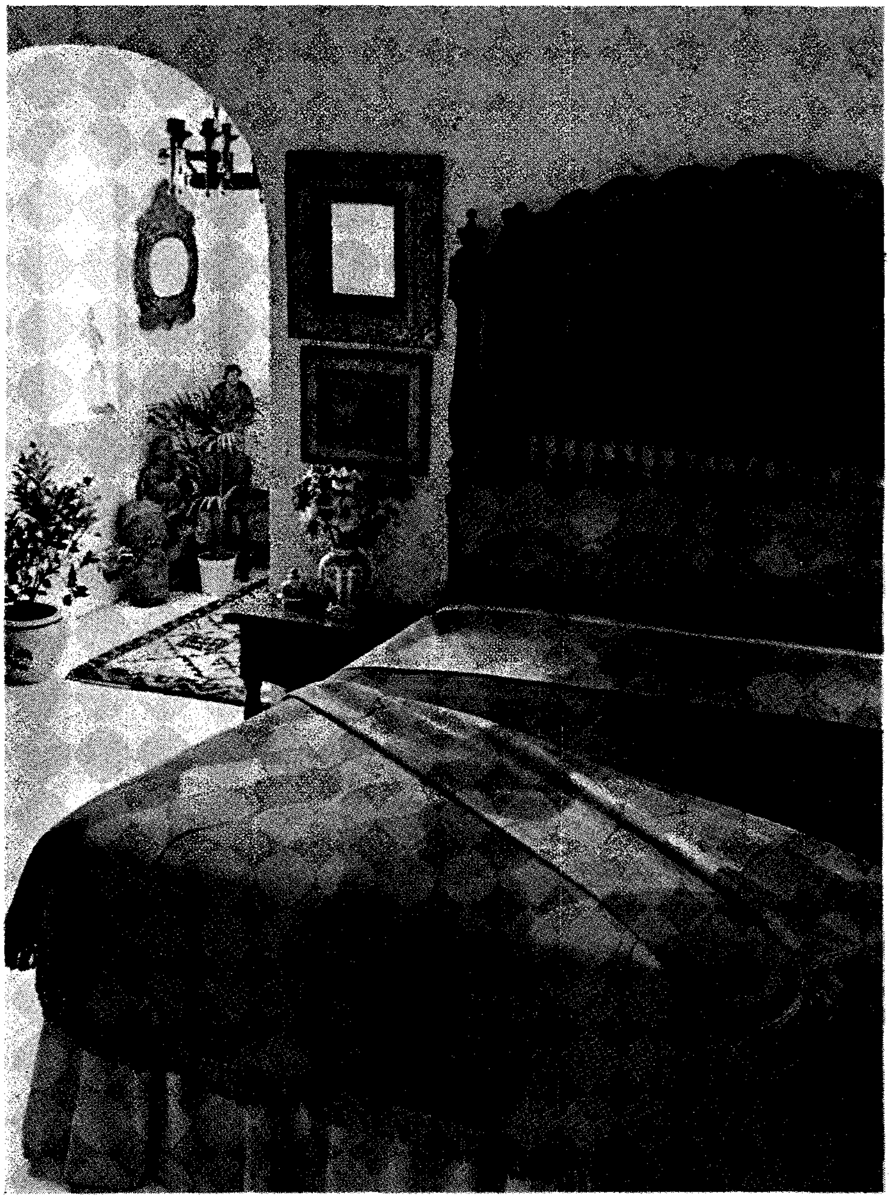

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Cannon® Seven Seas in azure blue, fire red, cinnamon. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., N.Y. 10020 ly decided to get strict with the Beales, for instance, the answer I most often got was a very simple one that had nothing to do with local politics or degrees of tolerance or standards of sanitation: "Somebody must want the house." Last summer, a businessman I know in the Midwest asked me what writers in New York talk about, and I had to inform him that if someone eavesdropped at that moment on the conversation of those at the center of the Eastern literary world—which someone might do by going to East Hampton and pretending to chase a beach ball in their direction—he would *find* that they were talking about real estate. The businessman was disappointed, but people in East Hampton—summer or year-round—take such truths for granted.

The real estate involved in the library controversy is a gray shingled house that stands right next to the library—a house that was bequeathed to the library thirty years ago. During Mrs. Ford's tenure, it had been rented to an elderly couple, and last spring the woman died. Mrs. Ford, who lives, with her husband and children, in a small rented house some miles from the library, suggested during the summer that the house next to the library be rented to her and her family, since it was obviously too large for one person. The Ladies apparently considered the request unseemly, but that didn't precipitate the crisis; even the most sheltered of East Hampton residents have been exposed to unseemliness in real-estate matters. The problem appears to have developed when the widower moved out of the house of his own accord. The Ladies then were forced to make the decision of whether or not to rent the house to the Fords. In East Hampton, a person given a raise in salary may still choose to leave someday, and the same is true of a person given an impressive title or ideal working conditions. But real estate is a different matter. Anybody who has ever lived in East Hampton would assume that once Mrs. Ford occupied the gray house she would never resign. A few days after it became empty, she was dismissed.

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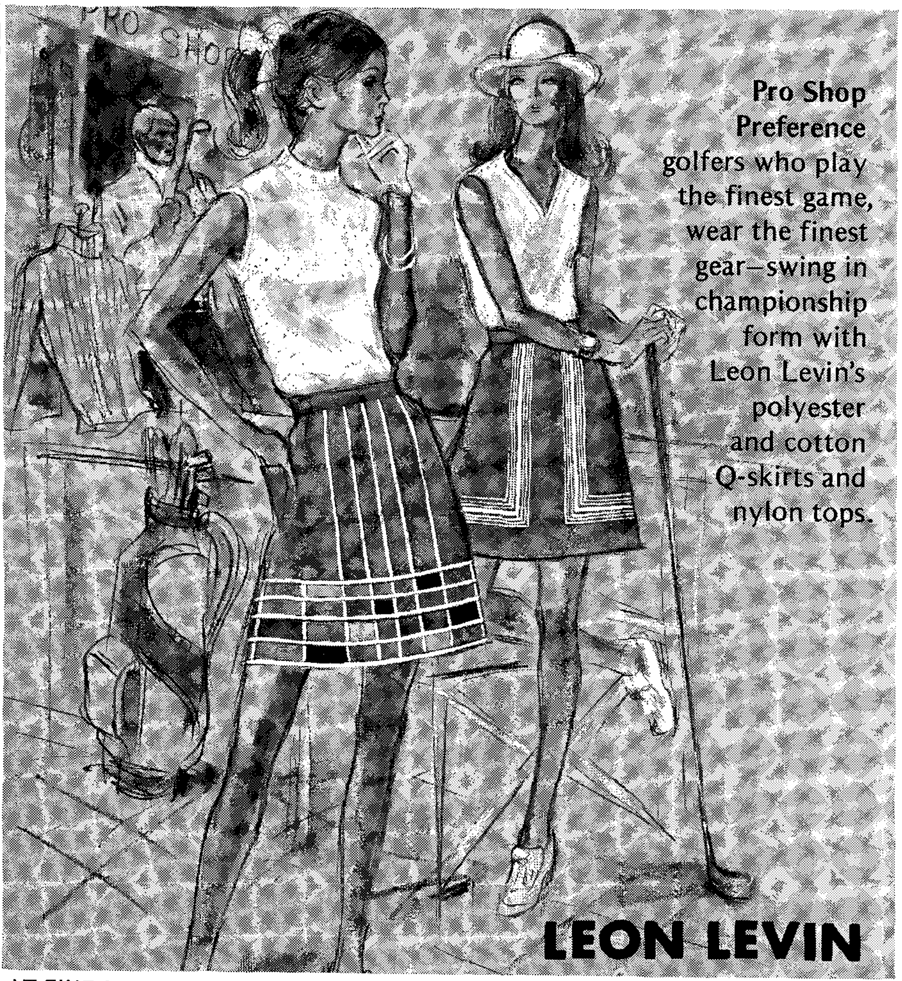
—CALVIN TRILLIN



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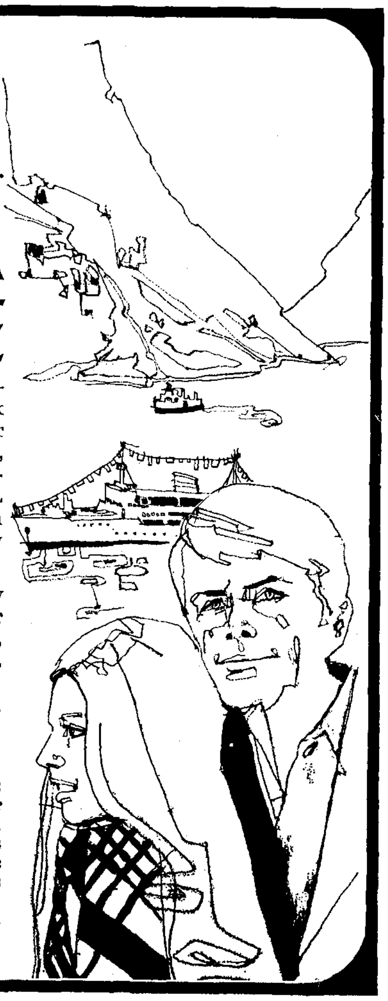

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I THING

APPROACHING THE ORACLE: Traditionally, the oracle is approached by seizing bean sprouts, which are slipped between the fingers of the left hand, after which the fingers are counted. If the total is five, it means that the oracle is favorably disposed and will not condemn the supplicant without a hearing.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE:

The consultation itself involves asking a question in a whining voice while plucking the petals from three daisies. An odd number of petals, resulting in "She loves me," counts as yang, while an even number, "She loves me not," is yin. Eight possible trigrams may be formed by this procedure. This means that there are only eight possible answers to all questions; for this reason, the answers are vague to the point of irresponsibility. The applicant will find, however, that the oracle has not been dormant throughout the millennia but has tried to keep up with philosophical and technological developments. This will account for such modern concepts as "pencil sharpener" and "guilt."

It is not uncommon for a wrong answer to be given. This may come from imperfect concentration, either on your own part or on the part of the oracle, which has been listening to cases for seven thousand years and may confuse you with someone else. But bearing in mind that yang is always on the point of changing into yin, or vice versa ("She loves me" can easily become "She loves me not," as the oracle knows only too well), it may be enough to know that since any pattern can change into any other, one cannot go wrong—at least, not forever.[1]

THE TRIGRAMS:

1. SUCCESS BEYOND WILDEST DREAMS

☺ ☺ ☺ *She loves me/She loves me/She loves me*

Departure of the brother-in-law.
The cow has milked herself.
His cat adoringly brings him a half-dead bird.
It furthers one to wear a false face.

Obstructions suddenly disappear; the brother-in-law takes himself off. The image is of a completely unexpected and undeserved good fortune, verging on the miraculous. This condition, although hoped for, becomes unbearable. One is entrusted with a damaged bird, representing another person's problem. The superior man recognizes that he is unequal to the occasion, and pretends to be someone else until normal bad luck returns.

2. INDIGESTION

☺ ☺ ☹ *She loves me/She loves me/She loves me not*

One rests in the cradle, like a telephone.
Preening and gorging.
The owner lurks with an abacus.
Misfortune and vomiting bring relief.

The child has been shamefully coddled by his mother; he grows up to be monstrous. He takes extra helpings; no one can stand him. Even as an adult, he recites dates.[2] What is one to do with such a person? What if one *is* such a person?

3. THE INEPT

☺ ☹ ☺ *She loves me/She loves me not/She loves me*

The king approaches and gratuitously falls down.
One tries to insert a banana into a pencil sharpener.
Nothing furthers.
Do not be stupid for ten years.

Precisely at the moment when all seems well, one makes a hideously humiliating public display. Neither are one's private displays very rewarding. Judgment is faulty: Why should one wish to sharpen a banana? Things are too yin for words. For the time being, it is best to do only negative things; giving up all of one's friends is a good idea. Later, one will attract new friends like flies.

4. PREPONDERANCE OF THE CHEEKBONES

☺ ☹ ☹ *She loves me/She loves me not/She loves me not*

A passable wine has been made from saliva.
The great man's cheekbones terrify the people.
He drinks his own wine, but the doctors will not let him be sick.

The image is of a person who has done a remarkable, even an impossible, thing. He can hardly believe his own success. Now he would like to do something else, but it is not permitted. When he tries to utter pitiful groans, they are mistaken for pretentious throat-clearings. Everything furthers. It is sad.

5. THE ABYSMAL

☹ ☹ ☹ *She loves me not/She loves me not/She loves me not*

The son seizes the horse and gallops away—ho, ho!
Women are roaring in the streets.
The eavesdropper hardens his heart.[3]
The son returns—oh, oh!

One has been overthrown and one's belongings are confiscated, but one is philosophical about this. The image of women roaring in the streets suggests that one's values are out of date. Peace is shattered by the son's return, apparently without the horse. He could not make it on his own, and is prepared to live with one again as a special favor.

6. THE STEWING POT (INSULTING TREATMENT)

☹ ☹ ☺ *She loves me not/She loves me not/She loves me*

He walks on all fours.
The toothless maiden passes him by.
One is indentured and made to wear a false beard.
Darkness and overheating.
Good fortune at the end.

Because one is modest, others accept that one is inferior. The toothless maiden—gratification unaccompanied by danger—is not available. One acquires a widow; she pastes the beard of her former husband on one's chin. She carries one about in her stewing pot (handbag). Why is one not permitted to keep a concubine? The superior man steadfastly endures humiliation and security. When old age comes, he will crawl to the marketplace and wink at the girls.

7. CORRUPTION

☹ ☺ ☹ *She loves me not/She loves me/She loves me not*

I ate pebbles when I was small.
The great man receives a wreath of bean sprouts.
He pours sand into his son's ear.
My face drops into the soup. No one takes it out.
Remorse.

Early neglect has strengthened a person's determination. Although he achieves honor and wealth, he remains boastful and envious, like the worst type of hamster. He persecutes young people. When he is exposed as a corrupt and greedy person who steals soup, no one will further him.

---

[1] But since only the oracle lives forever, it *is* possible to go wrong throughout one's entire life. Therefore great care should be exercised.

[2] In another version, he *eats* dates, but disaster follows in either case.

[3] Schlemmer thinks this should be translated as "hardens his *hat*."

8. THE HORIZONTAL

☹ ☺ ☺ *She loves me not/She loves me/She loves me*

Guilt in the nostrils.
Perseverance in undertaking sleep furthers.
He is judged by his dog. Danger.
He throws sticks and is further furthered.
No blame.

One is almost suffocated by the smell of successful brothers and sisters. One ceases arguing and lies down. To be judged by one's dog is not to be judged at all, but one must not forget to provide amusement (throw sticks). Thus the superior man keeps himself in shape, ready for whatever the future may fail to bring. —J. B. HANDELSMAN

•

NOMAD

There is no trace I
Have mislaid the usual footprints
Dog-eared pages love
Letters even the alphabet moves
By a lost map   Someone
Must have come here to say this   What

As though something
Salt
Had stopped following
Me

Once I remember
I said *The light in the walls*
Is dying
But what did that mean

Nothing
A sort of music

And I remember
The cracks in their faces my eyes
Forget
The shapes of disgust

It had something to do
With the dust of cities
Settling   Was there
Water

Well I have given
Mirages to those who asked
Passing   They never came back
Perhaps
They were real

But I can tell there is only one
Direction
And the stones with their past
Lead everywhere

—DABNEY STUART

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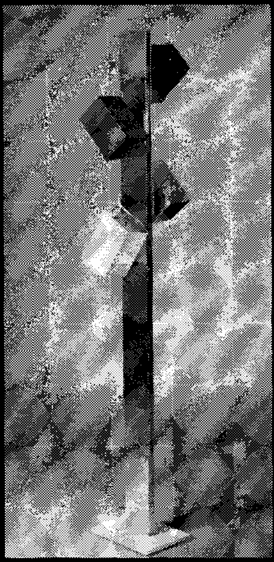

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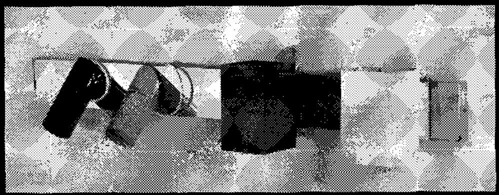

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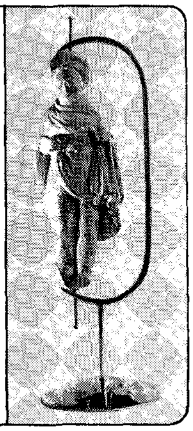

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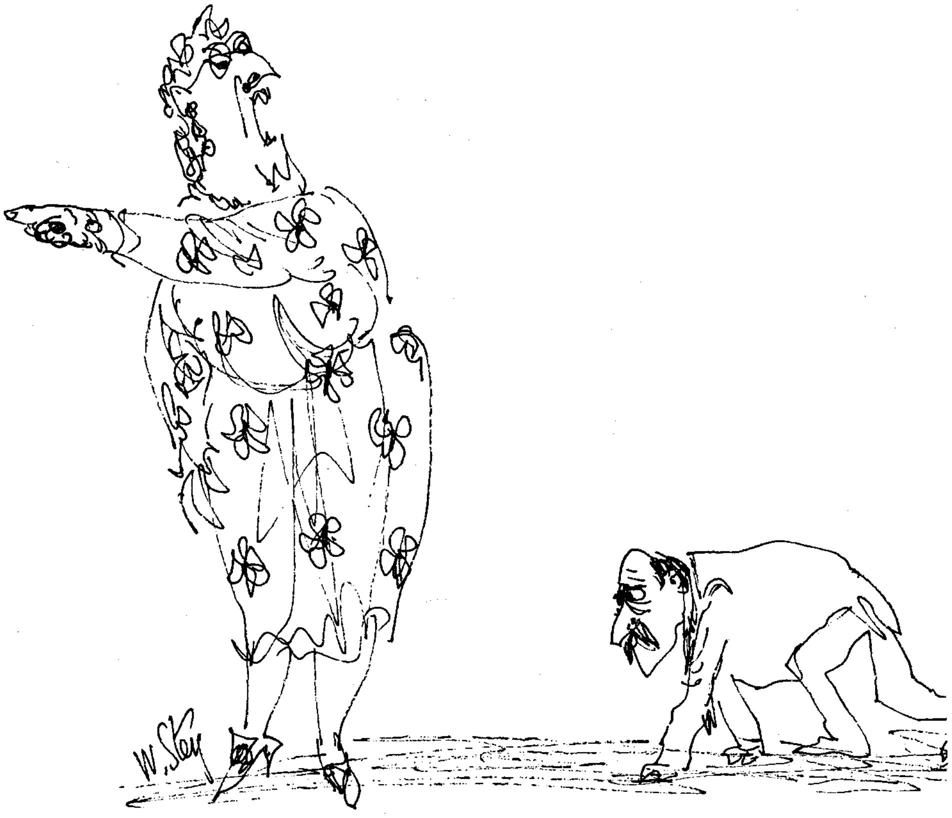
HOSPITAL jokes are like Polish jokes: they're sick, and dumb as hell, and they all have the same point, but you can't help laughing at them. "The Hospital," written by Paddy Chayefsky and directed by Arthur Hiller, is mostly one big hospital joke, and, terrible as it is in just about every way, it's one of the few enjoyable new movies. Low comedy, to be sure, but funny and lively. If one took the movie's social observations too seriously, it would be easy to be offended by the way the community-action groups who are picketing the hospital are presented. And Chayefsky cheats on the very material that gets laughs by introducing a lunatic posing as a staff doctor in order to account for much of the confusion and incompetence we've been laughing at. This is false to why we laugh: probably everyone in the theatre knows that no madman is necessary to account for the foul-ups and neglect and bureaucratic impersonality in a big-city hospital. But the movie is an exaggeration of what we know or have heard or suspect—the way farces about the Army or other institutions are—and the nut on the loose is an acceptable convention of this genre, though the director, pedestrianly sane, doesn't do too well by this nut. But the silly movie has enough verve to ride right over its weaknesses. Chayefsky uses his doctor-hero (George C. Scott) to lecture us with what sound suspiciously like the author's sentiments. And the author throws in some antique dramaturgy: the doctor is in a suicidal crisis and requires Diana Rigg, as a cool kook, to restore him to himself—and to potency.

The only thing that saves this stuff is that it is played for comedy, and Scott has such good timing he gets laughs on atrocious, youth-baiting lines. Is it possible that he is turning into a great spangled ham, who is at his best in hokum? He's brilliant in this—even when the doctor is called upon to make wretched speeches about his domestic problems and the meaning of his work. I doubt if there's another actor in the country who could carry off those speeches, but I don't think one should necessarily conclude that Scott could be great in a great role. He may be the king of the bums. He achieves these sensational effects by being so tense and high-strung that he dominates the screen; his bravura is so startling in this generally naturalistically acted piece that we're knocked out of our seats in admiration, but I can't think of very many good roles in which this kind of domination wouldn't look like hammy hokum. Luckily, it's just what Chayefsky's entertaining potboiler needs.

"THE BOY FRIEND" might have been a lovely little movie, gently mocking the Victorian soul under the John Held, Jr., look, and with that bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heartbreakingly winning. Sandy Wilson's show, produced first in London in 1953 and then on Broadway, with Julie Andrews, the next year, is a parody of the cheerfully imbecilic clichés of American and British musicals of the pre-twenties and twenties. The heroine, Polly, is a poor little rich girl who falls in love—on the Riviera—with a poor boy who turns out to be a lord's son incognito. To make this sort of *faux-naïf* pastiche work, one must not only point up the clichés but reactivate them, so that the audience can laugh affectionately at the lost naïveté of the outmoded plot conventions and yet still feel the romance and sweetness in them. The distancing must be very delicate, because if the production tries to make the present audience feel superior by suggesting that audiences of the past really believed in those conventions, the romance dies. If the past is merely patronized—if we're never caught up in a new tenderness toward what is being parodied, never feel a quickening of sympathy for the daydreams of the past—the show is cold camp instead of delicious camp.

Ken Russell, who made the movie version, is not an affectionate director, and even before seeing the film one knew that he radically lacks innocence, and that without innocence "The Boy Friend" was not likely to have much charm. Still, the show is basically about love of theatre, and I hoped that even if he turned it into cold camp, he might reveal some feeling for musical-comedy traditions. Though one might have guessed from his earlier movies that his desire to impress and shock was stronger than his love of theatre, I was still unprepared for what he has done to "The Boy Friend." The theatre people in it are petty and self-centered and older than you think. The show is no longer a parody that is also love's tribute to the past; it has become the basis for a harsh anti-show-business satire.

Russell is the most recklessly eclectic movie director now at work; he tosses together styles and ideas without bothering to integrate them. He has pumped up the Sandy Wilson show with theatrical conceits that distance it several times over. The original musical is now a tacky matinée performance being put on by a seedy provincial company managed by Max Adrian and being witnessed by a Hollywood director (Vladek Sheybal), who fantasizes how he will convert it into a big movie musical, while the performers upstage each



other and make whores and asses of themselves trying to capture his attention. And in enlarging the scope of the parody to include movie musicals of the thirties Russell has added a framing story in which Twiggy (making her movie début) is a mousy, gawky stage assistant who, in the tradition of "On with the Show" and "42nd Street," goes on as Polly when the star (Glenda Jackson, in a cameo performance) breaks her leg. The movie thus gives Russell the chance to satirize impoverished, desperate-to-make-it-into-the-big-time provincial players as well as an opportunity to stage some pseudo-Busby Berkeley routines. The Sandy Wilson musical is mere grist for Russell's mill, and his wheels never stop turning. He throws in numbers presented as Polly's fantasies and as the theatre manager's dreams of how his show would look if he were staging it for a royal command performance; Russell is an imprecise satirist, and the theatre manager's fantasy life looks just like the Hollywood director's. The production is relentlessly metallic and glittering: all showing off and no generosity. It's an unusually joyless musical, and I think Russell means it to be joyless.

For a director—especially a director making a musical—to be so indifferent to what gives an audience pleasure (Russell may not consider that worth his while) suggests both enormous, confident egotism and a deficiency in ordinary good sense. To take a musical with a story and then kill the story by overelaboration, leaving a collection of musical numbers—a revue without stars—is, theatrically speaking, insanity. Audiences may enjoy musical revues without a story; I certainly do. But for a musical revue you need celebrated, or at least greatly gifted, performers. In this movie, the numbers don't have the variety that star acts provide; we keep looking at the same cast in different sets and costumes, and the film doesn't take hold emotionally. It is a revue showcase for Russell's supposed virtuosity; about midway it becomes compellingly soporific. There isn't a first-class voice in the entire movie, and we can tell how little interest Russell has in the performers from the way the only dancer we're longing to watch—the tall, gangling Tommy Tune—has his best numbers shredded by tricky camera angles. There is an almost suicidal indifference toward the audience in the way Russell fails to develop Twiggy's personality. She sings adequately and dances rather better, but her voice isn't sweet enough for the load of singing

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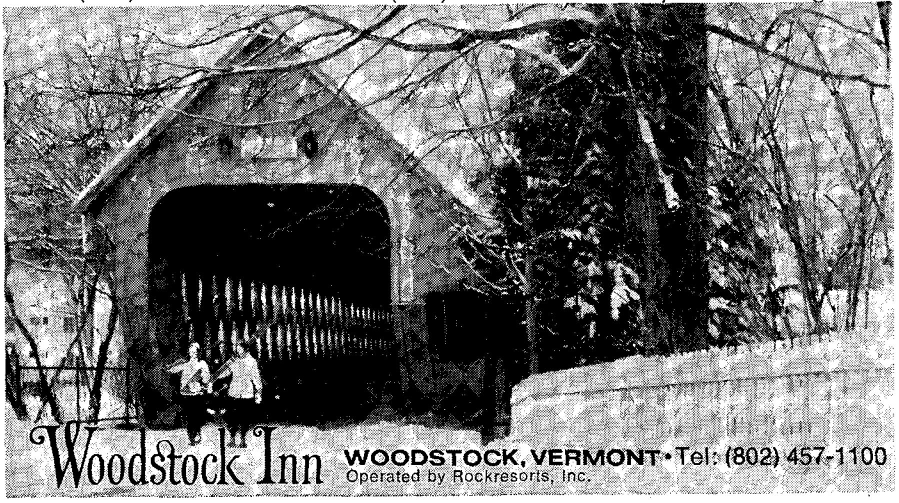

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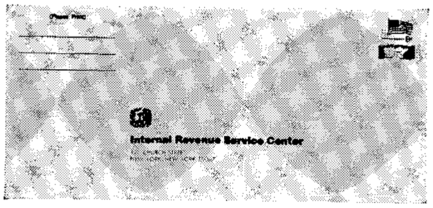

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she's asked to carry, and Russell never opens her character beyond our first view of her. She needs the sort of treatment William Wyler gave Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday;" we wait for the withdrawn little face to become radiant, and it never does, because Russell doesn't make her beautiful from within. Granted that Twiggy may very well not have what Audrey Hepburn proved to have, still she is appealing, and Russell does less to bring out her personality than directors customarily do with untrained children in small parts. He misses out on the tantalizing suggestiveness of Twiggy's still photos: how she seems both a publicity stunt and yet a natural phenomenon—a nymphet version of the glamour queens of the past. In the movie, her pre-pubescent figure in white satin is an almost perverse image; she has the erotic appeal of asexuality. But she isn't given enough help, and when she dances with her boy friend (Christopher Gable) nothing happens. Gable is an abominably vacuous partner for her; there's no spark, no combustion, nothing. I don't think Russell particularly wants us to like Twiggy; he doesn't seem to give a damn about the Cinderella transformation and the romance that might have held the show together. I think his conception is quite the reverse—to have her remain a blank.

Whereas in most movie musicals we could do with less filler between numbers, in this one we learn to appreciate how useful filler is; we're famished for it. Technically, Russell's greatest deficiency is that he doesn't understand the beauty of simplicity. This movie is always doing something; it's never at peace. And a musical needs moments of repose. You don't go to a movie musical for a frenzy of activity; you go hoping that it will make you feel good, that life will become—for a few hours—an exuberant lyric. You go hoping for what Fred Astaire described in "Top Hat"—"And the cares that hung around me through the week/Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak." If there's anything we don't want when we go to a musical comedy, it's to have it turn against itself. That's probably why Russell wanted to do it this way—taking the romance out—but a mean-spirited musical is almost a contradiction in terms. Musicals, at their best, are an apotheosis of romance—the songs and dances are idealized courtship rites, formalized dreams. Musical comedy is never literally believed. There is no myth to puncture; the shows that Sandy Wilson parodied were already deliberately

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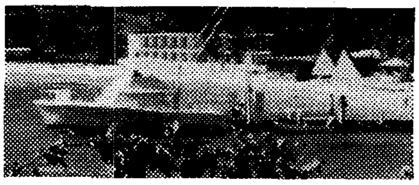

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funny. That probably explains why Russell's interest shifted to an exposé of the performers. If he had started with corny, cheating show-business sentimentality, like the kind that Lenny Bruce epitomized in his classic routine "The Palladium," his approach might make sense, but the material he started with is so harmlessly frivolous that he seems to be debunking the performers out of sheer nastiness. Glenda Jackson, in the small part of the star Twiggy replaces, is the only one who manages both to parody the conventions and to reactivate them—maybe because with her leg in a cast she isn't required to be on the stage carrying on frenetically, like the others. Max Adrian manages to show some music-hall spunk in the "It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love" number, but he is horribly used throughout. Russell's idea of satire is to make the characters stupid or spiritually and physically ugly. The faces in heavy stage makeup are photographed in closeup, so we can see how grotesque they are; a couple of the girls—a cat-eyed, grinning brunette (Antonia Ellis) and a seductively gravel-voiced blonde (Georgina Hale)—are so good that one really resents the way the director puts them down. The intention is mean—satire without wit. The device of having the performers vie with each other for the Hollywood director's attention provides him with an excuse to show how sleazily competitive they are—they have no show-business solidarity, and the aging chorines use the stage as a casting couch. He never shows that even out of this cheap tawdriness some kind of theatrical magic may bloom. The provincial theatre is cruelly empty, with fewer people in the audience than on the stage, and those bored.

From what we can see, all Russell cares about is his own conception. And I don't think it's so hot. He mucks up the original show and doesn't work out his own ideas. (The opening is particularly bad—you feel as if you'd been flung into the middle of something.) Russell was once a ballet dancer, but he's certainly no choreographer. Most of the numbers have no polish or point, and his attempt to reproduce the airborne dance from "Flying Down to Rio" is pathetic. Russell's airplane never gets off the ground—literally as well as figuratively. Busby Berkeley's choreographic engineering was innocently lunatic, and I don't know how it could be parodied, since it was already so naïvely funny. Russell doesn't begin to understand Berkeley well enough to imitate him successfully; he misses out even on the true, homegrown Surreal madness of those routines—the permutations that have no choreographic logic, and the shifts to the utterly unexpected, like a closeup of a bird's nest, with the baby birds popping from their eggs. What Ken Russell thinks is a satire of Busby Berkeley is more like a reprise of the stage show at Radio City Music Hall.

Russell is still young and he's apparently tireless, and because of his facility and his excesses some people have become fascinated by the energy he pours into his destruction bouts against what he apparently thinks are sacred cows (though I doubt if there are any sacred cows for the American audience that now goes to movies). He attacks romanticism with a romantic vengeance. Why? Nostalgic musical-comedy parody is so little the enemy to this generation that the younger audience probably doesn't even recognize that this movie is not it but its reverse. Moviegoers are getting used to being punished; they're reconciled to taking what they can get, and an anti-nostalgic put-down still provides some songs and dances. All Russell has succeeded in doing is to kill most of the pleasure the audience might have had. Russell's future projects are reported to include the life of Sarah Bernhardt, with Barbra Streisand, and the life of Edith Piaf. The thought of how he will muck up the lives of those poor women is discouraging. In his own way, Ken Russell is as unflappable and indefatigable and as wrong-headed as a Stanley Kramer. Do the people who sell him their books take the trouble to look at his movies, or do they leave it all to their agents?

IN what world do movie directors live that they ask us to feel sorry for a well-heeled young married woman in a well-staffed house who is hard put to it to answer a doorbell or get to a party on time? The basis for the suffering of Julie Messinger (Dyan Cannon), the heroine of Otto Preminger's "Such Good Friends," is even more obscure than the basis for the heroine's suffering in "Diary of a Mad Housewife." We are shown Julie's subservience to her demanding son-of-a-bitch husband (Laurence Luckinbill); we see that he exploits her (he doesn't carry packages for her, he leaves her to pay off the taxis while he strides ahead, and so on), and he's sexually indifferent to her, so that she's love-starved and sex-starved, but we never find out what she wants done about it. Why she allows herself to

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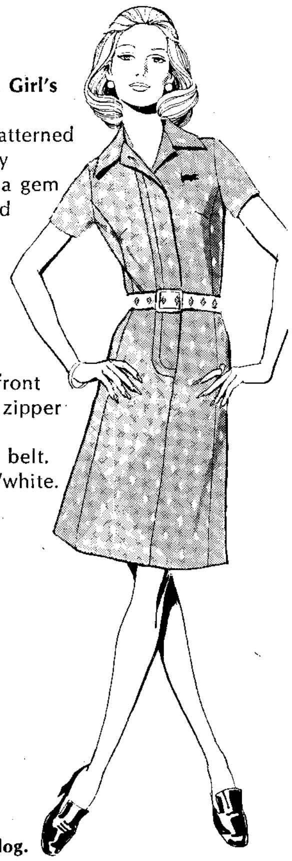

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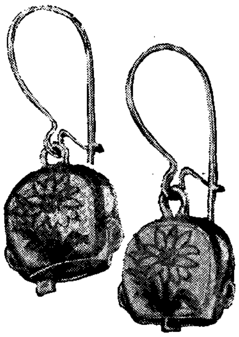

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be used is the missing center of the story; the movie is all peripheral. We get a generalized sense that it is about the dissatisfactions of a masochist, but when Julie's husband is in the hospital and she discovers that he has been unfaithful to her with several of her friends, her only recourse seems to be to abase herself with other men. When she makes snide remarks while an impotent man works away on her, or when she services a fat doctor (James Coco), is she getting even with her husband or proving her independence or just intensifying her masochism? Like "Diary of a Mad Housewife," this movie is caught between making the woman's whining noble and making it filthy-corrupt. Julie obviously feels that she's worthless, but there's not much drama in that unless she's wrong. Since neither the discovery of her husband's infidelity nor his death changes her, there's no clue to what the movie is meant to be about. Her only claim on our interest is some wit—which, however, is muffled by Miss Cannon's monotone delivery.

"Sensitive" is a word that isn't often applied to Preminger; still, one is not prepared for the ugliness of the Jewish jokes here. (The sequence at the hospital in which Julie's friends and relatives who have come to give blood do business first makes the wedding-reception scene in "Goodbye, Columbus" seem almost wholesome.) The script, by Elaine May (under a pseudonym, which is no excuse), is full of that bitchiness which in movies is passed off as Manhattan chic; you're supposed to enjoy it while perceiving how depraved it is. In this movie, it's so sour it really does seem depraved. Everything in this movie does, and for the same reason—sourness. Preminger strips Burgess Meredith—not a young man—down to nothing but a book over his genitals and fails to get the intended laugh. The only time I heard any laughter was when James Coco, who was being undressed by Dyan Cannon, was wrestling to unlace a corset; Preminger squeezes Coco's fat for laughs in an imitation of the way John Avildsen gets laughs out of Allen Garfield in "Cry Uncle." Avildsen was once Preminger's assistant; now Preminger seems to be aping his former student, though he lacks his humor. The rancid fake-smart atmosphere suggests that Otto Preminger is eager to do porno pictures but wants the prestige of a modern-woman's-sensibility picture. He might just as well go all the way; he has become too crude to do anything else.

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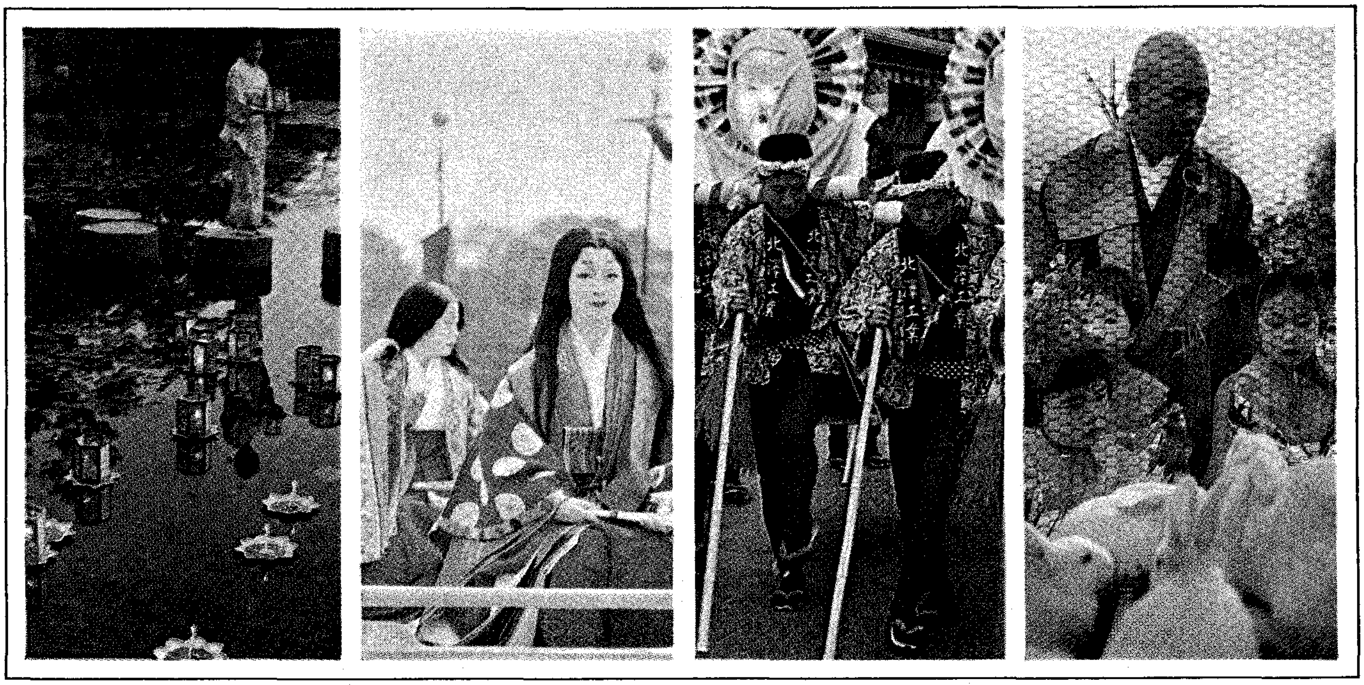

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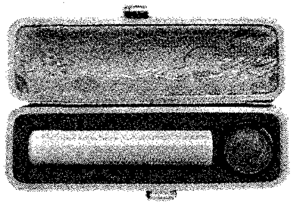

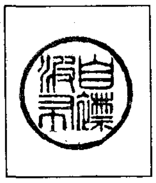

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Joy

KAREL ANCERL, the Czech maestro who has been filling a short engagement as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, is a slim, gray-haired man of sixty-three, who, though he has made appearances here before, is known primarily for his recordings as conductor of the Czech Philharmonic. He is currently musical director of the Toronto Symphony. Mr. Ancerl is a sensitive musician and an able man at his job, and last Thursday night at the Philharmonic's regular concert in Philharmonic Hall he gave his audience a special treat with a fine performance of Dvořák's Eighth Symphony. It is true that there has been a Dvořák revival recently, but, even so, Dvořák's symphonies have not been played sufficiently to become familiar to most concert audiences. I leave aside the "New World" Symphony (by most accounts his Fifth; there is a bit of confusion in the enumeration of his symphonies), which once upon a time was so played to death that its slow movement was thought by some to be a Negro spiritual called "Goin' Home." Thank God we have got beyond this symphony, which Dvořák wrote in tribute to America while visiting here, and have gone on to sample the rest. The symphony played the other night was the one in G Major, Opus 88, written in 1889 before he came to New York, and it is one of his best—a work that teems with energy, brightness, and that special flavor of water bubbling out of a mountain spring, clear as crystal, which is a characteristic of the Dvořák style. Here there is none of the muddy complexity of Brahms or the sometimes ponderous religiosity of Bruckner (both were his contemporaries). Everything is clean and pure, and the work might well be called a celebration of joy. Mr. Ancerl, as could be expected, produced an authentic reading. But it was more than that. The symphony glowed with warmth and radiance, every inner part standing out with the utmost clarity, while the larger melodic lines had special brilliance and verve. This was, of course, not by any means the first time this symphony has been heard here, but somehow it had a freshness and a sense of propulsion that few other conductors have given it.

Mr. Ancerl devoted the rest of his program to seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Czech music. Now, eighteenth-century music, except in the hands of a few geniuses, like Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, is apt to sound very much the same, whatever the country of its origin is, and late-seventeenth-century music was not very different in this respect. Czech music is no exception to this rule. The clichés and other little patterns of the period were followed internationally, and composers at the courts of Italy were writing pretty much the same piece of music that composers at the courts of Bohemia were writing. Occasionally, the other night, one could detect the presence of a more or less original mind at work. Three composers were represented: Pavel Josef Vejvanovsky, Jan Dismas Zelenka, and Frantisek Xaver Brixi—all of them able masters, the first two sounding a bit like Bach and the last a bit like Mozart. Vejvanovsky, who was of the seventeenth century, seemed to me the most original of the three. He was represented by something called Balletti à 5, a suite for strings and organ; by a Sonata à 7 in C Major, in which those glittering little baroque trumpets were prominent along with strings and organ; and by a Sonata à 10 in C Major, which called for both trumpets and trombones. Vejvanovsky evidently was fond of the organ, for all three of his pieces used that instrument either to double the string parts or to serve as a foundation for the harmonic structure. The organ parts were ably done by the Czech artist Dagmar Ledlova-Kopecky, who is now a Canadian citizen.

Zelenka was represented by a Suite in F Major, which dispensed with the organ and employed oboes and bassoons as well as a harpsichord. This work had two striking episodes—a Siciliano and a Folie—and its first movement contained an expert fugue. Brixi was represented by a Concerto for Organ in F Major, which employed strings and two horns, and in which Miss Ledlova-Kopecky played the organ with tinkling virtuosity. I found the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century part of the program interesting rather than deeply moving—but then I am a nineteenth-century Romantic.

ON Monday night of last week, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to see and hear "Die Meistersinger," in a performance that had its ups and downs. The sets, by Robert O'Hearn, are still magnificent; the staging, by Nathaniel Merrill, is a bit literal but acceptable. Thomas Schippers conducted, and underlined the work of the singers expertly, never overwhelming them with quantities of orchestral sound. The Hans Sachs of Giorgio Tozzi is a well-known characterization, and was gracefully repeated. Pilar Lorengar's voice has become too heavy for the role of Eva and is troubled with a vibrato. Nothing of what she sang could be understood. James King made a handsome Walther von Stolzing, and sang well except for a few pinched high notes. The Beckmesser originally scheduled for that night was the inimitable Karl Dönch, but I was informed that Mr. Dönch was gravely ill, and his place was taken by Benno Kusche, a German singer, who had been flown in for the purpose. This was, as it happened, Mr. Kusche's Metropolitan début. He sang his part well, but he was totally lacking in the comic flair that the role demands. It is always a wonder to contemplate the number of fine male voices the Met is capable of fielding for a "Meistersinger" production. On this occasion, they included Donald Gramm, Charles Anthony, Robert Goodloe, Robert Schmorr, Rod MacWherter, Gabor Carelli, Russell Christopher, James Morris, and Louis Sgarro. But the finest voice onstage was that of Ezio Flagello, as Pogner. Loren Driscoll did beautifully as David, Shirley Love did creditably as Magdalene, and Clifford Harvuot was, as usual, a convincing Night Watchman.

I HAVE still not exhausted the accumulation of worthy books that have been piling up on my desk. The most important of them is probably the late Herbert Weinstock's "Vincenzo Bellini, His Life and His Operas" (Knopf). Mr. Weinstock was a close friend of mine, and I am glad that he managed to finish this book just before his death, a few months ago. It rounds out a trilogy of biographies of the great *bel-canto* composers. (He had already published lives of Rossini and Donizetti.) Mr. Weinstock was one of the most meticulous of biographers. His work was always bolstered by first-hand research, in connection with which he made repeated trips to Europe. The Bellini he presents to the reader is a curiously restless and impulsive man, born in Catania, Sicily, and trained in Naples, who became a celebrity almost everywhere in Europe. His most famous work is, of course, the opera "Norma." He was never a steady worker, like Donizetti or the early Rossini. Where Donizetti wrote no fewer than seventy operas

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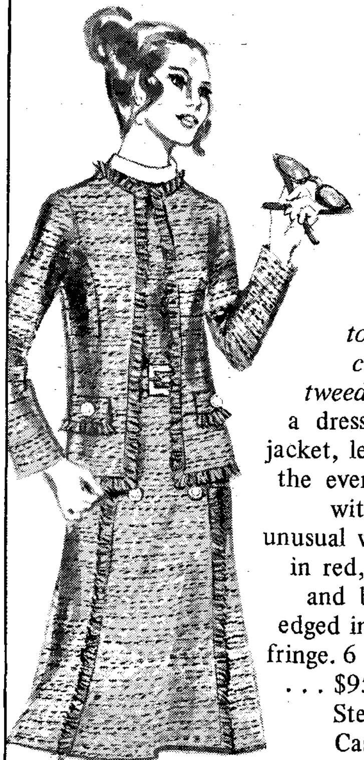

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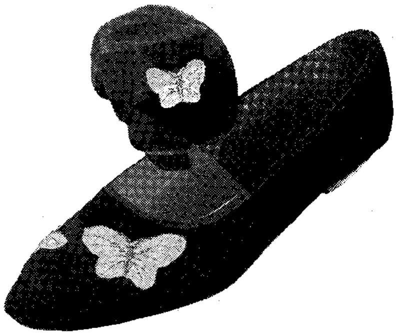

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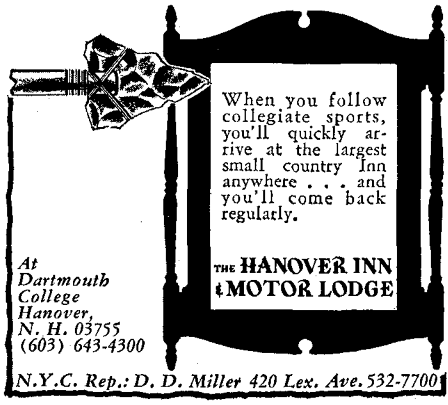

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and Rossini thirty-nine, Bellini was content to turn out about one opera a year during his adult life (he died in 1835, at the youthful age of thirty-three), and wrote, in all, eleven operas, one of which "Il Fù ed il Sarà" ("That Which Is Past and That Which Is to Come") is of questionable authenticity; Weinstock says that no score of it has been found, and that authorities believe it was probably a pastiche of Bellini's tunes put together for some special occasion.

Bellini was a man of curious relationships. His most constant one was a lifelong friendship with one Francesco Florimo, a rather colorless fellow, who became librarian of the Naples Conservatory of Music and who defended him against all comers during his short life. The defense was necessary because Bellini lived in an age of operatic intrigue that passes present-day comprehension. His favorite librettist, Felice Romani, was the subject of a titanic row just prior to the composition of Bellini's next-to-last opera, "Beatrice di Tenda." Romani was actually apprehended by the Milan police and forced to go to Venice to fulfill his contract for the libretto of this opera. Despite Bellini's long friendship with Florimo (which may possibly have had homosexual connotations; neither man ever married), Bellini was always running off with some man's wife—most notably one Giuditta Turina, who followed him around until her husband strenuously objected. He visited London, and finally settled down in Paris, where he joined the circle that included George Sand, Chopin, Liszt, and Alfred de Musset. He died in Paris, and was buried temporarily in Père-Lachaise Cemetery; his remains were later removed to Catania.

Bellini's operas are all remarkable for their long, tender vocal lines and were sung in his day by numerous very famous singers, including Giuditta Pasta, Giulia Grisi, and Maria Malibran. His orchestration was sometimes criticized, but Weinstock maintains that it was purposely very simple so as not to interfere with the vocal melody. At present, Bellini is remembered mainly for "Norma" and "La Sonnambula," but there is reason to suppose that several of his other operas, particularly "I Puritani," could sustain successful revivals. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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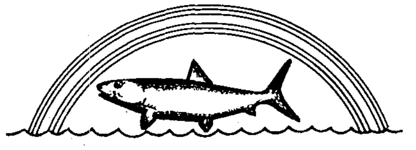

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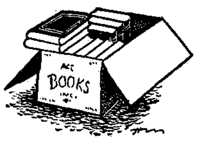

JOHN UPDIKE has always made it a practice to take immense chances, and his latest novel, "Rabbit Redux" (Knopf), is therefore perfectly in character. What could be riskier than to attempt a sequel to a novel that many people have held to be one's best? A novel that not only was a critical and popular success at the time it was published, in 1960, but has continued to be praised and to sell vigorously ever since, making any sequel to it a presumptuous competitor. And, finally, a novel of strict and delicate calculation, which seemed—and today continues to seem—complete in itself: not a series of adventures accumulated more or less at random and capable of being added to indefinitely, in the mode of the great comedians (Cervantes, Rabelais, the Joyce of "Finnegans Wake"), but a hermetic sphere of the sort that Henry James considered the ideal shape for a novel, with a surface so closely joined and highly burnished that even the finest pinpoint cannot be found room for upon it. Reading "Rabbit, Run," one is grateful for every sedulously weighed and placed word, and one feels not the slightest need for another. The book begins and ends with poor Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom running headlong toward an unhappy fate by running in panic away from it. He is only twenty-six, but the days of his glory are behind him. Once a star basketball player, he earns a living, such as it is, by demonstrating a kitchen gadget in five-and-ten-cent stores. He is married to a girl whose mind and body have come to seem mere tiresome souvenirs of the undiscriminating desirousness of youth. Janice, as Rabbit constantly reminds her, is "dumb" and likely to grow dumber. She was pregnant when they married, three years earlier, and Janice is again pregnant and has, ominously, taken to drink. Rabbit abandons her and establishes a relationship with another woman, whom he also gets pregnant. (Careless Rabbit! His nickname, ceasing to celebrate his athletic prowess, threatens to mock his progenitiveness.) Rabbit leaves his mistress and returns to Janice, whom he then abandons for a second time, with consequences that include the death of an innocent. Young as he is, Rabbit is plainly a man at the end of his tether. In the world's eyes, there is little in him worth the effort of saving. Nevertheless, a minister who has been trying to patch things up between Rabbit and Janice, and, for that matter, between Rabbit and God, says of him that he is a special case. The subject of the novel is the series of injuries Rabbit does to himself and others in the course of his tormented upward floundering into manhood; the theme of the novel is an acceptance of the soundness of Rabbit's conviction that he is someone of value. "Believe in me," Rabbit begs, not in words. "Help me to find a place among you, whoever I am, whoever you are. I am precious because I exist." It is a modest claim and an enormous one, and we cannot fail to be touched by it, though we honor it at our peril.

Complete in itself—yes, "Rabbit, Run" is certainly that, but the fact is no longer important, save to help measure the boldness of Mr. Updike's gamble. For, against all the odds, "Rabbit Redux" is a sequel that succeeds; it is in every respect uncannily superior to its distinguished predecessor and deserves to achieve even greater critical and popular acclaim. The ease with which Mr. Updike appears to have performed this feat becomes all the more awesome when we note that it amounts not to a single miracle but to a double one: the illuminations of "Rabbit Redux," cast back upon "Rabbit, Run," cause it to be seen in a new light, at once brighter and more distressing than the light in which we saw it first. Not a word of the earlier novel is changed, but our feelings about the words have changed; the prospective fate of the twenty-six-year-old Rabbit strikes us as infinitely more poignant than we had guessed it would be, when, encountering him at thirty-six, we discover what the intervening years of running, running, running have done to him. The young Rabbit had been able to say, "If you have the guts to be yourself, other people'll pay your price." He had been wrong to make that boast, as he had been wrong about so many things; now he knows better, if only a little better, and his knowledge brings despair. He has learned that being in pursuit of a self is not being oneself, but the pursuit continues, because, though the road grows steeper, there is no other. To most people, he has long since stopped being Rabbit—he is simply Harry Angstrom, a dully trudging sonhusbandfather, taxpayer, drinker, and watcher of TV. He is a linotyper in the printing plant in which his father works; it is a job

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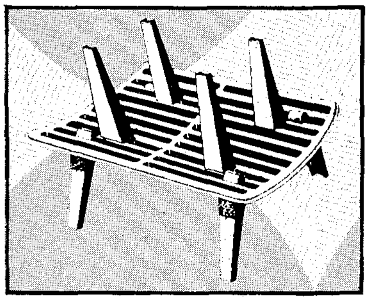

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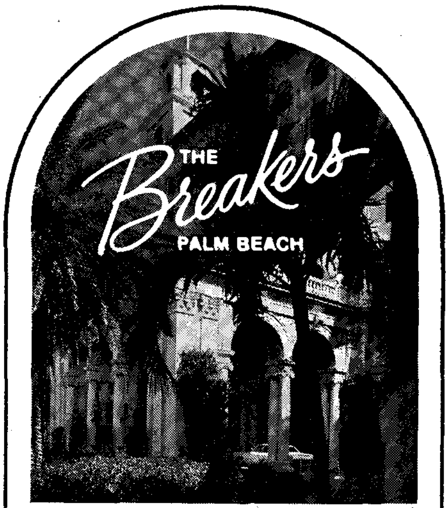

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that he had refused to take in his youth, for the reason, so his father has contemptuously said of him, that he didn't want to get his fingernails dirty. It is also a job that, as cheaper printing processes come into vogue, is about to render him technologically obsolete. To make matters worse, he fears that he may be emotionally obsolete as well; at every turn, he detects signs that he is about to be passed by. Fattening and slowing down as he moves into early middle age, he finds, to his dismay, that his wife daily gains vigor and purpose. For, contrary to our expectations in "Rabbit, Run," Janice has pulled herself together; it is not she but Rabbit whom the world would accuse of growing dumber. She has taken a job in the automobile agency owned by her prosperous father and has fallen in love with one of the salesmen—a pleasant Greek named Stavros, who gives her far more sexual satisfaction than Rabbit ever has. When she admits to Rabbit that she is sleeping with Stavros, Rabbit does not make an issue of it, and Janice indignantly quits the house: *she* has certain standards of conduct, if he does not. Left in charge of their thirteen-year-old son, Nelson, Rabbit drifts into a miserable affair with a teen-age white hippie waif, Jill; in her train comes Skeeter, a brilliant young black, so revolutionary in his beliefs that he dismisses Bobby Seale as a member of the honky Establishment. Rabbit, Nelson, Jill, and Skeeter set up a kind of accidental commune, sharing experiments in sex, drugs, and intellectual combat, to the anger of Janice, Janice's family, Rabbit's family, and a number of respectable, peeping-Tom neighbors. These are the most critical moments of Rabbit's life; never has he struggled harder to come into the world. Anguished and joyful, he stands poised on the brink of gathering every available body, black and white, male and female, into the comfort of his polymorphous-perverse embrace, while overhead his old friend and adversary the Holy Ghost spells out in tongues of fire the welcome message "RABBIT LOVES RABBIT IS LOVED."

"Rabbit Redux" is a longer, darker, richer, and, in terms of plot, more complex work than "Rabbit, Run," and it will be wise to break off an account of the novel at this point in order not to deprive readers of the old-fashioned, ever-to-be-cherished pleasure of observing the author weaving together and then separating a score of diverse threads of narrative. How fast his shuttle flies! What glints of gold in unexpected places as the intricate pattern emerges—a pattern which, as in "Rabbit, Run," convinces us that nothing need ever be added to it and that yet leaves open innumerable ways of continuing it ad lib, volume after volume, well into the twenty-first century. "Redux" in literal translation from the Latin means "led back," and figuratively it means, or can mean, "restored to health," but our last glimpse of Rabbit is far from reassuring; in another ten years, if not sooner, we will be in want of another substantial diagnosis of his case. Marianne Moore has spoken in one of her poems of how we must strive to recover from the disease of ourselves, and in telling us from time to time how it goes with Rabbit Mr. Updike will be telling us how it goes with himself and, indeed, with us. He is one of the novelists from whom we learn much more than we realize at the moment of reading them, so caught up are we in their felicities. In the act of instruction, the Dreisers of this world batter us to our knees with shofars of coarse sound; the Updikes pipe a tune, and such is its sweetness that only afterward do we realize that the words accompanying it were as harsh as they were true. "Rabbit Redux" is more profound than "Rabbit, Run" because Mr. Updike is no longer a dazzling boy in his twenties but a man of the highest intelligence on the threshold of forty, that formidable crossing-over age. He has grown up in the presence of all of us, fearlessly, with poems, short stories, novels, articles, readings, and interviews. It is a difficult thing to practice candor before skeptics, to risk scattering one's spring-morning high spirits before the sourest passersby; Mr. Updike has done so with unabatable zest. We are lucky to have the example of a life so unfaltering in the increase and deployment of its powers, and if, now and again, we miss the prankish young literary showoff and the rumpled, straw-haired, mock-country bumpkin who wore his clothes and spoke his lines, the loss is small next to the possession of a writer looking out upon the world with the freshness of the first time and the comprehension of the ten-thousandth and finding in it much to rejoice at, something to praise.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

South to a Very Old Place, by Albert Murray (McGraw-Hill). Mr. Murray is a black man whose experience (growing up in Mobile, graduation from Tuskegee, a majority in the Air Force, teaching posts at Colgate, Brandeis, the New School, the University of Massachusetts) is both unusual and worth listening to attentively. His manner is highly subjective and often allusive, but the voice is that of a man whose emotions are controlled by his mind. He speaks with equal scorn of the "ever so compassionate white liberals who are forever insisting that all black people must be equal with each other" (which is, of course, a peerless way of keeping the black man down) and of the "ever so fashionably despairing black polemicists . . . who fall for such cheap white liberal bull." He listens, as to a friend in Mobile discussing education: "We send them up there to learn what them white boys learning about running the goddam world, and they up there out marching and wearing all that old three-ring-circus stuff and talking about how they got to study about Africa. . . . The white man only too glad if they rather learn about Africa instead of how to run the world. I say them Africans already know about Africa, and what good is it doing them?" And also: "They talking all that old Afro this and Afro that and black this and black the other, and I'm right here looking at them cutting up exactly like a bunch of goddam rebel-yelling crackers cussing out the Supreme Court." Early in his quest, Mr. Murray speaks of the "sad state of journalism these days, what with so many reporters substituting social-science theory and terminology for open-minded observation or just plain old-fashioned human interest, curiosity, and even hardheaded detective-story-type investigation." For example: "The way journalists misuse the word 'ghetto' . . . equals prejudging, preinterpreting, preëvaluating conduct from location, and not only conduct but character." Mr. Murray makes none of these (and very few other) mistakes.

Lloyd George: A Diary by Frances Stevenson (Harper & Row). The author of these diaries, who is now the widow of the sometime British Prime Minister, was for many years (1912-43) his mistress, and an adoring one, so this diary tells us much more about Lloyd George than about Frances Stevenson. It covers the years of the First World War fairly closely but includes only a few years of Lloyd George's long period out of power. The author may exaggerate her lover's achievements—certainly her conviction that he alone beat down

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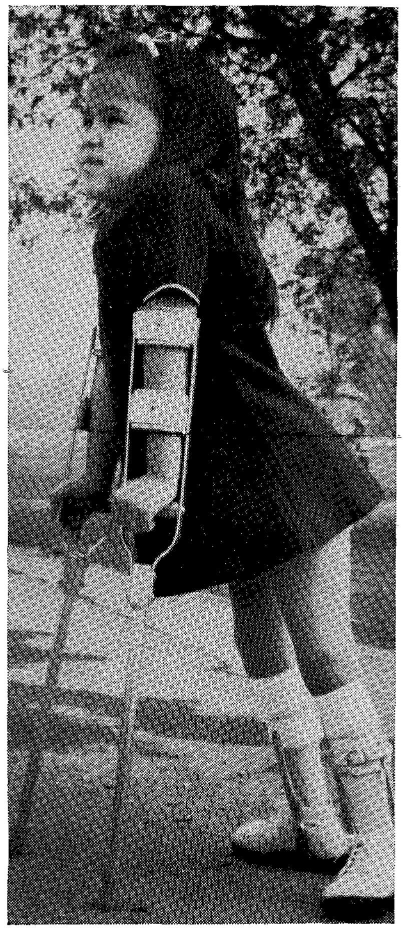

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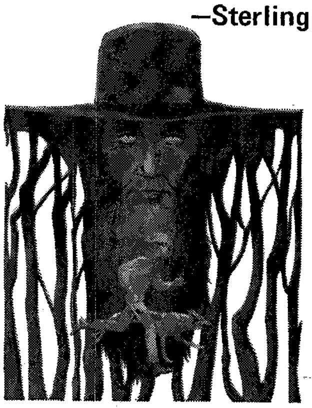
rising sentiment for a negotiated peace during 1916-17 and insisted on going on to victory, if it is not mistaken, would tend to depress rather than elevate our current estimate of the man. On the other hand, her record of his conversations and ideas shows his passionate commitment to social justice and reminds us of his great Liberal reforms in the years before the First World War. These pages are certainly biassed by love, but that bias may be a correction rather than a distortion, for the book portrays a private, tender Lloyd George to set against the pugnacious public man.

The Myth of the Guerrilla, by J. Bowyer Bell (Knopf). The author, a research associate with the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, puts to the test of history and logic the prevalent concept of guerrilla warfare as the ultimate means of upsetting technologically complicated social structures. He concludes that guerrilla revolution is a fantasy—one of the most powerful delusions at large today. His inquiry is thorough: he reviews at length the theory of guerrilla war as expounded by Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, Che Guevara, and others; he analyzes in detail three current or recent revolts, in southern Africa, the Middle East, and South America; and he passes on what he has learned from various revolutionary activists around the world. An impressive piece of scholarship.

The Blossoming World, by H. E. Bates (University of Missouri Press). Volume II of the proposed three-volume autobiography of a professional literary man—novelist, story writer, essayist, reviewer—now in his middle sixties. The first volume ("The Vanished World") told of his growing up in a working-class family in the English Midlands; this one opens with the publication of his first novel and ends with the Second World War. It is essentially impersonal, but it is professionally informative. Mr. Bates is a writer of good reputation, and he has had his moments of popular success. How do such writers live? "Often . . . I wrote a story between breakfast and lunch; an article between lunch and tea; a review between tea and supper. I wrote until my hands trembled . . . until I was appetiteless, half-sick." And again, some ten years later: "A pretty picture: war; another novel ill-conceived, a failure; a general chaos of mistrust and uncertainty in the pub-



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lishing world; a total assured income of about thirteen pounds a week; a fourth child soon expected. Above all, perhaps, a shattering, embittering loss of confidence." There is, to be sure, a balance to this: the satisfaction of work well done, of friends (Graham Greene, David Garnett, Rupert Hart-Davis), of family life in the country, of gardening, of nature. Illustrated with line drawings by John Ward.

NOTE: Dutton has published "Doctor Brodie's Report," a collection of short stories by Jorge Luis Borges, translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author. Some of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DON'T DROP DEAD TOMORROW, by Hugh Pentecost (Dodd, Mead). Despite its flippant (and quite meaningless) title, this thriller is the work of a certain hand and a crafty mind. The scene is a believably swinging New York that is populated by believable swingers, and the hero is a public-relations expert who undertakes, with deep conviction, to expose an enormously rich and strangely reclusive industrialist named Jeremy Trail as a front for a Mafia-like consortium. The pointed evidence that Mr. Pentecost enables his man to find is dynamic, the reaction of Trail's underlings is violent, and the upshot to which we are led, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, is most ingenious.

•

Big-time commodity speculators and small-time investors began to gamble on silver futures. That seemed a minimal risk because the world produces far less silver than it uses.—*Time.*

It's that kind of world—fraudulent.

•

"Food stores and all other companies would be well advised during the control period to appear like the Czar's wife, beyond suspicion," he said.—*Walter B. Comegys, quoted in the Washington Post.*

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•

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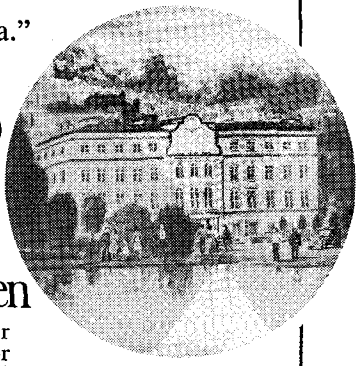

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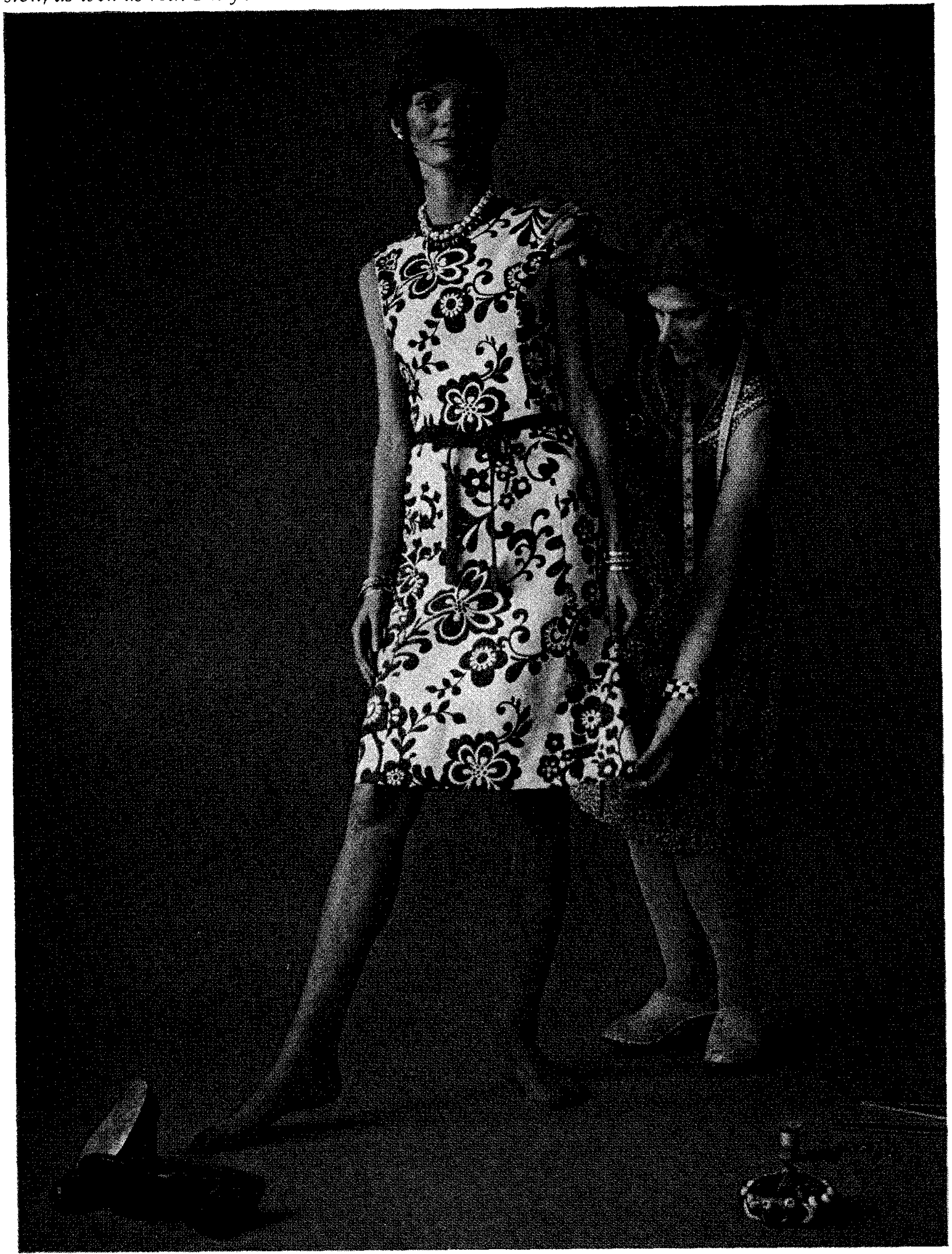

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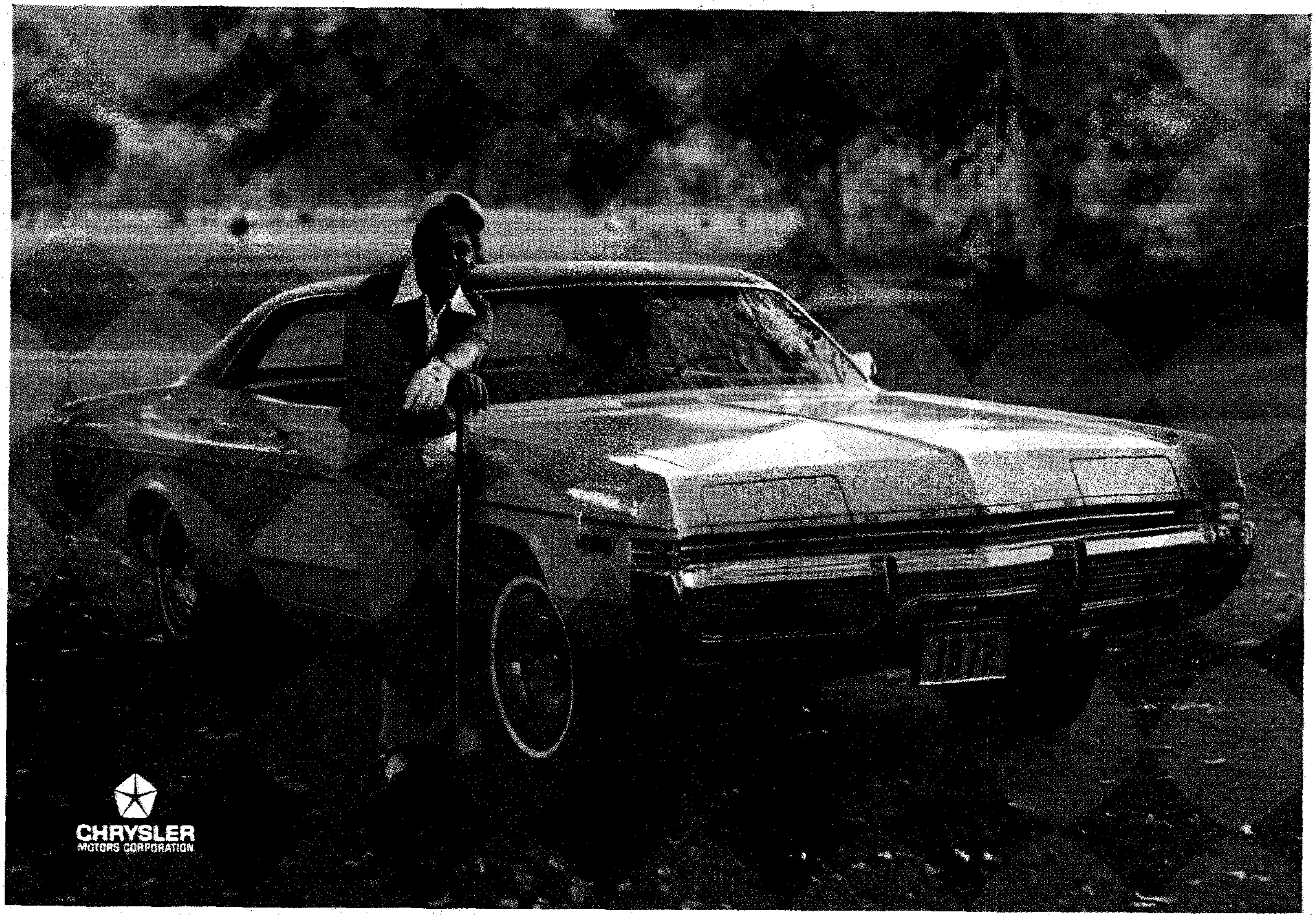

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